

# THE JUDGE ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

## CONTENTS.

### NOVEMBER.

MEMOIRS OF Dr. WISEMAN.

MALVERN SCHOOL.

THE GUNS OF THE 94th.

TINKLER,  
By William Westall.

PENS AND PENCILS OF THE PRESS,  
By Joseph Hatton.

TRUST ME,  
By Jean Middlemass.

HIDDEN SKETCH.

An Interviewing Medley.

WHISPERS from the WOMAN'S WORLD.

A Cambridge Fruit Farm.

ANATHEMA MARANATHA.

INCIDENTS of the MONTH.

*Editorial and Publishing Offices :*  
Temple House, Temple Avenue,  
London, E.C.

CADBURY'S COCOA.

ABSOLUTELY PURE—  
THEREFORE BEST.

# NATIONAL For Mutual PROVIDENT Life Assurance. INSTITUTION

Financial Year ends 20th Nov., 1897.

Invested Funds  
Paid in Claims

... £4,700,000  
... £9,000,000

All persons now assuring  
will receive an additional  
share of profit over later  
entrants at the next Divid on  
in 1897.

PROFITS.—The whole are Divided amongst the Assured. Already Divided, £4,600,000

At the division in 1892 there were nearly Eight Hundred Policies in respect of which not only were the Premiums  
entirely extinguished, but also Annuities were granted or Cash Bonuses paid, whilst in the case of many Policies the  
original sums assured are now more than doubled by the Bonus Additions.

Applications for Agencies invited.

48, GRACECHURCH STREET, LONDON, E.C.

PORTRAITS TAKEN DAILY AT THE STUDIOS



41 (late 121) CHEAPSIDE, E.C.

NEW STUDIO

Specially adapted for  
FAMILY AND  
ATHLETIC GROUPS  
Numbering  
TO THIRTY.

Richard

Thomas

OUT-DOOR GROUPS  
OF  
every description.

TRAVELLING EXPENSES  
-NOT-  
Charged within  
reasonable distance



# THE LUDGATE ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

TRAIN YOUR MOUSTACHE IN THE WAY  
IT SHOULD GO.



CARTER'S TRIXALINE

is a unique transparent fluid for training and fixing the moustaches of "all sorts and conditions of men" into any position. For this purpose it surpasses every preparation that has ever been introduced.

Prepared only by  
JOHN CARTER,  
Hairdresser, &c.,  
AT THE

Old Palace of Henry the Eighth, 17, Fleet Street, E.C.  
Post Free, 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., and 10s. 6d.

## INCOME TAX.—RATES.

The Rate and Taxpayers' Assessment Protection Association, 10, Serjeants' Inn, Fleet Street, E.C. Managing Director, Mr. J. J. HITCHINGS, Ex-Crown Surveyor of the Income Tax Enquiry Office, Established in 1888. Consult Mr. HITCHINGS in all cases of overcharge, either in Income Tax or Rates. Very large Reductions and Repayments have been made through his Agency.

Read "Income Tax—To Pay or Not?" price 6d., obtainable at the above address, and through all Booksellers.

**COOK'S  
"RIVIERA"  
SOAP**  
(SUPER-FATTED)

FOR THE COMPLEXION.

## THE DIRECT PHOTO-ENGRAVING COMPANY.

*The most advanced Processes of PHOTO-ENGRAVING for all kinds of Illustration, including Fine Art Magazines, Newspapers, Catalogues, &c.*

### COLLOTYPE PRINTING.

SOLE CONTRACTORS FOR "DAILY GRAPHIC."

Specimens of our Work may be seen in the "Ludgate Illustrated Magazine" and most of the leading Illustrated Papers.

HEAD OFFICE—  
38, FARRINGDON STREET.

STRAND BRANCH—  
11, MILFORD LANE, W.C.

COLLOTYPE PRINTING WORKS—  
9, BARNSBURY PARK, N.

*For Prices and Specimens apply to F. E. S. PERRY, Manager.*

### 1,000 STAMP ALBUMS TO BE GIVEN AWAY.

The "Ludgate" Stamp Packet contains 100 all different and warranted genuine, including Abyssinia (portrait of Menelik), Somali Coast, Madagascar, Siam (1 on 6s. atta), Portuguese Congo, Soudan, Oboch, Venezuela, Honduras (first issue), Natal, Transvaal, Paraguay, Ecuador, Chefoo, Czernawoda, Shanghai, Bulgaria, Porto Rico, Cuba, Samos, Azores, Mozambique, Brazil, Bogota, Argentine Republic, Lubeck and other good stamps. The price of this packet alone is 2s., but if 3d. extra is sent for parcel postage, we shall present gratis with every packet (until 1,000 are sold) a Crown Postage Stamp Album, bound in cloth, size 9s by 6s inches, and containing spaces for 2,400 stamps. Only one album will be given with each packet, and only on receipt of postal order for 2s. 3d. *Price Lists gratis.*

WHITFIELD KING & CO., Ipswich.  
Established 1863.

THE  
**LONDON SHOE COMPANY**  
Wholesome Boot Factor.  
SINGLE PAIRS SOLD.

*Write for Price List containing over 100 Illustrations sent free.*

Pointed,  
medium  
or  
square  
toes.

Sizes  
and  
half  
size.



Glace kid to button or lace, 8/12, 12/6, 18/-.

**GENTLEMEN'S BOOTS & SHOES**—The largest stocks

in the world.

Terms Cash with order. Carriage paid on British letter orders.

City Warehouse—48a, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.

Branch Warehouses—118 and 119, NEW BOND STREET, W.

*All Letter Orders to CHEAPSIDE.*

### RE-VULCANISED GOLD MEDAL RUBBER STAMPS.

  
ing Ink, two Pads, Box and Brush for 6d., post free; with Marking Ink, 1s. 6d.; Nickel Silver Pen and Pencil Case, with Name Stamp, 6d.; Nickel Silver Name and Address Stamp, 6d.; Watch Case, beautifully chased, 1s.; a small bottle of Crystal Palace Ink, 6d.; Address Stamp, 1s.; and every other description of Rubber Stamp half price. Send for List. Agents wanted. Add to Crystal Palace, London, and Distributor of Gold Metal and Marking Ink Works, 28, Southgate Road, London, N. **CAUTION.**—The Original and Genuine Ink Label has the Trade Mark, "Crystal Palace."

CIVEN AWAY

POSTAGE

## NOT A MOB, BUT AN ARMY.

A mob of strong men wouldn't make an army, would they? To be sure not, we all say. An army is a great number of men trained and disciplined to act together under orders and for one purpose.

Similarly, a promiscuous crowd of brick-layers, carpenters, etc., would not be able to build a house. No, not even if every one of them were skilled in his own trade. Such a helter-skelter sort of business wouldn't do. There must be organisation and direction. At the head of the army, a commander; at the head of the workman, a master-builder.

So with the human body. It is not a collection of organs; it is a single machine, all the parts of which are vitally connected, and work together to one end. The heart, lungs, stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, muscles, skin, etc., must have one another's aid to remove waste and to avoid dangers. Otherwise they would be a mere mob.

On this basis we may talk about the case of Mr. Edward Hepher. Nearly four years ago (dating from this writing) his health fell away. What ailed him he didn't know; he simply knew how he felt, and that was badly enough. This was in January, 1890. Yet there were certain things that he remembers, these among them: He lost his appetite, and yet had a craving for food. This sounds like a contradiction, but it isn't. When a man is hungry, his *whole body* is hungry, yet it doesn't necessarily follow that the stomach will accept food when you offer it. In health it will, but in some complaints it will not. In Mr. Hepher's case it would not.

"I could not touch food when it was placed before me," he says. By this he doesn't mean that he ate nothing at all; only that the sight repelled him. After meals (very light ones at that) he had intense pain at the chest and sides. That was nervous action. The stomach was inflamed and sensitive, and the extra stimulus of the food irritated it, just as a draught of mustard and warm water would upset a healthy one. The constant gnawing pain, of which he also speaks, was due to the same state of things.

He goes on to add (we quote from his letter of June 15th, 1893) as follows: "I

lost a deal of sleep, and night after night used to toss about the bed all night long. After a while I got so dreadfully nervous that I couldn't bear the least noise; I was startled if anybody merely knocked at the door. Presently I was so weak I could hardly get about, and the least exertion made the sweat fairly run off me. I saw a doctor, who gave me medicine, but I got no better.

"In February, 1890, it was that I obtained a letter of recommendation from Mr. T. Carter, of Swavesey, and went to the Addenbrookes Hospital, Cambridge, where I was under treatment as an indoor and outdoor patient for a year and seven months; but no real benefit came of it. The doctors said I was suffering from a weak heart and general debility. I took pailsful of medicine, growing weaker all the time.

"In the autumn of last year I took to stopping in the house, and *was not able to leave it for twenty-two weeks*. I had no pleasure in living, and often wished myself dead. In March of this year I first read of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. I got a bottle and began taking it, and in a few days felt relief. In three weeks sleep returned, and my nights were restful. My appetite improved, my food agreed with me, and I gained strength. Soon I was better than I had been for years. Not long after I was well, and have since kept in the best of health. You may publish these facts, and I will answer inquiries. (Signed) Edward Hepher, Boxworth End, Swavesey, near Cambridge."

How clearly this shows the wonderful unity of the human body. The stomach was first attacked—our old and bitter enemy it was, indigestion and dyspepsia. General debility resulted from the want of nourishment. The nerves weakened like violin strings when the screws are turned backwards. All the other organs were strained from lack of food and from overwork. The heart beat feebly, and the oxygen inhaled by the lungs found no food to act upon so as to make heat. And so the trouble increased, and became complicated—all from one source, the stomach.

Treatment addressed to the symptoms failed, of course; but when Seigel's Syrup set the digestion to rights, health came back as vegetation does under the spring sunshine.

# INCREASED ATTRACTIONS! REDUCED PRICE.

NOTICE.—Amongst the Notable Features in the DECEMBER PART of

## Cassell's Family Magazine,

Price 6d.,

Forming the First Part of the New Series, may be mentioned :

A New Serial Story by L. T. MEADE, Author of "The Medicine Lady," entitled "The Voice of the Charmer." Illustrated by WAL PAGET.

A Complete Story by J. M. BARRIE, Author of "The Little Minister," entitled "The Little Nursery Governess." Illustrated by J. GULICH.



Hats and Bonnets worn by the Princess of Wales. By ARDERN HOLT. Illustrated by numerous Photographs.

The Cabinet and its Secrets. By SIR WEMYSS REID. Fully Illustrated.

A Complete Story by ANTHONY HOPE, Author of "The Prisoner of Zenda," "Father Stafford," &c., entitled "Pyrrha and Smugg." Illustrated by HAL HURST.

People who face Death: Alpine Guides. By A. E. BONSER. Illustrated by RALPH PEACOCK.

A Detective on Detective Romances. By W. E. GREY. Illustrated by numerous Photographs.

A Beautiful Collotype Picture from an Original Drawing by PERCY TARRANT will form the Frontispiece.

The Rev. S. Baring-Gould will express his views on Novel Writing and Novel Reading in the course of an Illustrated Interview, contributed by FREDERICK DOLMAN.

Do Servants Marry? Illustrated by FREDERICK BARNARD. What to Wear: Chit-Chat on Dress. By A. LL. GRIFFITHS. Illustrated by Original Designs. An Illustrated Record of Science. Discovery and Invention, &c., published under the Title of "The Gatherer." Special Prize Competitions, New Music and other Features peculiar to CASSELL'S FAMILY MAGAZINE.

CASSELL & COMPANY, Limited, Ludgate Hill, London;  
And all Booksellers.



## SCOTT'S SPLENDID SAUCE.

APPETISING,  
PIQUANT  
and DELICATE.

Ingredients  
of Best Quality, and  
WARRANTED PURE

The Favourite in  
First-class Restaurants  
for

FISH, FLESH,  
FOWL  
and SALADS.

ANDREW SCOTT & CO.,  
WORKS:—  
LANSDOWNE HILL,  
WEST NORWOOD, LOND.



DOMINIE: My friend, did I understand you to say that you are in prison from choice?

CULPRIT: Yes, sir.

DOMINIE: How can you confess to such a depraved wish as that?

CULPRIT: Oh, it wasn't my choice; it was the judge's.

# HERNIA. RUPTURE.

ITS MECHANICAL TREATMENT

AS RECOMMENDED BY THE LEADING HERNIA SPECIALISTS & ENDORSED  
BY THE ENTIRE MEDICAL PRESS.

*Complete illustrated particulars sent gratis and post free on application to*

**THEODORE SKULL**  
PRACTICAL TRUSS, BELT & ELASTIC STOCKING MAKER  
91, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, 91  
LONDON, W.

Manufacturer of all kinds of Surgical Instruments, Trusses, Belts, Obstetric Binders, Elastic Stockings, Knee-Caps, Anklets, Suspensory Bandages, Enemas, Syringes, Pessaries, Rubber Goods, &c.

FULL PARTICULARS POST FREE.

# The Ludgate Illustrated Magazine

## CHRISTMAS NUMBER

WILL CONTAIN

A COMPLETE NOVEL OF ENTHRALLING INTEREST

BY

EDWIN HUGHES, B.A.,

ENTITLED

## AN APOSTLE OF FREEDOM:

### A TALE OF ANARCHISTS.

*In addition to this Novel the Magazine will contain many other Stories and features of special interest.*

PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED.

This Number of the Ludgate Illustrated Magazine will also contain a specially prepared Drawing of a most fantastic, original, amusing and interesting character, beautifully Printed in Colours.

*The Christmas Number of the Ludgate Illustrated Magazine will be on sale on December 1st, and the price will be Sixpence, as usual.*

*Orders should be given to Newsagents without delay.*

Published for the Proprietor by HORACE MARSHALL & SON,  
Temple House, Temple Avenue, London, E.C.

## ALL FAT PEOPLE

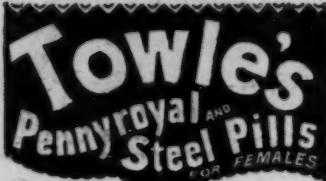
can safely Reduce Weight and Cure Corpulency permanently by taking **TRILENE TABLETS** (Regd.) for a few weeks. They are small, agreeable, harmless, and never fail to Improve both Health and Figure, without Change of Diet. An English Countess writes:—"Your Trilene Tablets act admirably." Send 2s. 6d. to

**THE TRILENE CO., Sole Proprietors,**  
10, FINSBURY PAVEMENT, LONDON.

Madame FRAIN'S M.B.

## FAIR FEMALE MIXTURE.

The most powerful and effective on earth. For the most obstinate cases. Will not injure the most delicate. Price 7s. 6d. (Strongest 11s. bottle.) Post free 6d. extra. HERBAL INSTITUTE, 1, Hackney Road (opposite Shoreditch Church), London, N. E. Send at Once Stamped Directed Envelope for Particulars and Proofs. I will forfeit £100 for every testimonial that is not genuine, and they can be seen at any time.



Quickly correct all Irregularities.

Boxes 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. (containing three times the quantity), of all Chemists, sent anywhere on receipt of 15 or 34 Stamps by the Maker, E. T. TOWLE, Chemist, Nottingham.

Beware of Imitations,  
Injurious and worthless.



FRATERNALIA.

GRACIE: George, dear, tell me if my hat is on straight!

GEORGE: Well, from the plentitude of hat I should say it was not only on straight but in every other direction too. (Then she went out to discover if all other girls' brothers would be as rude to her.)

## SATIN POLISH



FOR LADIES' & CHILDREN'S BOOTS & SHOES, TRAVELLING BAGS, &c.

Highest Award Wherever Exhibited.  
Latest, PARIS Exhibition, 1889.

## MAGIC BRONZE

Gives to old Boots and Shoes, Ornaments, &c., the appearance of new.

## SATIN BROWN CREAM

For Brown and Russia Leather Boots and Shoes.

For Gentlemen's Boots use

## ARMY & NAVY

## LIQUID BLACKING.

Gives a Brilliant Jet Black Polish quickly.

Sold Everywhere.



## HINDE'S PATENT HAIR CURLERS

In 6d. and 1/- Boxes, of all Hair-dressers and Fancy Houses in the three Queendoms.

Sample Box on receipt of 7 stamps from the Patentees,  
HINDE'S LTD., BIRMINGHAM.



### SCIENTIFIC TREATMENT FOR BALDNESS,

Bald Patches, Grayness, Superfuous Hair, &c. The great success which has attended my treatment is due to the fact that it has for a long time past been a true scientific knowledge resting upon modern investigations and upon microscopic examination of the skin, and upon observations regarding Hair treatment. Sufferers may, with confidence, reckon upon a successful Cure. Advice, with Prescription, on receipt of Fee, £s, and Stamped Addressed Envelope. Address:

DR. HORN,  
Hair Specialist, NEWPORT, ISLE OF WIGHT.



### THE DEAF HEAR

Which are the same to the ear as glasses are to the eye. Positively Invisible. Worn months without removal. Book of particulars Free.

THE A. L. WALES CO.,  
62 & 63, New Bond St., London, W.

£20

To TOBACCONISTS COMMENCING. Illust. Guide (80 p.) 5d. "How to open a Cigar Store from £20 to £100."—Tobacconists outfitting Co., Reg. 186, Euston Road, London. A. L. Wales, tobacconist and Cigar Makers for all Trades. Estimates free. Manager, HENRY MYERS. Established 1860.



### THE RETORT CANDIDE.

MAMMA : I am surprised at you, Ethel. I never was impudent to my mamma!

ETHEL : Perhaps she was nice.

### BEST FAMILY MEDICINE,

## KAYE'S WORSDELL'S PILLS.

They Purify the Blood, and as a Mild but effectual Aperient are unequalled.

They are a CERTAIN CURE for INDIGESTION, BILIOUSNESS, HEADACHE, DYSPEPSIA, LIVER AND KIDNEY COMPLAINTS, &c. For Ladies of all ages they are invaluable. Of all Chemists, 1/12, 2/0, and 4/6 per box.

## TOO STOUT.

### Or Grey's FAT REDUCING PILLS.

An absolutely safe, permanent and rapid cure for obesity. Reduction in size, weight, and improvement in health guaranteed. A preparation kept for Army, Hunting Men, and stubborn cases which have resisted other treatment. A Lady writes:—"Cannot speak too highly of your wonderful Pills, which have given me a new lease of life and happiness."

### ABDOMINAL OBESITY A SPECIALITY.

2/9 and 4/6 per box, plain wrapper, post free to any part of the World.

Dr. W. GREY, 57, Weymouth St., Portland Pl., London.

### KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES.

"91, Commercial Road, Peckham, July 19, 1880.

"Dear Sir,—I am a poor hand at expressing my feelings, but I should like to thank you. Your lozenges have done wonders in relieving my terrible cough. Since I had the operation of "Tracheotomy" (the same as the late Emperor of Germany, and, unlike him, thank God, I am still alive) performed at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, no one could possibly have had a more violent cough; it was so bad at times that it quite exhausted me. The mucus, which was very copious and hard, has been softened, and I have been able to get rid of it without difficulty.

"I am, sir, yours truly, J. HILL."

## UTTERLY UNRIVALLED.

The above speaks for itself. From strict enquiry it appears that the benefit from using Keating's Cough Lozenges is understated. The operation was a specially severe one, and was performed by the specialist, Dr. H. T. Butlin, of St. Bartholomew's Hospital. Since the operation the only means of relief is the use of these Lozenges. So successful are they that one affords immediate benefit, although from the nature of the case, the throat irritation is intense.

## WEIGHT IN GOLD.

Under date Sept 8, Mr. Hill writes: "I should long since have been dead, but for your Lozenges—they are worth their weight in gold. I will gladly see and tell anyone what a splendid cough remedy they are."

Keating's Lozenges are sold in tins, 1s. 1½d. each. THE UNRIVALLED REMEDY FOR COUGH, BOARSENESSE and THROAT TROUBLES.

# ANOTHER GREAT SUCCESS!

Direct from the Largest Firm of Costume Manufacturers in the World,  
at less than Half Ordinary Prices.

OVER EIGHT HUNDRED WORKERS EMPLOYED.



The most remarkable of all the Costumes that have ever been produced is the one here advertised; it has been received with immense favour and is now generally recognised as

## A LADY'S POPULAR SUIT.

These Suits are made in the John Noble Cheviot Serge (Regd.), in Navy Blue or Black; also in fashionable *grey* or Drab Home-spun Mixture, and Navy or Drab Twill Drill, each suit consisting of a smart shape open coat or jacket, stylishly cut, beautifully made, with two pockets, and finished all round edge of coat with special quality silk cord—together with a bell-shaped costume skirt trimmed to match jacket. A shaped belt from the inside draws the coat in at the back of the waist, and shows itself in front, over the blouse or bodice. This is a decided advantage, as it keeps the jacket fitted closely to the figure, whilst still remaining open in front. These two garments, viz.—

**15/-**

## JACKET AND SKIRT COMPLETE,

form at once a smart, stylish, and yet most useful outfit for wearing with a blouse or cambric shirt, and are offered for the amazingly low price of **15/-**. Ladies are asked to consider what this means: A really well-made, fashionable outfit that any lady might be pleased to wear, made without the slightest approach to sweating, and yet supplied complete

## FOR FIFTEEN SHILLINGS.

Every garment is made in the firm's large, airy and perfectly-appointed workrooms, and is surely value that will please every lady in the land.

When ordering, please state measurement across back from shoulder to shoulder, also length from neck to waist at back. Each suit is packed in strong leather-board box and sent carriage paid for 6d. extra.

The sizes kept in stock will fit any figure up to 38 in. round bust, under arms; larger or special sizes, 1, 6 extra.

## The John Noble Half-Guinea Costumes

Made from the JOHN NOBLE CHEVIOT SERGE (Regd.), a fabric of great durability and world-wide fame, and supplied complete for the ridiculously low price of **10s. 6d.** each.

Colours:—Black, Navy, Brown, Myrtle, Besseds, Tan, Baby, Grey or Drab. The Costume consists of extra wide Bell Skirt (40 in. long) and improved Blouse Bodice, well made and finished, the Bodice being pleated back and front, with full, fashionable sleeves, bound seams, and bolt. The lower part of the skirt, and the cuffs, collar and saddle of bodice are trimmed with rows of narrow Russia braid, the whole thus forming a Lady's Complete Costume for 10s. 6d. The Half-Guinea Costumes are also supplied in BROWN LINEN HOLLAND, and in NAVY OR DRAB TWILL DRILL, price 10s. 6d. complete. The sizes kept in stock will fit any figure up to 38 in. round the bust under arms; larger sizes, 1, 6 extra. Each Costume packed in box and sent carriage paid for 6d. extra.

**10/6**

## COSTUMES FOR YOUNG MISSES,

Consisting of Stylish Blouse Bodice and extra wide Skirt, in the John Noble Cheviot Serge, trimmed Russia braid, are now offered at the low price of 9s. 9d.; packed in box and sent carriage paid for 6d. extra. The skirt is made in two sizes, viz.—33 or 36 in. long. When ordering, please state whether skirt is required 33 in. or 36 in. long.

**8/9**

The Young Misses' Costume is also supplied in Drab Linen Holland, price 8s. 9d. complete.

## KNOCKABOUT FROCKS FOR GIRLS,

## The John Noble Cheviot Serge (Regd.)

Is a fabric of world-wide fame and durability. It is 32 inches wide, does not spot with rain, and may be washed whenever necessary. Colours:—Navy, Brown, Myrtle, Reseds, Ruby, Grey, Drab, Tan or Black. Every reader can secure a Full Dress Length of SIX YARDS for 7s. 6d.

Sent carriage paid for 9d. extra.

**Patterns of the Materials in which the above Costumes are made, also Illustrated "Book of the Serge" and Fashion Sheet of other Costumes for Ladies' and Children's wear, sent POST FREE to any reader of "THE LUDGATE ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE" on application.**

**NOBLE'S NOVELTIES IN DRESS FABRICS.** For early Autumn wear. New and exclusive Designs, Fabrics and Colourings. Specially produced for wear during the Autumn of 1894. Hundreds of novel and artistic effects, double widths, at prices ranging from 7d. to 4s. 6d. the yard. Large box, containing over 1,000 New Patterns sent post free on approval to any address. Every lady who would dress well at the smallest cost should certainly see these patterns, and when writing ask for a large box.

**JOHN NOBLE, Ltd., THE WAREHOUSE, 11, PICCADILLY, MANCHESTER.**

By Authority of Her Majesty the Queen, Empress of India,  
UNDER SIX ROYAL BRITISH PATENTS



AND FIFTEEN FOREIGN PATENTS.

# "CALIFORNIAN"

THE "HOUSEHOLD TREASURE" BORAX,  
"QUEEN OF ANTISEPTICS."

Specially Prepared, absolutely Pure and absolutely Safe for Personal and Domestic Use.

"Californian" possesses qualities that are exceptional and unknown to any other substance. It stands alone in its Antiseptic, Decay-Arresting, Purifying attributes, its safety, readiness for use and its cheapness. It Purifies Water, destroys Fever and all unhealthy germs instantly. It renders Water beautifully clear, sweet and pure—soft for Washing, Cleaning, Purifying and Scouring purposes; especially valuable for Toilet, Bath and Lavatory. Removes all taint, all mustiness, dry rot and other unhealthy changes; makes domestic wares bright and absolutely clean. Keeps Milk sweet, also Fresh Meat, Poultry, Game and Fish; destroys all sourness, removes all taint, prevents waste at once, preserving and improving at the same time the untainted parts. Unrivalled for washing Vegetables and for Cooking purposes. Wherever "Californian" is used it sweetens, purifies and improves. By dusting the skin and rinsing the clothing in Borax Water all infectious germs are destroyed. In packets 4d., 8d. and 1d. each. Household Directions and valuable Toilet Recipes on each Packet.

## BORAX "NEW" PATENT.

IN FINELY PREPARED POWDER, READY FOR INSTANT USE.

Is sold in Borax Glazed Jars, with Glazed Covers, large size, 1s. each.

The bright style and handiness of these Borax Glazed Jars emphasize the value of this New Borax for Personal Uses, Domestic Purposes, for the Toilet Table, for Travelling and for Sanitation on land or water—everywhere.

"Californian," in addition to its registered title and label, is also further known by this special Borax Mark, registered and recognised as the standard brand of Borax purity throughout the civilised world.

"Californian" and Patent Borax preparations are sold in Packets, convenient and ready for instant use in all climates, and in hard, soft or sea-water—hence of special value on ship-board.

The greatest boon conferred by our Queen has been the recognition of these preparations—extented as well for the use of the cottage housewife as for the mansion of Her Majesty, and the comfort of civilised persons everywhere.



Patent Borax destroys all unhealthy and infectious germs wherever located; whether on Meat, Vegetables, Domestic Wares, Home-Surroundings, Bed Linen, Personal Clothing, or upon the skin.

Dirt, Stains, Spots, Spackles, Rust, Mould, Sourness and Decay are instantly removed from Household Articles by use of Patent Borax.

Breakfast, Dinner, Tea, Dinner and Supper Services, Glasses, Dishes, Plates, Spoons, Knives, Forks, Cooking Utensils and other Domestic Articles, as well as Paint, Floors, Staircase, Tables, Baths, Woodwork, Windows, &c., are all easily Cleaned, Washed, Kept Bright, Pure and Sweet by Patent Borax Preparations.

## THE BEST SOAP FOR WASHING AT HOME AND FOR THE FAMILY LAUNDRY IS "BORAX EXTRACT OF SOAP."

THE GREAT DIRT "EXTRACTOR." "PERFECTION" OF SOAP IN POWDER.

Harshest Water it purifies instantly. Dirt it extracts immediately. Cleansing it accomplishes thoroughly. Purifying it carries out perfectly—producing "linen white as snow, woollens sweet as new-mown hay." Sold in Quarter Pound, Half and One Pound Packets, and in Half-Dosen Parcels.

THE MOST CONVENIENT AND BEST SOAP FOR EVERY DAY USE IN THE HOUSEHOLD IS

## "BORAX DRY SOAP."

Borax Dry Soap Cleanses, Washes, Purifies, Brightens everything, is ready for instant use, and dissolves instantly in hot, warm or cold water—is always pleasant and agreeable—leaves sweet, healthy smell—and makes Home indeed "Sweet Home" in comfort and reality. Packets, Quarter Pound, Half Pound and in Half-Dosen Parcels.

TO COMPLETE THE HOME WASHING IN THE MOST PERFECT STYLE, DO NOT FORGET

## "BORAX STARCH GLAZE."

THE PATENT FLEXIBLE ENAMEL FOR STARCHED GOODS.

Ready for Using with every kind of Starch.

Borax Starch Glaze wonderfully improves all Starch. Imparts Enamel-like Gloss, gives Permanent Stiffness, Brilliance and Beauty to Muslin, Lace, Linen, Cuffs, Collars, Fronts and all other Starched Articles. In Packets, 1d. and 8d. each; B xcs, 6d.

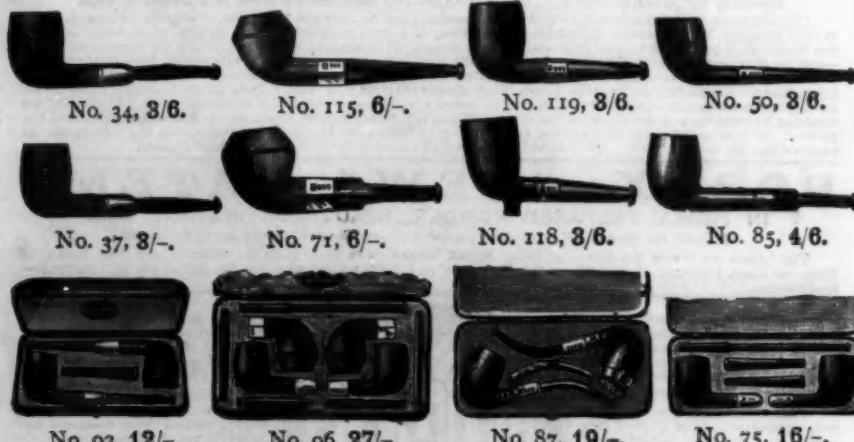
Boraxine Purisens—Specialist for the Bath, Borax Patent "Soluble," for use without Soap, Borax Sponge, Brush Powder, Beauty Tooth Powder, Beauty Toilet Powder, Electric Voix Crystals, and other Preparations for Household, Toilet and Sanitary Purposes are sold by progressive Grocers, Soap Dealers and at Stores in every civilised community.

Borax Book, 66 Pages, 66 Illustrations, full List of Preparations, with Important Directions, Domestic Uses, Valuable Toilet Recipes and other Practical, Safe and Useful Information, together with New Borax Publications, post free, by naming "LUDGATE ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE," direct from

THE PATENT BORAX CO., Ltd., Sole Makers, LADYWOOD, BIRMINGHAM.  
Highest Awards, World's Fair for "Californian," "New Patent" & "Borax Soaps," at Chicago Exhibition, 1893.

26, POULTRY, E.C. **ALLEN & WRIGHT** 217, PICCADILLY, W.  
LONDON.

Makers of High-Class Briar Pipes. Every Pipe Guaranteed.



ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE POST-FREE TO ANY PART OF THE WORLD.

**COOPER & HOLT,**  
48-50, Bunhill Row, E.C.

MANUFACTURERS OF  
SUBSTANTIAL AND  
ARTISTIC FURNITURE  
AND DECORATORS.

*A visit to their Extensive Show-rooms invited.*



*The Voice of the World says :—*

**THERE IS NOTHING TO EQUAL**

**FRAZER'S TABLETS.**

**MILLIONS SOLD ANNUALLY.**

# The Ludgate Illustrated Magazine.

## CONTENTS FOR NOVEMBER, 1894.

|  | PAGE |
|--|------|
| FRONTISPICE ...  | 2    |
| THE MEMOIRS OF DR. FRANCIS WISEMAN...                                  | 3    |
| By PAUL SETON. <i>Illustrated by J. ST. M. FITZGERALD.</i>             |      |
| YOUNG ENGLAND AT SCHOOL—MALVERN COLLEGE ...                            | 19   |
| By W. CHAS. SARGENT. <i>Illustrated from Photographs.</i>              |      |
| TALES OF THE SERVICE—THE GUNS OF THE 94TH ...                          | 29   |
| By WALTER WOOD. <i>Illustrated by J. BARNARD DAVIS</i>                 |      |
| TINKLER ...  | 37   |
| By WILLIAM WESTALL. <i>Illustrated by S. NATION.</i>                   |      |
| PENS AND PENCILS OF THE PRESS ...                                      | 51   |
| By JOSEPH HATTON.  |      |
| TRUST ME ...   | 59   |
| By JEAN MIDDLEMASS. <i>Illustrated by HECTOR WEBB.</i>                 |      |
| HIDDEN SKETCHES—No. IX. By J. ST. M. FITZGERALD                        | 69   |
| AN INTERVIEWING MEDLEY—MR. RAYMOND BLATHWAYT INTERVIEWED ...           | 70   |
| With <i>Illustrations by FREDERICK VILLIERS, DUDLEY HARDY, &amp;c.</i> |      |
| WHISPERS FROM THE WOMAN'S WORLD ...                                    | 79   |
| By FLORENCE M. GARDINER. <i>Illustrated.</i>                           |      |
| A CAMBRIDGE FRUIT FARM ...   | 87   |
| <i>Illustrated from Photographs.</i>                                   |      |
| ANATHEMA MARANATHA ...   | 93   |
| By HAMBLYN WYLIE. <i>Illustrated by N. TENISON.</i>                    |      |
| INCIDENTS OF THE MONTH ...   | 101  |
| PUZZLEDOM ...  | 112  |

*Volumes IV., V., VI., and VII., handsomely bound in Chocolate Cloth, gilt, 6s., or by post, 6s. 6d.; also Covers for Binding, 1s., by post, 1s. 3d.*

*Volumes I., II., and III., are out of print. Back Numbers of "The Ludgate" can be obtained from the Office, 8½d. each, including postage.*

## BROWN & POLSON'S PAISLEY FLOUR

(PATENTED).

A New Preparation—PURE and WHOLESALE—to be used with ordinary Flour for IMPROVING Scones, Cakes, Pastries and Household Bread. Makes bread digestible even when new.

*Please write for a Sample to  
99, QUEEN VICTORIA ST., LONDON, E.C.*



# PEARS

SOAP MAKERS

By Special Appointment  
TO HER MAJESTY

# The Queen.

## ECZEMA,

with all its Terrible Irritation  
and Horrible Disfigure-  
ment, cured by

## HOMOCEA

which Touches  
THE SPOT  
at Once.



The Rev. J. WILLIAMS BUTCHER, 35, Park Road, East Birkenhead, writes:—

"I have great pleasure in complying with your request, and in putting in writing what I have already said by word of mouth. I was much inconvenienced by a very irritating species of Eczema. Several remedies that I have tried failed to give me more than a very temporary relief. I finally tried Homoea, with happiest results. The relief was almost instantaneous, and, what is more to the point, the soothing effect remained, and a complete cure resulted. Yours truly,

"J. WILLIAMS BUTCHER."

Homoea sold by most Chemists at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per box, or sent free by post for 1s. 3d. or 3s. (P.O. preferred) from the Homoea Co., 21, Hamilton Square, Birkenhead. (Hooper, Chemist, 43, King William Street, London Bridge, E.C., sells it.)

THE  
LUDGATE  
ILLUSTRATED  
MAGAZINE.

---

VOL. VIII.

NOVEMBER, 1894, to APRIL, 1895.

---

Published at

TEMPLE HOUSE, TEMPLE AVENUE, LONDON, E.C.



THE MEMOIRS OF DR. FRANCIS WISEMAN.  
THE PRINCE DI RICORDO ON ONE SIDE, AND ON THE OTHER MY BELOVED WIFE.

(Page 14.)

# *The Memoirs of Dr. Francis Wiseman.*

*Compiled from Private Papers by his friend, the Rev. David Spencer: to which are added certain Critical Observations and Elucidations by Professor Otto Schultz, the distinguished Oriental Scholar. The whole now published for the first time, and forming an astounding Present-day Narrative of the Invisible and Supernatural.*

By PAUL SETON,

*Author of "Revelations of a London Pawnbroker," "Confessions of a Royal Academician," &c. &c.*



## PART II.

### THE SEARCH FOR THE SIGNET.

#### ADVENTURE THE FOURTH.

HERE are certain supreme crises in men's lives when the mind becomes reduced to a state of chaos, during the existence of which it is next to impossible to regard one's surroundings with anything approaching to calmness or equability. The whole world seems at such times to revolve unmeaningly, and events run into one another and become curiously blurred and indistinct. At periods such as these, one retires to rest with but a dim and uncertain perception of what has really transpired during the hours of watchfulness, and upon awaking in the morning, almost the first motion is that of the weary hand to the troubled brow in the painful effort to recall the events of the preceding day.

I take no shame upon myself when I frankly admit that such was my condition during the next few days, while we were travelling steadily on with our faces set in the direction of the ancient capital of Persia. There was a certain indefinable something—a sort of numbness of the brain—which seized upon me and held me fast in its enervating grasp, so that I felt an almost morbid reluctance to converse upon our present situation. The details of our journey interested me not at all, and I passed the days in moody meditation, and the nights in feverish, dream-disturbed sleep.

Nor was there anything to be surprised

at in all this, for most surely never was man confronted with a more soul-disturbing state of affairs. My wife had been inveigled from England by my arch-enemy; and for aught I could tell, might at the present moment be shuddering helplessly in his power. I knew full well that he would pause at nothing in the achievement of his purpose, and my blood ran alternately hot and cold at the thought that she, whom I loved more dearly than life itself, might now be absolutely in the power of her former discarded lover. By degrees, however, the feeling of despair, which had hitherto predominated in my heart, gave place to other and more active passions. I had undiminished confidence in my wife's prudence and good sense, though I was compelled to acknowledge to myself that these might only too easily prove of little or no avail against the occult wiles of the devil who had thus drawn her from her home. But what nerved me more than anything else was the thought that, in any case, I would exact a bitter and terrible revenge for the accumulated injuries which this smooth-tongued villain had wrought from time to time upon me. Somehow I was confident that in the last great scene to which I intuitively felt we were hastening, the struggle between us would be more equal than at any other time, and though I hated the man with a more deadly hatred than I had ever done before, yet, strangely enough, that hatred was no longer intermingled with a sense of fear at his extraordinary and unnatural power. Should anything

have happened to my wife, I told myself with swelling bosom and flashing eyes, I would tear this diabolical wretch to pieces with my own hands, though all the myrmidons of hell should conspire to prevent my purpose. And so the time wore wearily along, until at length, one evening Benhanan informed me that to-morrow's sun would see us before Persepolis.

We were encamped for the night in the extremely beautiful and fertile valley of the Pulpwár, and Persepolis was at the most but a few miles distant. This much did Benhanan tell us in his tent, in which were likewise gathered the Professor and Darley upon this, the last night of our protracted travelling. The Professor, as usual, was full of much curious and interesting information concerning the historic locality in which we now found ourselves, to which, however, I am afraid I paid but scant attention. But Darley compensated for my apparent rudeness by listening to his learned disquisitions with a great show of interest, which I fear he did not altogether feel. It was certainly a most remarkable and noteworthy circumstance, that during the whole of our journey its ultimate object had been scarcely, if ever, touched upon, and even now, on the very eve of its termination, the subject still seemed to be tacitly tabooed, although we knew full well that on the morrow we should, in all probability, be face to face with events the final issue of which it was impossible to foretell. After a while, the Professor got up and bade us good night; Darley, shortly afterwards, following his example, yawning tremendously. I was thus, as I afterwards recollect, for the second time in my life, left absolutely alone with Benhanan. As I have said, no word or conversation of any sort had transpired between us with reference to the future from the time when I had discovered, through his instrumentality, that my wife was on her way to Persepolis. It was a topic which we both seemed by common consent to avoid. But when I rose with the intention of retiring for the night, Benhanan, with a gesture of his hand, stopped my departure.

"Cousin," he said gravely, and, as I thought, somewhat sadly, "we have at last arrived at the goal of our desires. The morrow is big with fate for both of us. Before the sun shall have again disappeared beneath the horizon, I shall make my last and mightiest effort to ob-

tain possession of our great ancestor's talismanic ring, while you, if Fortune prove propitious, will once more behold your wife."

I felt my heart throb faster at these words, but I remained silent; and after a pause, my companion continued:

"I perceive, my cousin, that you are none too well satisfied with your kinsman, but there exists no cause for your displeasure. Could I have had the ordination of matters, they might have resulted differently, and you might possibly have been spared much anguish of mind; but it is not within the power of man to resist his destiny, and yours is strangely linked with mine in this supreme and crowning hour of my life."

My kinsman had truly divined the state of my mind. I did, indeed, feel bitterly towards him, though I knew full well that my resentment was both impolitic and unjust. It was no fault of his that I now trod the soil of Persia in search of one whose possible fate filled me with the most horrible and well-nigh unendurable apprehension; yet, at the same time, I could not refrain, though I knew how foolish was my conduct, from connecting him in some way with the agonizing position in which I now stood. My soul was exceeding sore within me, and my speech, in consequence, quite unnecessarily bitter.

"I wish from the bottom of my heart," I exclaimed passionately, "that this accursed ring were buried miles below the bottom of the deepest ocean. It has brought nothing but trouble and disaster to me; and, so far as I can see, to all others who have had the misfortune to be in any way mixed up with attempts for its recovery. But mark you," I went on hotly, "if anything should happen to my wife—if that pure and innocent soul should have fallen a victim to the atrocious art of those engaged in this unholy quest—I warn you that I will work a terrible retribution on everyone concerned. I tell you solemnly that my hand shall be swift to execute justice upon any and all who shall have aided or abetted this miscreant in his hellish work; for I hold the honour and safety of Lady Wiseman incomparably higher than all the necromantic talismans the world ever held, aye, far higher even than the life of the direct descendant of Solomon at the present day."

It was a wild and foolish speech to make, but my whole being was aflame

with burning indignation, and my wrath in its seething intensity was madly seeking some outlet for relief. Though I knew my kinsman was perfectly blameless in the matter, yet it afforded me a kind of grim satisfaction to tell him thus plainly that I would hold him personally accountable for the safety of my darling.

Benhanan regarded me steadily, with more of pity than of anger in his eyes. Such a speech must have been exceedingly unpalatable to his imperious nature, and he would have been amply justified had he replied with scorn to my unwarrantable impertinence; but he did nothing of the sort. Advancing to where I was standing, he touched my eyelids gently with the tips of his fingers, at the same time murmuring softly a few words in a tongue which I failed to understand; and then, leading me to the entrance of the tent, he drew aside the slip which covered it, and, in a calm and passionless voice, bade me look without and tell him what I saw.

I obeyed in silence, and my gaze rested upon a scene of weird and incomparable beauty. Before me lay stretched the verdant plain of Merdush, now wrapped in all the stillness of Oriental night. Innumerable stars studded the Heavens, while the moon, fresh risen above the horizon, appeared in that calm atmos-

phere twice her natural size. Towards the right, in the far distance, rose a heavy chain of dark grey rocks; and still farther in the same direction I thought I perceived the dull glimmer of several solitary pillars, which might have been the ruins of Persepolis; but of this, of course, I was



"I WARN YOU THAT I WILL WORK A TERRIBLE RETRIBUTION."

by no means sure. It was a view to have rejoiced the soul of an artist; and as I gazed admiringly upon it, although it was entirely different in its aspect, it put me strangely in mind of that memorable night in the desert when the beauty of the

scene had similarly appealed to my admiration, and when I had witnessed that strange and awful interview between the mysterious being who called himself the Prince di Ricordo and my wife. But I saw nothing more. There was no sound, no movement; and, so far as I could tell, the whole country for miles was absolutely lifeless, save for our encampment, now buried in profoundest slumber.

I turned impatiently to Benhanan. "I see nothing," I exclaimed, with a return of my old anger, "save a beautiful landscape, which, however, charming as it may be, I have most certainly not come all these miles to admire. If you think by this device —"

Benhanan interrupted me without ceremony. "Look," he cried, pointing with his finger in the direction of the moon, "and say, do you see nothing now?"

I followed his outstretched hand, and observed to my surprise that the great white disc was now partially obscured by a broad line of black reaching right across the surface and extending some distance on either side. As I continued to look at this curious phenomenon, I observed that the line was not continuous and opaque, as I had at first imagined, but that it was apparently composed of a number of separate bodies, semi-transparent and endowed with motion; for, so far as I could make out, the line was passing from left to right, forming, as it were, a sort of procession in the direction in which I conceived Persepolis to lie. I gazed in great surprise at this strange spectacle for some time, in the vain endeavour to discover its exact nature, but the longer I gazed the more perplexed did I become. At first I inclined to the opinion that it was some huge flock of birds—possibly a flight of those lovely falcons for which the district is so celebrated—but a few moments' reflection served to convince me of the absurdity of this supposition. Altogether puzzled, I turned at last to Benhanan for explanation.

He met my interrogative glance with a mournful smile. "You see, at last, my cousin?" he said in a voice tinged with subdued melancholy.

"I see, certainly," I replied, "but I do not understand. Pray read this riddle for me."

Benhanan's answer fell upon my ears with a terrible import, and I felt a cold chill seize upon my heart as I listened to

the words which laid bare to me in a moment the full seriousness of our position.

"You have observed the black line, now ended, passing before the face of the moon?"

I looked again. It was even as he had said. The last of the dark line had passed away, and the great silvery surface was shining once more with undiminished splendour. I noticed, moreover, that a thick cloud now hung over the spot which I had identified in my mind with Persepolis.

"Yes," I replied, "I have observed; but what, in the name of Heaven, does it all mean?"

Before he could return any answer, a bright flash illuminated the dark blue vault of the sky, and a splendid star shot rapidly through the ether, descending into the very centre of the thick cloud I had previously remarked. Benhanan looked into my face with increasing gravity.

"Simply this," he said with solemn sadness when the last flicker had died away. "That long black line passing over the face of the moon, and that dense cloud, which you perceive at present hanging over Persepolis, are certain indications of the forces which the Prince di Ricordo is summoning to his assistance in the great and final trial of strength which must shortly take place between us. For you must know, my cousin, that this, the last great struggle for the possession of the world's greatest treasure will be no small matter. Every conceivable ally that my rival can possibly command has already been called to the contest which both of us have for some time foreseen to be inevitable. That band of spirits, whose appearance so bewildered you just now —"

"Good Heavens!" I exclaimed, greatly excited; "is it possible that you mean to tell me yonder band was actually composed of beings belonging to another world?"

At such a time as this, when I was almost face to face with what could not fail, in any case, to be the awful denouement of the strange events in which I had, much against my will, found myself so inextricably entangled of late, it was curious to note how utterly all my past faith in the supernatural suddenly collapsed, and proved to be of an utterly illusory and superficial character. Surely, of all mortals, I ought to have been the least



HE EXTRACTED A PLAIN IVORY CASKET.

surprised at what I had just observed, having regard to the extent and variety of my occult researches in the past. But, like many other beliefs, when my faith in what I professed was put to such a terrible test, it turned out unable to stand the severity of the strain. If what my kinsman said were true—and I had no possible reason to doubt its correctness—then, of a truth, I was about to behold a scene the like of which had not been witnessed within the memory of man.

Benhanan observed my confusion, and the pity of his smile grew deeper. "It is even so, my cousin," he said softly, "but surely this should not come upon you as a surprise. Rest confident, however, that whatever may happen, I will do my best to see that you and Lady Wiseman emerge uninjured from the struggle. But in the event of this matter going against me, and in case it should be beyond my power to further assist you in this world, I now propose to confide to you a philtre, containing a certain potent elixir, which may prove of the highest assistance to you in certain ultimate contingencies."

As my kinsman finished speaking, he

rose, and crossing to the other side of the tent, opened a small ebony box, curiously chased and inlaid in fantastic designs with gold. From this he extracted a minute and perfectly plain ivory casket, which he forthwith placed in my hands.

"I beg you to remember," he said very seriously, "that this is not to be used save in the extremest necessity. With the sole exception of my arch-enemy, and yours, I do not believe there exists on the face of this planet a single person, besides myself, possessing the knowledge of this marvellous secret which I have just handed to you, and which may eventually prove to be of the most inestimable value."

This unexpected proof of the kindly disposition which my kinsman evidently entertained towards me, rendered me speechless for a moment, or rather, perhaps, I should say that the thanks which rose to my lips failed to find fitting words of expression. All my

previous foolish anger and distrust vanished instantaneously, and I could only look the gratitude I felt unable to speak. But as I carefully secreted the precious gift in my pocket, I suddenly bethought me that I was in entire ignorance of the precise nature of its virtues. Benhanan, as usual, read my thoughts at once, and said :

" You will find every necessary direction for its use enclosed within the casket. But once again let me caution you not to employ it save in case of the direst necessity. And now, my cousin, good-night. In a few hours we shall witness the dawn of that day for which I have toiled and travailed all my life."

I silently shook the hand he held out to me, and, with a swelling heart, immediately sought the seclusion of my own tent, where I passed the remainder of the night absorbed in gloomy speculations and forebodings concerning the stupendous morrow.

At sunrise the whole camp was astir, and the Professor, Darley and myself were shortly after summoned to breakfast in Benhanan's tent. It was a meal

that would have done no discredit to a Parisian cordon bleu, and I wondered, with a passing wonder, as I had done many times before in the course of our strange wanderings, how it was possible for such sumptuous repasts to be provided in the endless solitudes and desert wilds in which we had been incessantly journeying since we left Cairo. Whether the splendours of the table, thus literally spread in the desert in the face of our enemy, similarly served to occupy the minds of my companions I know not; but I do know that the meal passed well-nigh in silence. At its conclusion Benhanan announced that a start would be made within the hour, and on emerging into the open air, we found that most of the tents had been already struck, and that everything was in active preparation for the forward movement. The Professor, whose manner betrayed much suppressed inward excitement, was conversing eagerly with me as to the probable time of our reaching Persepolis, when Darley motioned us both aside, with the obvious intention of speaking to us privately. Somewhat surprised, we followed his lead and found ourselves under the shade of an adjacent tree, where Darley proceeded to unburden his soul.

"See here," he said, after he had lighted a cigar with singular deliberation, "I don't think I'm any sort of a coward, and as I've started on this cheerful little expedition with you, I'm the last sort of man in the world to back out of it when it comes to danger; but what I want to know is this: is there going to be any fighting, and, if there is, what are we going to fight? I believe I'll allow that the man isn't born who can scare me much, and I don't reckon these wandering niggers worth a red cent anyhow; but if it's going to be spirits, why then I've just got enough curiosity to like to know. Seems to me it's only fair and reasonable that a man should be told what he's expected to find ahead; and as our esteemed Israelitish friend at the head of this remarkable show seems to be breathing out nothing but war and slaughterings just now, I've got a notion I'd like to have some little idea of what he's proposing to do. That's all."

This speech, though perfectly natural under the circumstances, took me so completely by surprise that I felt quite incapable at the moment of returning any

fitting reply. But Darley's questions had a curious effect upon the usually placid and imperturbable Professor. His hitherto sternly repressed excitement now found vent in a tremendous "Ach!" followed by a wild dance of delirious activity.

"Mein Gott!" he exclaimed, wiping away the moisture engendered by his un-wonted exertions, and speaking in a curiously composite fashion, "our young friend here is right. It must surely be spirits we shall see on this never-to-be-forgotten day. I mean," he continued more seriously, "that we shall at last the opportunity have afforded us for ourselves to judge if these tales of the wonder-world have any foundation of fact or if they are but the imaginings of a brain much diseased. For my own part, I know not at all which to believe at present, and I forward look with pleasure to the chance so unusual of the next few hours to solve this problem of interest so immense."

"Quite true and very proper, I am sure," replied Darley, smoking on placidly, with his eye steadily fixed on me; "but, after all, you see, that don't help me much. It don't answer my questions worth anything, and seems to me I've got a right to have them answered somehow. Perhaps you can tell me something, doctor; that might assist me just a bit in this matter."

It was impossible for a more embarrassing appeal to be addressed to me just then. I felt I ought not, as a matter of duty, to keep the strange sight which I had seen during the night a secret from my companions. But, on the other hand, I felt a very decided reluctance to speak about a matter which I knew very well might be received with absolute incredulity. On the whole, however, it seemed the wisest course to conceal nothing, and I accordingly narrated as briefly as I could the extraordinary occurrence of the preceding evening which had so filled my mind with astonishment and awe at the time.

Both my companions listened to my story in profound silence. When I had finished, the Professor appeared more enthusiastic than ever at the probable course of events which my strange experience seemed to indicate. Darley, however, took the matter very quietly. Carelessly throwing his cigar away, he observed coolly:

"Thanks, doctor. I reckon that's

all right. Guess I'd better hurry up now and look after the baggage." And, humming "Hail Columbia," he strolled, to all appearance, unconcernedly away.

A few more hours' travelling, and we stood at last at the end of our long and toilsome journey. Immediately before us, shimmering in the heat of the noonday sun, lay the ruins of Persia's ancient capital. It is unnecessary for me to set out here with what mingled feelings I gazed for the first time on Persepolis, that wondrous City of the Forty Columns whose origin had defied the intellect and research of the most learned savants of this and every other age. Before me stretched a gigantic platform—a cyclopean structure some fifteen hundred feet in length—access to which was gained by two stupendous flights of steps composed of exquisite dark grey marble cut from the adjacent mountains, and fitted together without the aid of mortar.

In front, the pillars of the ruined palace, amid which loomed out conspicuously two colossal bulls, on either side of what had in old-time constituted the portal, still proudly reared their unabated crests; while to the right, there towered in grim magnificence the shining sides of Kühi Rahmet—the Mount of Grace. Somewhere about half a dozen miles to the north-east, rose a perpendicular and forbidding wall of rock, over the summit of which there floated a light and changeful vapour. And this was all that remained of the famous city which the great Suleyman Ibn-Dáood, it was said, had raised unto himself by the aid of the genii and spirits that owned allegiance to his mighty ring!

Nowhere was there the slightest sign of life perceptible—a circumstance in itself the more disquieting, seeing that there were usually to be found in the vicinity of the ruins shepherds attending to their flocks, and here and there natives engaged in various pastoral duties. But now no cheerful movement caught the watchful eye; no sound of bleating flocks assailed the ear with pleasant melody. We stood cut off from life, alone—alone within the ruins of the city of the dead.

The unnatural solitude, so far from having any depressing effect upon Benhanan, acted apparently as a stimulating potion might have done. I have before referred to his regal appearance. As the decisive hour grew nigh, he appeared more

kingly than ever in his deportment. With dilated nostrils, like a war-horse sniffing the battle from afar, he stood with folded arms and flashing eyes, absorbed in thoughtful contemplation of the frowning cloud-capped rock in the distance. Even as he gazed a startling change came over the scene. Great banks of inky clouds sprang up as if by magic, obscuring the sun and producing a similar effect to that of a total eclipse. The atmosphere, already insupportably burning, seemed to acquire an additional fiery heat, emitting at the same time a curious stifling odour, the like of which I had never before experienced. Great flocks of birds flew overhead, screeching wildly, while in the distance there came a low rumbling noise resembling thunder. Unmoved by all these ominous signs and portents, Benhanan, still leaning carelessly against one of the marble pillars, continued gazing fixedly in the direction of the rocky ridge. Around him, the Professor, Darley and myself formed an anxious group, impatiently awaiting the development of events. Suddenly a blinding flash of lightning blazed over the landscape, leaving it immediately after blacker than before. This was followed by a second dazzling flash which, however, instead of dying away, seemed to leave a lingering trail of light behind it, gradually culminating in one spot of exceeding brightness a few paces directly in front of us. Then, as earth and sky solemnly gathered together in a deeper robe of blackness, the spot grew brighter and brighter, until at length it actually seemed a flame of living fire, the brilliancy of which well-nigh surpassed the endurance of mortal sight. The next moment came a deafening crash, as though a bolt had stricken the world and cleft it straightway in twain. Instinctively I passed my hands over my eyes; and when I withdrew them, I perceived that the supreme hour—the hour so long anticipated—had indeed arrived, for there in front of us, with a sardonic smile upon his handsome evil features, stood the man we had come so far to meet—the Prince di Ricordo himself.

Quite recently the British Public had the opportunity of seeing our greatest living actor in the character of Mephistopheles, and exceedingly striking pictures of him, as he then appeared, were to be seen scattered in great profusion over

every quarter of the Metropolis. And here before me actually stood the living embodiment of the fiend ! There was the same diabolical scowl upon his passion-distorted face; and even his dress, without being an exact copy, still came near enough in general effect to afford a striking resemblance to the picture. He was clad in a rich dark red and close-fitting dress, while from his shoulders hung suspended a heavily embroidered mantle of darker hue. The sword and the feather alone were wanting to complete the costume. With a bow of mock politeness, he doffed his purple cap to salute us, and as he did so I saw a sight which turned me faint and caused the very earth to reel and totter beneath my feet. For exactly in the centre of his forehead there stood out with startling distinctness a small red mark as of a wound newly healed; and I knew then that the shot which I had fired that terrible night in the desert had been true to its aim, though Benhanan had assured me at the time that the whole awful scene was but a vision conjured up by the Satanic art of that son of perdition. Whether this were so or not, at any rate the scar remained, a visible and living token which could not be explained away, and which left my heart sick within me. But I had no time afforded me to seek the solution of this strange mystery, for, folding his arms with as defiant and haughty a look as that which rested upon my kinsman's face, he said coldly, addressing Benhanan :

" You have, then, at last summoned up the courage to meet me face to face. It is well, for, here and now, upon this fatal plain, shall this long and bitter controversy between us be brought to its final issue. You know full well what doom awaits the vanquished, nor need I tell you that when your boasted power lies wrecked in fragments at my feet, as most assuredly it will, you may neither crave nor expect the slightest mercy at my hands."

My kinsman's face might have been carved out of the marble of the adjoining hills, for aught it revealed of what was passing in his soul.

" I need no descendant of Balkis' bastard daughter," he replied, with regal hauteur, " to indicate my course. For once and all, I tell thee to thy face, thou spawn of hades, that I care naught for all thy boastful threats. Thou might'st with

greater ease essay to turn the sun from its appointed course than determine else the current of my purpose. As to the issue, look quickly to thyself, for thou wilt stand in direst need of help."

This bold and biting speech, delivered with surpassing scorn, flew swiftly home like a well-directed arrow to its mark. The Prince's face became distorted with indescribable rage, which almost choked his very utterance. He threw forward his arms, as though imprecating a curse upon the speaker, and stamped furiously upon the ground in the extremity of his passion.

" So, then, you are determined," he hissed through his clenched teeth. " I confess I expected nothing less. Go, then, to your fate, and your blood, and the blood of all those with you, be upon your head."

Thus was thrown down and accepted the gage of battle; nor was any time lost in the commencement of the now inevitable conflict. To adequately describe the immediately succeeding events, I acknowledge without hesitation, would require a far abler pen than my own. The blazing circle of light, from the very centre of which had emerged the mysterious figure of the descendant of the Queen of Sheba, now entirely disappeared, leaving the whole scene bathed in the profoundest gloom. Benhanan stamped thrice upon the ground, and suddenly I heard the flutter of wings on every side of where we stood, while at the same time the air became filled with strange and angry cries. Stepping forward a few paces into the darkness, he uttered some mystic words in a loud voice, and directly after, we heard the terrible din of battle over our heads. Distinctly the awful impact of the contending hosts smote upon my ears, and I knew then, beyond doubt, that the appalling and unparalleled struggle had at last begun in grim earnest. Flashes of forked lightning darted continuously from the two opposite corners of the heavens, as though hurled by mighty hands at invisible foes. Now and again a lurid glare would illumine the sky, and vanish as quickly as it came, accompanied by what seemed to my ears cries of triumph or despair. I know not how long this awful conflict lasted, in which the whole forces of nature appeared to my excited mind to be engaged, for after a while, overcome by the horrific

nature of my surroundings, I bowed my head in my hands, and endeavoured to shut out from eyes and ears as much as I could of what was transpiring around me. All at once there arose a loud and joyous exclamation from my kinsman, who had stood the whole of this terrible time but a few paces in front of us, apparently directing the movements of the forces on his side. I lifted my head, and saw the great masses of darkness rolling rapidly off the face of the sky, and presently the glorious sun shone forth once more over the desolate plain, and the battle of Persepolis was lost and won.

"Praise be to the God of Israel!" exclaimed Benhanan, turning towards us; "thus far have I been successful, but the crucial test has yet to come. To you, my cousin," he continued, speaking sharply and rapidly; "and to you alone, can I offer the invitation to be present at the last great scene of all. To none other may it be given to witness the ultimate issue of this struggle. I will assure the safety of your friends, but only on this condition—that they set not foot from the spot on which they at present stand. In case of any untoward event happening to myself, it shall be my care to provide, so far as lieth within my power, for your safe and immediate return to them, but beyond this, I may promise naught."

"But my wife!" I exclaimed impulsively, for the gnawing fear at my heart as to her probable fate had multiplied fifty-fold in intensity during the last few hours. "What of her? I have seen no signs of her presence here, and, as you know, 'tis she I came to seek."

"Cousin," returned Benhanan, with mournful gravity, "I take you not only to the closing scene in this drama, but also to your wife."

I hesitated no longer. To see my beloved once more, I would willingly have dared all the unknown terrors of hell itself. "Kinsman," I replied frankly, "I accept your invitation, be the consequences of it what they may. Yours be the task to lead, and mine to follow."

No sooner had I thus spoken than a servant appeared, leading two horses, into the saddle of one of which Benhanan leaped, while he motioned me to do likewise with the other; and then with a silent grasp of the hand from the Professor and Darley—for it was no time for superfluous words—we rode forward together into the valley.

Half an hour's rapid riding brought us to the foot of the perpendicular rock to which I have before referred. Benhanan sprang lightly from the back of his steed, an example which I immediately followed, gazing meanwhile with uneasy feelings at the great polished wall of marble which formed an insuperable barrier to our further progress, and which I instinctively connected in my mind with the final consummation of our quest. Benhanan observed my upward glance of dismay, and said reassuringly:

"I shall not call upon you, my cousin, to perform a difficult and well-nigh impossible ascent, although the task has been accomplished more than once. High up that dazzling surface the bones of kings lie buried in their rocky graves, which men in times gone by hewed out, suspended in mid-air at the peril of their lives. But I will make a vastly easier entrance way than that."

Thrusting his hand into his bosom, he drew forth a small flat paper package, in appearance not unlike those in present use among dealers in precious stones. This similarity was in no wise lessened by its flashing contents; for when opened, I perceived that it contained a powder which might have been composed of fine white diamonds, exceedingly minute, but which emitted a multi-coloured and blinding radiance in the strong light of the mid-day sun. This powder he proceeded to scatter upon the ground in the form of an inverted triangle, into the centre of which, after stepping backwards a few paces, he threw a small green pellet about the size of a pea, at the same time elevating his arms and uttering some strange and commanding words in a loud voice. Immediately a flame of surpassing brilliancy sprang up, in the air to a considerable height with a noise resembling thunder, gradually fading away into a cloud of dense, silver-coloured smoke, which entirely obscured the face of the rock from our sight. When this had cleared away sufficiently, I saw, to my astonishment, that the polished and adamantine surface had been splintered completely in twain, leaving an opening amply large enough for us to penetrate through the stern and forbidding wall. With a whispered word to be silent, Benhanan seized my trembling hand, and together we passed into the darkness beyond. For some time we advanced steadily on, enveloped in a

Blackness successfully rivalling that of the tomb, but as my vision slowly accustomed itself to the surrounding gloom, I became aware that we were traversing a long and narrow subterranean passage leading into the very bowels of the rock itself. By extending my hands, I could easily touch the wall on either side, and I remember feeling at the time a kind of dull wonder that it should seem so hot and scorching to the touch.

We might have been proceeding thus for upwards of half an hour—for, as may be imagined, I had lost all count of time—when we suddenly came to a halt. In front of us the rock rose sharply, completely shutting off our further progress. Before this fresh obstacle, Benhanan repeated the same process he had employed without. Again the brilliant flame shot up, again the dense silver cloud wrapped us as in a mantle, and when, upon its disappearance, we looked eagerly forward, the wall was even rent as formerly, and the path lay unbarred to our feet. A few steps farther and we had at last reached the concluding scene of our enterprise, for without the utterance of a single word, my beating heart told me, with unerring instinct, that we had finally arrived at the resting place of the cause of all our dangerous and protracted journeymen—the spot where lay deposited the talismanic signet of Solomon the Great.

The sight which my bewildered gaze now encountered was surely one of the most astounding ever yet revealed to mortal eyes. We were standing in a vast and lofty chamber of triangular form, of which it is not too much to say that beside its contents the accumulated wealth of the world must have appeared of altogether insignificant value. Nowhere could the startled eye rest without being well nigh blinded by the incessant and ever-changeful flash of absolutely priceless jewels heaped high against the walls, which, under the powerful rays of the solitary swinging lamp in the centre of the apartment, threw out a myriad-hued and continuous band of gorgeous light, that positively sickened the vision with its sublime magnificence. At any other time this incredible exhibition would have compelled my wondering attention, but as soon as I had somewhat recovered from the stupor at first induced by this unparalleled spectacle, I had eyes

for nothing else save the strange sight immediately before me. In the centre, and therefore directly under the oscillating lamp, stood a pile of heavy, roughly hewn stones, heaped together in the form of a rude and low-built altar, the rugged nakedness of which stood out in almost fearful contrast to the matchless splendour by which it was surrounded. As I gazed awe-stricken on this stupendous contrast, the remembrance of poor Graham's story of the picture he had dimly seen twice repeated in the house of Benhanan's brother rose up with startling distinctness within me. But the most astonishing sight of all was a massive canopy of stone suspended over the altar at a height of some twelve or fifteen feet, entirely without the slightest apparent support, and above which the hanging lamp swung steadily to and fro, like the vast pendulum of the Eternal Clock of Time. But even this great wonder might not long detain me, for on one side of the altar I saw standing in an attitude of mocking calm, with one arm outstretched towards a brazier and a devil's smile playing on his wicked face, my persistent and malignant foe, the Prince di Ricordo, and on the other—Heaven help me!—the pale and statuesque form of my beloved wife.

For some moments there continued a silence, the profundity of which almost deprived me of the power of breathing, and then the Prince, turning towards us, broke the horrible stillness, which was stabbing me to the very heart with a sharp and nameless fear.

"I perceive, then, that you are resolved to pursue your rash project to the end," he exclaimed insultingly to Benhanan. "Is it for me again, even at the eleventh hour, to tell you, presumptuous fool, that you may not hope to succeed in this matter—that to no mortal, save myself, is it given to accomplish this, the greatest of all earthly undertakings?"

"Thou lying impostor!" cried my kinsman, lifting his arm in irrepressible anger; "how dost thou dare address thyself to me, save to implore unmerited mercy at my hands? Have I not, even since the morning sun arose, proclaimed myself thy master, and have not the forces, of which long and painful seeking has yielded me control, scattered like chaff the unclean hordes which thou didst summon from the mouth of hell to thy assistance?"

"It may be even so," replied the Prince, with a bitter sneer; "but what of it, if thy more numerous legions proved in passing too great a match for mine? Dost thou suppose that this can sway the ultimate result? Art thou, indeed, who dost so boastfully proclaim thy vaunted wisdom from the housetops, so ignorant that thou knowest not it is commanded that within this mighty rock no spirit, save only those controlled by the omnipotent signet of Solomon the Great, may enter or exist, and that thou, in rashly penetrating to this hidden spot, canst not summon even the feeblest to thy aid?"

"With all this am I fully conversant," returned my kinsman, with far less show of passion than I had anticipated. "Moreover do I know full well that final triumph resteth not with thee, for thou hast discovered but the half of those dread words that can alone compel these stones to burst asunder and deliver up their awful charge."

"Truly thou art a great magician," retorted the Prince tauntingly; "but, after all, it may so prove that my knowledge of this matter fully equals thine. The latter portion of that mighty sentence, I admit, is known alone to thee, but what availeth it without the secret of those other words, now locked within my breast, failing possession of which all thy boasted wisdom is as naught?"

Benhanan's face grew visibly paler as these ominous words fell upon his ears. "I cannot gainsay that in this respect thou speakest truth," he replied slowly, with that mournful intonation I had observed on previous occasions; "but now art thou assuredly within my power, for what doth hinder me from plunging this keen blade in thy false heart if thou refusest to deliver up to me those words, the knowledge of which is essential to my purpose?" And he held up menacingly a sharply pointed dagger as he spoke.

The Prince laughed scornfully. "Speak on, O brave Benhanan," he exclaimed in mocking accents; "thy courage and thy wisdom run together well. Speak on, O mighty master, for thy servant listeneth."

With a great and obvious effort, Benhanan retained his calmness. "I know that life to thee is very precious," he said coldly; "and thou canst not hope to escape from my wrath alive, unless I will it so, for if I am debarred from help from those to whom my word is power, so,

likewise, art thou unable to summon assistance to thy side, and thou knowest well it is decreed I may not take my death from mortal hands. My soul is loth to enter into any compact with such an one as thou, but yield to me those words thou wottest of, and I swear to thee, by the Most Great Name, that, not only shalt thou go forth from this place free and scatheless, but the sole and undisputed possessor, moreover, of all these countless treasures, the like of which hath never yet been gathered thus together since the world emerged from chaos."

"Ha, ha!" burst forth the Prince derisively; "so that, then, is thy highest card in this great game. Now listen to me, thou dog and son of a dog, on whom I spit, and know that the long-delayed hour of my vengeance hath of a surety arrived. Here, by my art," he continued, pointing to my wife, while his face assumed the terrific aspect of a fiend from hell about to strike his last and fatal blow; "stands one whose telesmatic power shall draw thy secret from thy heart, were it bound round within thy breast by iron bands. Resist thou canst not, in spite of all thy wiles, for, behold, in my hand there flames that living mystic stone, to obtain possession of which I sacrificed the fairest of women to him who trembleth by thy side. "Look," he cried triumphantly, holding aloft the flashing gem that had brought me such a strangely mixed heritage of happiness and woe; "look, and let thy soul wither to dust within thee at the sight!"

He advanced, as he finished speaking, to the front of the altar, still holding in his left hand the stone elevated above his head, while with his right, to my indignant horror, he touched my wife upon the shoulder. She immediately turned her cold emotionless face towards him, as though passively awaiting his will.

"By the name of the great Aherman," he exclaimed in a terrible voice; "who, with the King of Egypt's fairest daughter, turned the god-like Solomon unto the worship of most powerful devils, and by the rare and abiding virtue of this living stone, which binds thy sinless soul in subjection to my will, I conjure and command thee that thou do now require of this vile and presumptuous Israelite that he deliver up to thee that portion of the dread all-potent sentence which he knoweth, and which in its completeness

shall unseal these stones before thee, and loose the mighty signet they contain."

Up to this moment, I had stood a petrified spectator of this astounding and absorbing scene; but at these terrible words, I felt a fresh thrill of terror run through my veins. Hitherto, bold in the sagacity and strength of my, till now, invincible kinsman, I had been content to stand aside and let him deal as he thought fit with the incarnate devil before us. But now I saw, to my alarm, that the Prince had uttered no idle threat. Under the steady and luminous gaze of my wife, Benhanan's face had already commenced to pale; his form stiffened; the uplifted dagger dropped from his nerveless fingers, with a crash, to the ground, and it was evident that his power was fast ebbing away. Another moment, and the secret would be wrested from his grasp, to the inevitable and utter destruction of us both. The fatal words were slowly forming on the lips of my wife, and our impending doom appeared impossible of escape, when suddenly there came clearness to my brain and courage to my heart. Without the slightest hint of warning, I sprang upon the Prince, forcing him backwards towards the altar, while at the same time my hand closed on the glittering gem. The stone once in my possession, the charm was broken, and with an appalling cry of concentrated rage, Benhanan, pushing me aside, leaped furiously upon his astonished foe. Such was the violence of his attack that the Prince was straightway hurled on to the very altar itself, where he lay prostrate, completely at the mercy of his assailant.

"Wretch!" hissed Benhanan, with his hand upon his enemy's throat; "wilt thou even now refuse to utter the only words that can avail to save thy evil life, or must I be compelled to speak the sentence that destroys the ring for ever?"

"Speak it," gasped the half-choked man, with a look of undying hatred upon his face. "Speak it, and die, for thou shalt never live to triumph over me."

Benhanan slowly relinquished his clutch upon his fallen foe; and rising to his feet, he extended his arms to Heaven and forth-with uttered the awful words fraught with such tremendous doom. A frightful, amazing and unearthly cry echoed again and again over the chamber, a cry as of innumerable spirits rejoicing in their liberation from the mighty yoke which

they had worn so long upon their necks, and then, while I stood terror-stricken, I saw—oh, horrible sight!—the great stone canopy, held firmly by invisible fingers in its place through centuries of time, rock slowly to and fro, and then fall finally with an awful crash upon the altar beneath, crushing and grinding to powder everything in its descent. With a loud shriek, my wife flung herself upon my breast, just as the great golden lamp gave one last mighty flicker and expired; while I, scarce knowing what I did, caught her up in my arms and staggered with drunken steps through the opening by which my ill-fated kinsman and I had entered, and from thence into the yawning passage beyond; nor did I once pause in my flight from that terrible chamber of death until I felt the pure fresh breeze of Heaven upon my brow, and, with my precious burden, emerged once more into the glorious light of day.

END OF MEMOIRS.

— : —

THUS abruptly ended these curious and eventful Memoirs, than which surely stranger never were penned. Feeling their lack of completeness, I decided upon paying another visit to town, in the hope of discovering some additional MS. which should render them a more perfect narrative. Upon arriving, however, at Brook Street, I found that No. 98 was in process of startling transformation. Every vestige of its former contents had been removed, and the house was now in the possession of an army of workmen busily engaged in rendering it as light and cheerful as it had before been dark and gloomy. Surprised and puzzled beyond measure at this new development, I repaired to the office of Messrs. Lewin and Lewin, with the intention of seeking some explanation of this remarkable change. But the only information I could gather there was that the firm were acting in strict accordance with the wishes of their late client, who had expressly provided instructions that, in the event of his continued absence after a certain specified date, the whole of his property was to be disposed of by public auction, and his interest in the house to cease forthwith. Sadly perplexed at this fresh mystery, I returned to Springfield, where the following morning I received

the appended letter from Professor Schultz, with the publication of which I desire it to be clearly understood that my unwilling responsibility in connection with this painful matter must be considered to finally terminate.—EDITOR OF MEMOIRS.

## APPENDIX.

LETTER FROM PROFESSOR OTTO SCHULTZ.

Hotel Victoria,  
Northumberland Avenue.  
30th May, 1893.

REVEREND SIR,—Although I have not the pleasure of your personal acquaintance, I take the liberty of writing to you in compliance with what I must now term the death-bed desire of my excellent friend, the late Dr. Francis Wiseman. As you are probably aware, after her return from the East, Lady Wiseman fell into a precarious state of health, and towards the close of last summer, to the

inexpressible grief of her husband, she passed peacefully away. Her untimely death had an immediate and remarkable effect upon my friend. He withdrew almost entirely from practice, while his manner became morbid in the extreme. About the middle of last November he came to me—I have been staying in London for the past twelve months, but I leave for good to-morrow—for the purpose of announcing a strange resolution, which I give to you, as far as possible, in his own words.

"My dear Professor," he said very deliberately, "you are acquainted, not only with my past history, but also with the fact that a few hours before my unfortunate kinsman perished at Persepolis, together with that extraordinary being who called himself the Prince di Ricordo, he placed in my hands a certain elixir, the peculiar virtue of which consists, as I have since discovered, in enabling the soul to quit the body for an agreed period of time, at the expiration of which,



VISITED THE BODY ONCE A WEEK.

it again returns to its mortal tenement. It was given to me at a time of great peril, with the injunction never to employ it save in the event of supreme necessity. I cannot but believe that the moment indicated for its use has now arrived. I am weary of my life. The sole remaining link which bound me to this earth was snapped for ever when I followed the body of my beloved wife to its last resting-place. Since then I have endured a desolation of heart surpassing all description, and which has gradually augmented to that point when it ceases to be endurable. I have therefore determined to test the power of this elixir, in the hope that I may thus be permitted to see my darling once again, if only for a short space, and obtain from her sweet self that consolation, without which I feel assured I shall go mad. I have arranged all my affairs; discharged all my servants except one, in whom I place the most implicit confidence, and given every necessary direction to my lawyers. I have taken a small cottage in the outskirts of London, where I propose finishing the writing of my Memoirs, and when this self-imposed task is completed I intend to make the great experiment. The period I have determined upon during which my soul shall remain absent from this tabernacle of clay is but a quarter of a year—a short three months, which will speedily elapse. And now, my friend, I have one last great favour to request at your hands. It is this: that during the period I have named, you will pay a weekly visit to my body; and if at the expiration of the time it should appear to you it still remains inanimate, to conclude that I have voluntarily chosen not to return to it again. You will then issue the necessary directions, and cause my

remains to be decently buried out of sight as quickly as may be."

To this determination he obstinately adhered, nor could all my urgent solicitations move him in the least. On the 26th of last February he carried out his avowed intention by draining the elixir to the last drop. Since then I have regularly visited the body once a week according to his expressed desire—thirteen times in all—during which I observed no material change in its appearance, which was, indeed, but that of deep and protracted slumber. Yesterday, however, the stipulated period of inanimation having more than expired, I took with me Dr. Ezra P. Darley—an accomplished young American physician, at present staying in this country—and at his suggestion, we proceeded to perform a certain operation, with the view of ascertaining if any vestige of life still lingered in the body. But at the first stroke of the knife such a terrible and unendurable odour filled the room, and such a frightful change came over the face of the subject, which suddenly assumed the appearance of a corpse several months old, that we were compelled to abandon our unfinished task in dismay.

I do not know what you will think of this strange tale, but I only redeem my promise to the deceased by informing you of these unpleasant details. I should add that I have also written to the coroner of the district, apprising him of as much of the facts as I deemed consistent with discretion under the circumstances.

I have the honour to remain,  
Your very obedient servant,  
OTTO SCHULTZ.

The Rev. DAVID SPENCER, M.A.

(FINIS.)

# *Young England at School.*

*MALVERN COLLEGE.*

*"Sapiens qui Prospicit."*



FOR many years past it has been one of my greatest ambitions to visit the vicinity of the Malvern Hills, and, knowing full well that my work in connection with public schools would afford me the opportunity, I determined to fix my visit for the middle of summer in order that I should see it at its best.

The most direct route is by the Great Western Railway, a splendid service of express trains running *via* Oxford and Worcester. As a rule, a change is made at the latter station to the train which runs around the ancient city of Worcester, and, skirting the Malvern Hills, journeys on to Hereford, joining another of the Company's main lines which runs north and south of our picturesque West of England.

Although the country traversed between Oxford and Worcester is certa'nly flat, it is, nevertheless, interesting, and especially so in the vicinity of Evesham, a quiet little town which lies between Edge Hill and Bredon Hill, and is built on a peninsula formed by the river Avon.

It was late in the evening when we arrived at the pretty station of Great Malvern, which nestles under the Great Hills. Leaving our traps at the station, my friend, Mr. Thomas, who had accompanied me, suggested that we should have a walk and so take our bearings as regards the position of the college and suit ourselves with quarters in close proximity with our work, which must start in good earnest first thing in the morning. As we were sojourning, there was little left for us to

do but admire the beauties of Malvern as we wended our way towards the noble parish church, whose tower we could just discern above the foliage. It was all uphill work; but a matter of ten minutes brought us to Belle Vue Terrace, where we saw a hotel, without any great pretensions, and we there and then decided to make a halt. We could certainly have gone farther and fared better, for we found we had managed to hit upon the most expensive hotel in the place.

Malvern is delightfully situated on the eastern declivity of the Malvern Hills and may be said to enjoy an undisputed pre-eminence amongst English watering-places for the unique loveliness of its varied scenery, the healing properties of its springs, the purity and salubrity of its air and the longevity of its inhabitants.

Malvern appears to have experienced a very rapid growth; for in the early part of

the present century it was but a small village of some fifty houses, where now we find a noble town of close upon ten thousand inhabitants.

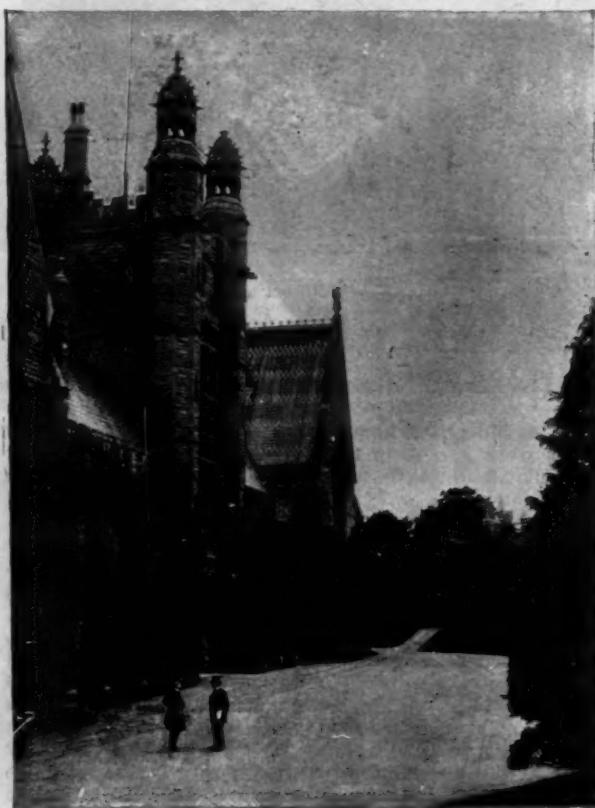
Palatial residences, crescents and terraces now take the place of the modest thatched cottages, old inns and squires' mansions.

Churches of almost every denomination are represented; and these, together with the magnificent hydropathic establishments, lend charm and variety to a beautiful and well-built holiday resort.

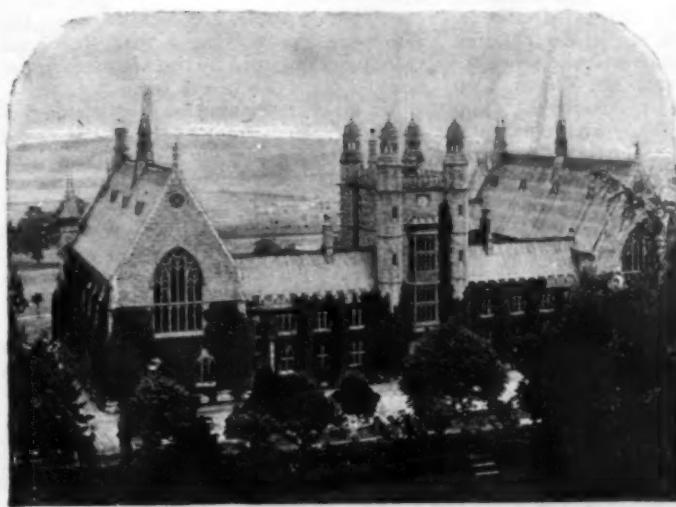
There is one other building which adds considerable dignity to Malvern, and one which forms the subject of this article—Malvern College; an establishment not only famous for its excellent situation, but for the prominence it has gained within a comparatively short period in the ranks of England's great schools.

Malvern College, or rather the main building, as will be seen from our illustrations, is a handsome structure of Gothic architecture, built in the form of the letter E, from designs of Mr. C. F. Hansome, of Clifton, the famous architect of that stately pile of buildings, Clifton College. The drawings from which Malvern College was built, were in fact, intended for Clifton College, but for some reason or other were not used, but were gladly accepted by the Malvern College Council. The first stone was laid in 1863 by the Bishop of Worcester, and the building was completed in 1865 and opened under the headmastership of the Rev. Arthur Faber, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of New College, Oxford. Mr. Faber, who held office for sixteen years, resigned in 1881, leaving behind him fond recollections of his good work.

The Rev. C. T. Cruttwell, M.A., Fellow and



THE COLLEGE FRONT, FROM THE GATE.



VIEW OF MALVERN FROM THE HILL.

late Tutor of Merton College, Oxford, and formerly Headmaster of Bradfield College, succeeded Mr. Faber, and he in turn was succeeded by the Rev. W. Grundy, M.A., formerly Fellow and Lecturer at Worcester College, Oxford, and Headmaster of the King's Schools, Warwick. Mr. Grundy was a singularly gifted and able master, and during his reign at Malvern College he raised his charge in prosperity and prestige.

In 1891 Malvern College mourned the death of this successful chief, whose vacated seat was filled by the Rev. Arthur St. John Gray, M.A., of Magdalen College, Oxford.

Mr. Gray, who certainly looks young for so high an office, came to Malvern with exceptional credentials, and such as would more than outweigh the question of age.

Mr. St. John Gray is an old Cliftonian, and not only was he educated at Clifton, where he secured valuable scholarships, but he also held an assistant mastership at his old school, which he left on his election to Malvern College.

Although only thirty-two years of age when appointed to the important position of Headmaster of Malvern, it was not a matter of trial on behalf of the Council, when selecting Mr. Gray, for even prior to returning to Clifton, Mr. Gray had given proof of his abilities as a master and disciplinarian at Bromsgrove School,

and afterwards at King's School, Parramatta, N.S.W., the oldest and most important Church of England School in the Colonies, where he successfully worked as headmaster, and "raised the school, in spite of much difficulty, to the highest state of prosperity." (Extract from Minutes of a meeting of the Council, King's School, Parramatta, N.S.W., Dec. 10, 1888).

Mr. Gray was unfortunately compelled to resign this Colonial appointment through illness in



THE HEADMASTER, THE REV. ARTHUR ST. JOHN GRAY, M.A.

his family, caused by change of climate, which proved fatal to one of his children and was fast impairing his wife's health. On Mr. Gray's return, Mr. Wilson soon availed himself of his services; and the following paragraph, which ends the Clifton College headmaster's letter to the Council of Malvern College, when he knew Mr. Gray was contesting the candidature of head-mastership for that college, suffices to show the esteem in which he was held by so excellent a master as the Clifton Head, Mr. Glazebrook:

"Should you elect Mr. Gray, I shall lose a valuable colleague, but you will secure a worthy successor to the lamented Mr. Grundy."

When I arrived at the college, I immediately sought out Mr. Gray, whom I discovered bustling along one of the spacious corridors to his Form Room. Inconvenient as the moment was, the Head of the college chatted freely upon our mission, and appointed a time for me to see him in his study. I found Mr. Gray was as punctual in his appointments as with his duties.

I did not trouble the Headmaster, who is comparatively new himself to the school, with a host of questions such as would be necessary for compiling this article; but I certainly found Mr. Gray most willing to assist both myself and our artist in every way possible. His open and candid face is sufficient proof to the interviewer that there need be no fear in approaching him; on the contrary, the Malvern Head is undoubtedly unassuming and particularly bright and chatty in his conversation.

The subject that seemed uppermost in Mr. Gray's mind, and I think I am right in saying so, was the new chapel, which the college is badly in need of, the present

one, which occupies a portion of one of the side wings, only being a makeshift until the chapel designed by the architect in the original plans can be erected.

Mr. Gray is straining every effort to effect this end, and already, I believe, has raised a considerable sum by his individual perseverance; and I fancy, from the apparent good spirits of the Headmaster, Malvern College will soon be graced by a noble detached chapel.

Mr. Gray occupies the school-house, which is adapted to provide for a considerable number of boarders.

After talking at some length upon the delightful situation of the college, Mr. Gray assured me that he was proud of his



INTERIOR OF THE CHAPEL.

charge, and that his fellow-workers were efficient masters, interested in their work and the welfare of both the college and its sons.

It was also my pleasure to become acquainted with Mr. Edward B. Scallon, M.A., who officiates as secretary. Mr. Scallon is an old friend of the college, and spared no time or trouble to give all the necessary facilities we required; and considering that he may be termed the college chronicler, I could not have been in better hands.

When the Headmaster's name happened to come up, Mr. Scallon informed me that he was the right man in the right place, in

words to that effect. During his short sojourn at Malvern he had endeared himself to all at the school, who had learned to respect him. Even in so short a time, while protecting all the good sown, by his predecessors, he had suggested several improvements, which have been carried into effect, one of the most notable being a fine pavilion, with dressing rooms, etc., forming a capital adornment to the very excellent playing fields. At the rear of the pavilion is a spacious new laboratory, the gift of Mr. St. John Gray, which was opened last winter term. As this was one of the new features of the college, and it happened to turn out wet during the first day of our visit, Mr. Thomas and myself decided to content ourselves with interior work, and consequently the laboratory was one of the first to claim attention.

This department is under the special charge of Mr. D. J. P. Berridge, B.A., F.C.S., Wadham College, Oxford, whose kind manner appears to be thoroughly appreciated by his students.

Mr. Berridge informed me that for some time past it was felt that the accommodation for teaching science was not equal to that demanded by a subject which must now be looked upon as one of the most important taught on the modern side of our public schools, and consequently when the Headmaster made his generous offer, it was welcomed by the Council as providing the means for making the college even more efficient in the future than it has been in the past.

Entrance is gained to the building, which is also attached to the gymnasium, by a lobby, from which open two doors, one into a room twenty-seven feet by eighteen feet, intended for storing chemicals, and other similar matter, as

well as serving as a place where lecture apparatus can be set up. It is provided with a working bench, with gas and water connections, and a vacuum pump for rapid filtrations. The laboratory itself is forty feet long by twenty-five feet wide, and serves as a lecture room as well as a laboratory. Round three sides of the room run the benches, which are provided with basins and water connections every five feet, there being a gas tap for Bunsen burners every thirty inches. Underneath the benches are a series of cupboards, each containing three shelves, on which the boys lay their own apparatus.

At the end of the room is the draught cupboard, provided with a powerful ring burner, by means of which any particularly unpleasant fumes may be removed—by no means an unimportant consideration where chemicals are concerned.

In front of this cupboard is a stone slab, upon which rests the apparatus for distilling water, and a large hot-air oven. Facing the draught cupboard, at the other end of the room, is the lecture table, provided with gas and water connections, a large pneumatic trough, and two flues, which, by means of another ring burner, remove any fumes which may arise during a lecture. At the back of this table are shelves for receiving stock solutions required in the laboratory, and, in smaller



A FORM ROOM.



THE LIBRARY.

bottles, solutions of all the more common metals and acids for use by the lecturer.

The roof and the system of drainage are two important points in the construction of the Malvern laboratory, and should not go unmentioned. The former is provided with a number of hinged sashes, which open by means of a lever, thus enabling a current of air to enter and drive out any fumes which may be liberated by the boys' work at the benches, for which, of course, the draught cupboard is of no avail.

The system of drainage has been copied from that in the laboratory at Clifton College, which, I remember, has previously served as a model for other schools to follow. Each

fittings and apparatus.

The college buildings have been given a picturesqueness by the ivy with which it has been almost overgrown, which also forms a framework of verdure to the windows. The main front of the college faces



THE LABORATORY.

basin is connected by a wide pipe with an open channel running under the floor; consequently, if, at any time, a stoppage occurs, it may be at once removed by lifting the various trap-doors provided and sweeping the channel out. The whole work is so well done that the greatest credit is due to Mr. J. Broad, of Malvern, the builder, and to Messrs. Philip Harris and Co., of Birmingham, who provided the

westwards, and looks upon the great hill, with a frontage of two hundred and ten feet, in the centre of which is a tower one hundred feet high. The main entrance is directly underneath the tower, and when the great doors are open there is a pretty view, through the entrance hall, over the immense playing fields and across the vast span of open country beyond.

At Malvern no boys are lodged in the main building, but every accommodation is provided for boarders in a number of masters' houses, which are so situated as to form a kind of fringe to the college grounds.

The convenience of this arrangement is obvious, as the pupils can never have an excuse for being "out of bounds" without leave, and are consequently under the direct control of the authorities.

The prefects' room, on the right as you enter the college, is almost the first place that would attract attention from the visitor. It is a small room, around which is hung the portraits of past and present

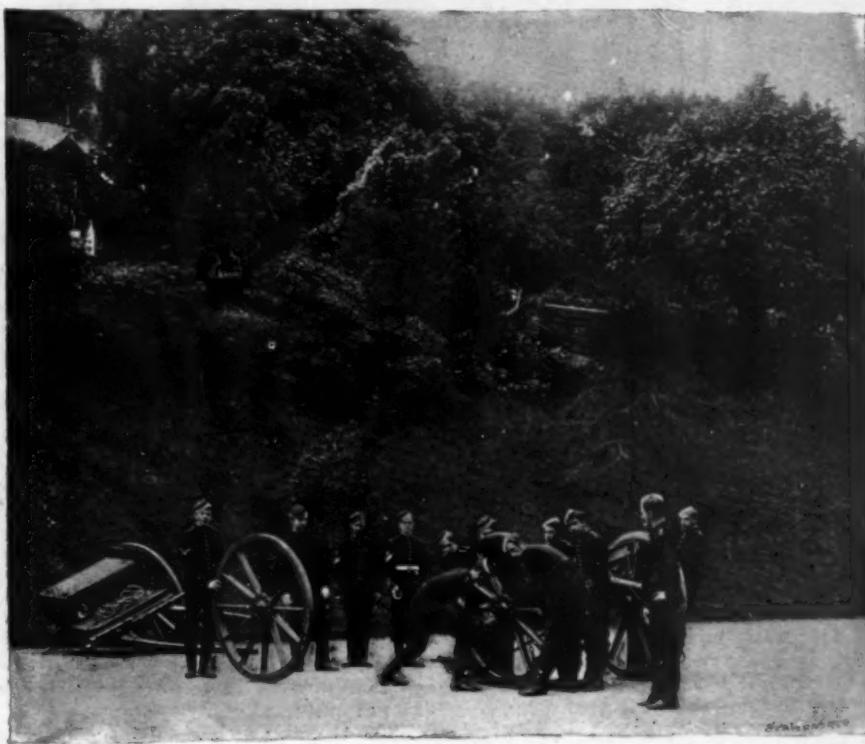
masters. This appears to me to be a custom peculiar to Malvern prefects, who, from time to time, pass a resolution inviting one of the masters to present his portrait to their room.

These are all framed, and take their places amongst the various Cricketing, Football and Prefects' groups.

A large album occupies a conspicuous place on the table, which is filled with the portraits of past and present prefects, and almost the first I recognised, when I opened it, was that of Mr. P. H. Latham, last year's captain of Cambridge University Cricket Eleven.

It was in the prefects' "Mecca" I buttonholed the senior prefect, a bright young man of intelligent and smiling countenance, and questioned him on a few points concerning the college work and play.

"Early school commences at 7 a.m. for one hour; and after breakfast, we go to our forms at 9.15 and remain until 12.30, when there is a general stampede for dinner.



THE VOLUNTEER CORPS.—CHANGING A DISABLED WHEEL.

"The afternoon work is from 2.45 to 4.45, except on half-holidays.

"There is an hour and a half's work in houses, from 7 p.m. to 8.30.

"Are you acquainted with the manner in which we manage our cricket and football?" enquired my young friend; to which I replied I should be pleased if he would inform me if the system employed differed from that generally used in public schools.

"We consider that our code is very good, and rather flatter ourselves upon the fact that one or two public schools have written to us to learn our system, which we have found since they have adopted.

"The whole school is divided by the captain of the college, into various clubs (about thirteen in all). Each club has its own captain, and consists of about thirty or forty fellows. The captain is responsible for his club and reports anything which is wrong to the senior captain; also once a fortnight each captain has to bring his club book up to the games committee and satisfy them that each fellow has played sufficiently.

"You should not miss being on the senior turf between six and seven," said the captain; "for between these hours the captains of the eight houses have their teams out, and indulge in fielding practice, which is really a pretty sight. Great rivalry exists between the houses, and each contest is fought out very keenly. S. house is cock-house at cricket and Swann's at football."

"You have a very good racquet court. I suppose you find this game well patron-

ised, do you not?" I enquired.

"Yes, the court was built fifteen years ago, and is rarely vacant. For the last four years Malvern has done well in the public schools competition, succeeding in getting in the final twice, and winning once—and, besides this, we boast of claiming such a grand exponent of the game as Mr. H. K. Foster, who played for the school four years ago, and is now amateur champion and first string at Oxford. We are also strong at cricket, and since we beat the M.C.C. by over

one hundred runs, they send down very strong teams to take it out of us."

I could see by the groups that the Association was the code used for football, and when questioned on the game of "footer," my chatty young friend, who had been patient and eager to offer his assistance, and even thanked us for paying Malvern a visit—replied that at football the college team had been very successful, and during the past two seasons had only lost three matches and boast of having turned out grand players, which include seven Internationals, one Rugby and six Association.

As I turned to bid leave of the school captain, to look over the college, I was quickly summoned to return. "Oh! do not forget to mention our cricket coach, J. Willoughby; he is a rare good fellow, and, being well-known in the cricketing world, many of his old friends may be pleased to hear that we all appreciate him at Malvern."

The chapel, which is only considered as a temporary one, contains memorial win-



THE NEW PAVILION.



A GROUP OF PREFECTS.

dows and brass tablets to departed friends of the college. The handsomely-carved lectern was placed in the chapel as a memorial of Mrs. Faber. The pulpit is a fine specimen of artistic carving in oak, designed and executed by Messrs. Kendall, of Warwick, and placed in the chapel in commemoration of the Queen's Jubilee, mainly through the exertions of the Rev. E. L. Bryans, one of the former masters of the college. The library, which is close to the chapel, is worthy of comparison with some of the best I have seen. All boys have access to the library, and the debating society and natural history society, two important and well conducted institutions, meet there at regular intervals for discussion. The school magazine, *The Malvernian*, is conducted by the boys themselves and issued three times a term, with excellent papers on instructive subjects — the whole compiled and edited so as to compare most favourably with the best of similar publications.

The college museum, which is located on the lower floor, under the chapel, is but small, but its contents are interesting.

There is a remarkably complete series of rocks and fossils illustrating the local geology, and several collections of butterflies, moths, birds' eggs, dried plants and shells. There are also several stuffed zoological specimens, and a quantity of curiosities from almost every quarter of the globe.

Space will not permit me to dwell upon the many appointments contained within the main building beyond saying that ample space is provided in the numerous class-rooms to procure plenty of light and fresh air for each boy. On the ground floor a spacious room is set apart as a masters' common-room, and on the first floor, at the north end, there is a large schoolroom with corresponding proportions to the chapel.

This has a fine open roof, well lighted. From time to time this room is the scene of great festivities, such as the college concert at Christmas—and the speeches and special prize distribution at Midsummer, but it is more generally requisitioned for use by the classes, several of which could use it at one time.

The boarding-houses deserve special

mention, and, although I cannot go deep into the details here, I can unhesitatingly say that nothing that could be desired for the comfort and health of the boarders, according to the best modern principles and the teachings of sanitary science, has been here omitted. The boys' quarters, both studies and dormitories, are thoroughly warmed by hot-water apparatus, and the latter are arranged on the cubicle system, by which each boy has, so to speak, a separate little bed-room to himself.

In each house the dining-hall is adorned with shields commemorating the names of those of its members who have reflected lustre on the house and the college by their achievements in the school or the Universities, or their prowess in the playing-fields.

The accommodating strength of each house varies from forty to sixty boarders.

The swimming-bath at the end of the playing-fields and backing on to the Great Western Railway, is provided with all the usual accessories and conveniences, and the water is maintained at an even temperature.

This department, together with the gymnasium, is under the control of Sergeant-major J. Naylor, late of the Queen's Bays, ex-Instructor in Gymnastics, S.E. District.

The workshop is fitted with all appliances, lathes, etc., and a skilful instructor is found in Mr. D. Hale.

One of the greatest features at Malvern, at least, as regards novelty, is the Cadet Corps, inasmuch as Malvern College is the only public school attached to the Artillery.

The corps numbers two hundred and fifty strong and is attached to the 1st Worcester and Warwick Volunteer Artillery.

lery (Lieut-Colonel Ottley). The Cadet Corps is commanded by Captain R. E. Lyon, assisted by Captain E. C. Bullock as acting adjutant, both masters at the college and holding commissions in the 1st Worcester and Warwick Artillery.

The guns used are two R. M. L. 9-pounds, with which all gun drills (e.g. dismounting gun and carriage, replacing disabled wheel) are carried out. In the winter term there is an annual competition between the houses for a valuable challenge trophy, for which training takes place daily in gun drill in front of the college, and forms a great feature in proceedings during the winter months.

The Government encourage the Malvern Cadet Corps by supplying two hundred Martini-Henry carbines, and about twenty Martini rifles (for shooting purposes).

At inspections and field-days the guns are horsed and manned by the boys, and a certain number of cadets go into camp every year, where they take part in gun practice.

The college porter is a venerable and respected official, with whom I had a very pleasant chat on Malvern past and present in his unique little home, situated at the south-west corner of the grounds.

I could very well have stayed another day or two, to make some of the pleasant journeys with which Malvern abounds, but time had gone very quickly and I was compelled to seek the station, convinced that not only should Malvern be proud of its college, but Malvern College should be proud of its beautiful position in a lovely country and in the midst of a beautiful town, within the limits of which, I was told, manufacturing was strictly prohibited and cattle were not allowed to be slaughtered.

W. CHAS. SARGENT.

Our Illustrations are from a splendid set of Photographs specially taken for the LUDGATE ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE by Mr. R. W. Thomas, 41, Cheapside, E.C., from whom Prints from the original negatives can be obtained.

The following Schools have already appeared in THE LUDGATE ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE:—ETON, HARROW, RUGBY, WINCHESTER, WESTMINSTER, CHRIST'S HOSPITAL, DULWICH, ST. PAUL'S, CHARTERHOUSE, WELLINGTON, MERCHANT TAYLORS', MARLBOROUGH, CLIFTON, CHELTENHAM, LEYS COLLEGE, BEDFORD GRAMMAR, HAILEYBURY COLLEGE, UPPINGHAM, CRANLEIGH, HIGHGATE, BRIGHTON COLLEGE, SHREWSBURY AND RADLEY (Harrow, Rugby and Clifton are out of print), but back numbers of the others can be obtained through all Booksellers, or direct from the Office, Temple House, Temple Avenue, London, E.C. Post-free, 8½d. each copy.

# *The Guns of the 94th.*

## *TALES OF THE SERVICE.*

By WALTER WOOD



WHIRLED UP IN A SMOTHER OF DUST.

**H**E infantry of the Third Division of the Sixth Army Corps were drawn up in line of quarter columns on a burning plain. Three field batteries thundered up in rear, the bellies of the horses nearly level with the ground and the sweating drivers lashing out with all their strength. The guns were whirled up in a smother of dust, and unlimbered in front of the columns before the grey cloud had settled on the earth again.

A young recruit in the rear rank of a Fusilier battalion, who saw a battery sweeping along, closed his eyes and tried to say a prayer that he used to lisp at his mother's knee. But he had forgotten it, and so he fell to wondering instead if it was good to die at the hands of comrades at manœuvres, and whether it was really a part of his duty to stand there and wait

until the wheels of the carriages had passed over and left him a mere red mark on the thirsty soil. The earth trembled beneath him. He heard the panting of weary horses and the goading cries of angry men, and opening his eyes slowly, he saw a gun at rest a stone's throw away, and a bombardier flicking dust from the breech. The recruit forgot his wish to pray, and sighed to be an Artilleryman, so that he, too, might gallop in a swirl of glory, like the batteries

"If they'll do that in time of peace," growled a man who had just come home from Egypt, "we can reckon that in time

of war they'd make short work of riding over the bodies of us. I want to know if that's the sort of thing we listed for; or are we paid to stand the shot and steel of foreign swabs only?"

"I thought it was all up a tree with us," said the recruit, with a sorry laugh, "when I saw the 'orses makin' for us that way. They came like a streak o' smoke from hell."

"They were tryin' the sort of trick I've seen abroad—swoopin' guns, horses an' all on the enemy, an' routin' 'em without firin' a shot. It's one of the modern dodges. I'd rather have the good old-fashioned shot an' shell than the whole battery flyin' at me," said the man from Egypt.

"That," said the general commanding, who was watching the Artillery from a neighbouring hill, "that's the way the

guns should come up—shave the tails of the battalions as you'd shave a buoy with a torpedo boat; for so it must be done at times when the wars come. Field guns, to be of service, must get to work not a fathom within fifteen hundred yards; I've proved it by the most searching calculations."

"If he's so big on doing everything now as it should be done in war time," whispered a staff officer to a friend, "why doesn't he fire a few rounds of grape and canister, just to see how the thing worked, and to give the medicos something better to do than stare and yawn around as if they didn't know where on earth to put themselves?"

"They wouldn't approve of it in Pall Mall," said his companion; "otherwise I suppose the General might do even that."

"The General's ideas on this subject," said the officer, "are perfect bosh. He's an Engineer—what can *he* know about artillery? I could draw up a better scheme myself."

"Very likely, Gordon," said his friend. "I never knew a man that couldn't—till he got the chance to try."

"At any rate," said Gordon, "he ordered the batteries up in a fiend of a fluster. I thought they were going to mow down the whole of the rear ranks of the infantry."

"So did I," observed his friend; "but in the conditions of actual warfare applied to peace manoeuvres, what else would you have?"

"Oh, it's well enough," answered Gordon loftily.

"It was a pretty performance, and all that sort of thing; but I'd rather be one of the spectators than one of the performers in a show like that. Did you notice what a panic some of the young Tommies were in?"

"And no wonder," said his comrade stoutly, "when they saw the guns rolling down

on them like the waves in a Biscay gale."

"I remember once" continued the General, lowering his field-glasses, "when I was stationed in the Lucknow district, that the batteries swept up in pretty much the same fashion as they came along just now. The drivers of one of the guns made a mess of it—their nerves, I suppose, went wrong at the critical moment, and possibly the horses weren't quite up to the mark. The whole arrangement tumbled over—caught a big stone or something, as they were sweeping round a certain angle in the way the officer commanding wished to have it done. One driver was smashed up, and a horse had to be slaughtered on the spot. A few infantry men were sent sprawling, too. There was an awful rumpus about it. The colonel of the corps—a V.C. man, with a storm of a temper—swore he'd have the law of the general, and he gave out that a man who didn't know how to do his work better than that in time of peace could be trusted to make a hash of things in case of active service. The general heard of it through some mischief-making busybody, and saw the V.C. man privately. Nobody really knows what happened, but the colonel was heard saying that he wasn't going to be taught his business at his time of life by a clumsy gunner. Bar that and the gun incident, the affair went off splendidly. I've often thought about it since—it would have made a fine picture if Leighton or Tadema, or some other of those painter fellows had had a shot at it. They could



THE WHOLE ARRANGEMENT TUMBLED OVER.

have worked it up, I suppose, from an instantaneous photograph," concluded the General, who had hazy notions on art and the capacity of artists. "You may mark my words, gentlemen, that if it comes to a dust with an enemy, the men who are concerned in the affair wouldn't have cause to blame me for having at home manœuvres tried to do things in a way approximating, as nearly as may be, to the circumstances of actual warfare. I don't believe in sticking at trifles in days of peace, any more than I do on service. It's all for the good of the troops. Tell the officer commanding the 94th Battery to come round to my quarters as soon as he's at liberty. There are one or two points about which I want to see him."

The A. D. C. spurred off and delivered his message.

"I'll be round as soon as things are fixed up," snapped the commander. "I was going to have a night at the opera for once. Tell the General I wish the deuce had him and his fads, and that I know my own business quite as well as he can teach it me."

The A. D. C. smiled—that showed his even white teeth to the best advantage—and said, "Certainly, if you wish me to do so."

The commander of the 94th watched him as he rode away, and muttered, "It would be just like the cub to repeat what I've said to old Wynne. Why do they have fools in the army?"

"The Major, sir," said the A. D. C. to the General, smiling still, "wishes me to say that he will be delighted to come round and see you as soon as we get back to camp."

When the Major presented himself to the General he was in an ill temper. He held to the teaching of his drill-books and with the opinions of men who thought on gunnery matters as he thought. He was an officer of the old school, and new-fangled methods found no favour with him. If in action he had lost his battery because of the faultiness of his system, he would have blamed the drill-book and the men who had been his teachers, and would have resigned himself to share the fate of his ordnance, for to survive the loss of the guns would never have entered into his calculations. The Major was a tall, spare man, with a sad face and hair that was turning grey. Fortune had dealt unkindly with him in that she had given him

nothing more to live on than his pay, and nothing better to be proud of than a long ancestry, with a somewhat longer bankruptcy.

"You brought your battery up in splendid style," began the General. "I never saw a piece of work more cleverly done."

The Major bowed. After all, he thought, he might have misjudged his superior, and it was possible there was something solid in his fads.

"I was proud to see," continued the General, "that my somewhat heterodox way of doing things had found so able a supporter."

The Major bowed again. Being, in private, a man of few words and hesitating delivery, he found the inclination of head and body the safest way of conveying his appreciation of the General's kindness.

"My system," continued the General, pacing to and fro, "does not, I know, meet with unqualified approval at headquarters; it is too advanced for most of the people there; and I suppose there isn't enough of the rule-of-thumb element in it. The great principle on which the entire scheme is based is individual enterprise and resource. Let a man have as free a hand as possible."

The Major inclined his head again, but it occurred to him that his superior might consider that it was time he said something. He observed, therefore, "Quite so, sir; but what about the men whose forte is neither initiative nor resource?"

It was a somewhat unfortunate utterance, as it proved. The General stopped short in his walk, his face flushed, and he looked keenly at the commander of the 94th to see if it was possible that the remark was made flippantly. The Major's face was perfectly grave, and he happened to be looking absently at some papers on the table. "Why, confound it, sir," exclaimed the General, "the man whose forte is neither initiative nor resource ought never to hold a position of command and trust."

The Major looked up with a start. For a moment he was inclined to consider this almost a personal thrust; but his hesitancy of speech saved him from what might have been an indiscreet retort. In the meantime the General resumed his walk and his talk.

"Think for a moment of the possibilities of such a system as mine. A bold

man, in time of difficulty and stress, may save not only his own skin and that of his men, but also preserve his honour and his guns, and return home to receive the reward which is his due."

The General was warming to his subject, and he went on enthusiastically :

"Take a suppositional case. The commander of a battery is hemmed in on all sides by an enemy. The ring of foes is slowly but surely growing less; the circle is becoming compressed. What does he do? If he is one of the old school, he may die, as, thank God, any Englishman will die, fighting, sword in hand, with some honoured name or sentence on his lips. He may meet his death shouting, as we know that men have shouted, the motto of his house, of his school or his regiment. By heavens, I know no better death than that!"

The General paused for a moment; his eyes were flashing, and his arm was raised as if he might be striking the last blow with his own sword.

The Major looked with admiration at the animated figure, and bowed again in token of acquiescence.

"But while he might die calmly,

resignedly and nobly in that way, accepting his end as coming in the natural order of things," the General resumed, "and doing his duty by setting his men a good example in the face of death, the commander of the school to which I have the privilege to belong would cast about for some practical method of getting himself and those in his charge out of an infernal mess."

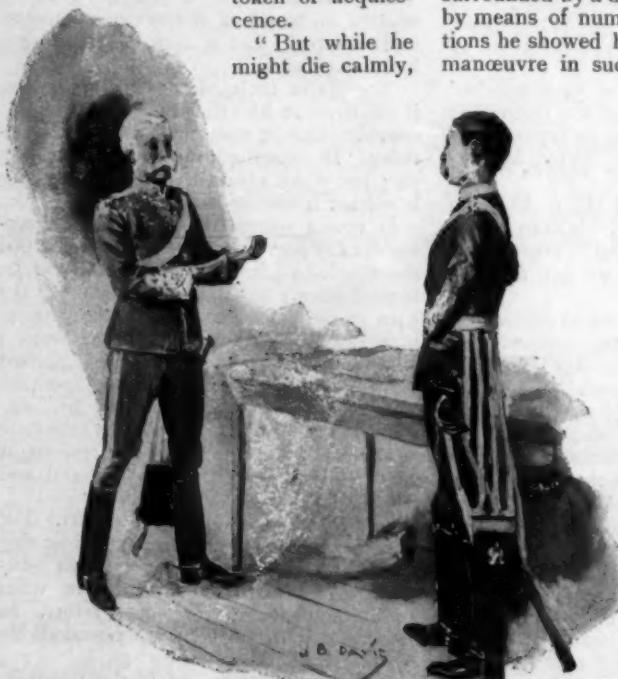
The Major smiled at the sudden change from heroics to everyday parlance, but he paid none the less heed to what he looked upon as the singular whim of one high in command.

"Look here, sir," the General continued, with growing interest, "I will show you, by means of a rude but effective plan, what I think a man might do if pinned in in the fashion I have indicated. Putting noble deaths aside—for there's no need to die at all till you're forced to do it, and in modern conditions of warfare there isn't time to lay yourself out for a showy end—this is what I should do if I were bottled up in that way."

The General made a rough sketch of a battery in an extraordinary position, and surrounded by a deep fringe of troops; and by means of numerous lines and explanations he showed how easy it would be to manœuvre in such a fashion as to save the guns.

"Remember, Major, how it is done. Wait till the enemy is close in; cut a lane through his lines with your guns, front limber up in the twinkling of an eye, and drive them along the path you've cleared. The men that get away do so with honour, while the men that don't—well, better lose a few than let the whole battery be butchered. And now that's all," he concluded. "I'm delighted to have had so appreciative a listener."

"Will you be so good as to give me the plan you have drawn up?" said the Major, "I may find it useful on some future occasion." He did not want



TAKE A SUPPOSITIONAL CASE.

the drawing, but he had known great and beneficial results arise from such a trivial cause as this. Simple as he might appear to be, he had a keen understanding of the weak points of men with whom he came in contact, and saw that the General was not above delicate flattery.

"With pleasure," said the charmed superior with a gratified smile, and he put the paper into his companion's hand.

"There goes a man who knows a good thing when he sees it," murmured the General, as he watched the Major walk away.

"And so," muttered the Major wrathfully, as he hastened back to his quarters, "and so I've had my chance of hearing the opera ruined by having to listen to the nonsense of an Engineer about Artillery. The man's wrong in his head."

He was of the same opinion for many days after that. Then he put the idea altogether from his mind, and thought no more of it until he was sweltering with his battery in Afghanistan, and when circumstances brought to mind again the picture of what had happened on a summer day in England.

\* \* \*

It was near sunset, and a feeling of insecurity had taken possession of the forces. The enemy was in strength around them, and scouts had come in with information of a probable descent. The General—the same who was trained in the Engineers—was once more surrounded by his staff; but the young aide-de-camp with the perfect teeth was absent. He had fallen early in the campaign, and was buried away up in the hills.

The chief was looking through his field-glasses from a rock at the entrance to a narrow pass. He swept the little plain in front of him and the hills on either side.

The guns of the 94th were posted on the level ground, the muzzles commanding the entrance to the valley.

"The 94th is in an awkward place in case of a descent from the hills," said the General to a member of his staff named Bentham; "but I cannot help it. I will order Major Ryan to fall back for the night. I cannot afford to lose the only battery that has been left to me. I've been drained of more troops than I could spare, and it's become a case of every man for himself."

"And the devil take the hindmost, sir," observed Bentham.

"Worse than that if the hillmen get

VOL. VIII.—NOVEMBER, 1894.

you," replied the General grimly. "We are, however," he continued, "fortunate in our situation. See how well off we are for defensive purposes. My retreat is perfectly secure. The Pass is safe, the lines of communication are clear, and there is nothing to prevent us from retiring in complete order, if such a thing is necessary—which God forbid. I apprehend no serious mischief from the open; the guns of the 94th command every inch of the ground; our rear is secure; and as for the hills to the right and left, I see no possibility of attack in those directions. After all, our scouts may have brought inflated reports as to the enemy and his intentions."

"No man but a native can understand these hills," said Bentham. "They may seem to be masses of rock and earth, without a pass or opening big enough for a rat, and yet they can vomit forth hordes of hillmen when it suits the purpose of the enemy to make a raid. See, I fear my words are coming true." He pointed to the hills on his left. "Are they not the hillmen? And see, they are coming on the right, and are rising up in front of the guns like ants. It's wonderful where they all come from, and how they manage to get so near us without discovery."

The General raised his glasses and scanned the hills and plain. "So," he muttered, "they are trying to cut off the battery—first to form a circle round the guns and then to seize them with a rush. And here, almost above our heads, they have a strong body ready to swoop down and cut off any troops that may be sent to help the 94th. Their scheme is prettily laid, but not, I imagine, deeply enough to serve their end. It is clearly their object to close in on the guns and form a perfect net around them. If ever man had a chance to exercise his wits, Major Ryan has it now. Ah, we are too near our friends."

A bullet whistled over the commander's head as he spoke. His horse reared and nearly threw his rider to the ground. "Whoa, Beauty, you're nearly as shabby as the rifeman," said the General, patting the animal gently on the neck. "You've had service enough not to jump out of your skin at the fire of an old *jazail*, surely."

The horse was quiet instantly, and champed his bit in peace, as if ashamed of his temporary alarm.

"Let us take further advantage of the shelter of the rocks," continued the General

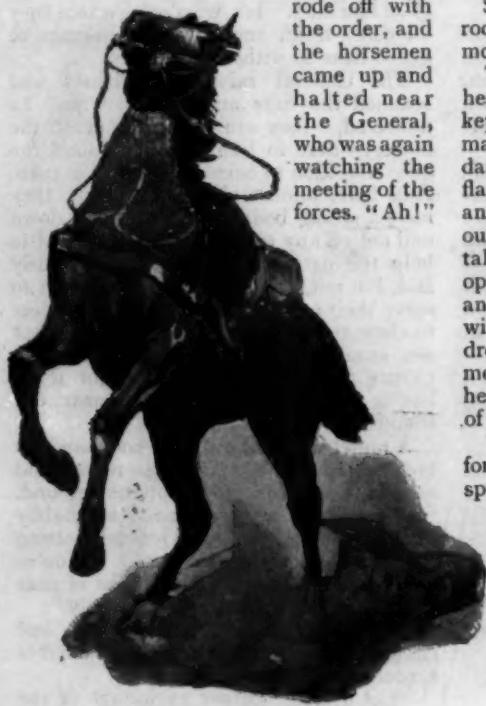
coolly. He waited until his staff had backed their horses, then he backed also. "There will be a smart encounter," he resumed, raising his glasses, "and the smartest men will win."

"Are you sending any support, sir?" asked Bentham anxiously.

"I cannot spare a single man. My force even now is only just enough to hold the Pass. The battery must save itself. If the force is weakened here, nothing can save us. The enemy is pouring in on the 94th on all sides," he went on, as if describing the progress of a drama on the stage, "and a strong force is working round to the front of the guns. God grant the Major may have resource enough to pull him through. This is one of the tight fixes in which a man finds an ounce of smartness and originality worth a stone of stuff from either red or any other books."

The General turned his glasses to his rear. "Yes, yes," he murmured, "I think I may do it. Bring up a squadron of the Sikhs," he added aloud. "Let them keep well under the shelter of the crags."

Bentham rode off with the order, and the horsemen came up and halted near the General, who was again watching the meeting of the forces. "Ah!"



THE HORSE DASHED FORWARD.

he exclaimed, "they'll pull the weapons through, after all. The Major is adopting the only possible plan."

There was perfect silence for a while, and not a shot was fired as the hillmen closed.

The General glanced at the squadron near him. "Go and tell the officer commanding," he said "that as soon as I raise my hand he is to hasten forward and cover the retreat of the battery." He raised his glasses once more and held them with hands that neither shook nor trembled. A speck or two of dust were blown upon the lenses, and he lowered them for a moment so that he might wipe them away. He scanned the gunners and the guns, and saw that everything was in its place and looking as peaceful as if the battery was encamped at home.

The Major was riding here and there, now making a motion with his arm in one direction, now turning swiftly and pointing to another. Men moved rapidly in obedience to his signs, and the General saw the gleam of the sun on burnished blades as they did so.

Swarthy men leaped forward on the rocky ground from the hills, and the foremost lay down and raised their long *jasails*.

The General saw the puffs of smoke and heard the rattle of the discharge. He kept his glasses on the 94th, and saw a man reel from his saddle. The horse dashed forward with dilated nostrils and flashing eyes in the direction of the fire, and some of the hillmen rose and opened out, making a path which the animal could take. Before the horse had reached the opening there was another puff of smoke, and he fell with a thud upon his knees, with a bullet through his brain. His head dropped to the ground, and with the momentum of his gallop he was driven in a heap, and the carcase raised a little cloud of dust before it stopped.

The hillman who had fired the shot ran forward with a gleaming knife. He sprang with a loud shout upon the body, and brandished his weapon menacingly and defiantly.

The Major turned for an instant and made a quick motion with his arm. There was another puff and another crack, this time from a carbine, and the knife dropped out of the hillman's hand as he rolled from the carcase to the ground.

"A grim play, but a grand one,"

said the General. "The dog has joined his fathers. The *ruse* to divert attention from the guns has failed. They are pointed still to the front, where the greatest rush will be. Now comes the tug of war."

He saw the enemy advance to the muzzles of the guns. They ran to within a stone's throw of the grinning mouths; then some of the foremost bent their bodies and continued to advance.

The General laughed. "There the cloven hoof of the savage shows. They think they will escape the case shot by such a feint as that. They will soon be undeceived, for the gunners stand as if they were made of bronze. I consider it the finest exhibition of steadiness and valour I have ever seen. Now comes the test."

As he spoke there came from the guns a dull roar, mingled with a shout of terrified astonishment.

The General raised his arm, and the squadron galloped forward to cover the retreat of the 94th. The hillmen nearest the General turned for an instant, and seeing in their rear the charging cavalry and in their front the guns of the 94th sweeping on them, they broke and fled up the mountains.

"They're off like rabbits to their holes," said the General. "The Major acted splendidly—cutting a lane with case shot in the ranks of the enemy, then limbering up instantly before they had time to recover from the shock, and dashing through the lane before the smoke had gone or the hillmen knew what his purpose was; then

the Sikhs swarming about their ears before their scattered senses are collected—why, what more could you wish for? Truly, it's a case of the biter bit. The hillmen came to pepper us, but we have peppered them. That almost sounds like poetry," he concluded with a smile.

"It isn't quite over yet, sir," said Bentham. "Some of the tribe, at any rate, are loth to let the guns escape."

"Hell pull through, sure enough," replied the General confidently. "Watch him—fighting like that never fails."

The Major was riding at the head of his bat-

tery, waving his sword and encouraging his men. He charged at the line of foes that barred his way. They made an opening for him, but before he reached it, a gigantic figure stepped aside and dealt a fierce blow as he passed. The blade descended slantwise on the commander's forehead, and the blood started from the wound

and ran in a hot stream down his face.

A sergeant by the Major's side stood in his stirrups, and as he passed the hillman he smote a blow that cleft his skull to the shoulder.

The sword snapped at the hilt, and the sergeant hurled the useless weapon at the face of a man who seized his horse's bridle, and he too fell off.

The battery after that rode on in peace, for the cavalry had passed them, and were scattering the hillmen over the plain.

The Major turned in his saddle and looked back, and seeing that his foes were vanishing, he gave the command to halt. and gazed for a moment at the completion of the victory.



STOOD IN HIS STIRRUPS AND SMOTE A BLOW.

Bentham rode up to him from the General's side. "The General," he said, "would like a word with you."

The General, as they approached him, hurried forward and seized the Major's hands as he alighted from his horse.

"Magnificently done—magnificently done!" he exclaimed. "You mowed them down like grass with a scythe. It was the neatest thing I ever saw. And tell me—is it not the result of what I pointed out to you not twelve months since in England?"

"It is, indeed," replied the Major. "But for the recollection of what you said and the plan you drew, I should have been—" He shrugged his shoulders significantly by way of finishing the sentence.

The General laughed. "That's true," he said; "you would be even a sorrier spectacle than you are, for a slaughtered soldier isn't a pleasant sight. You've got a nasty cut."

"A mere bagatelle," said the Major, releasing one of his hands and pressing a ragged handkerchief to his forehead. "But I'm afraid it will leave an ugly scar."

"I hope it will," replied the General; "the bigger the better."

The Major glanced in surprise at his companion. "It won't be exactly a beauty-spot," he remarked slowly.

"Perhaps not," returned the General; "but when people see that, and know of your D.S.O., why, if they aren't born fools, and can put two and two together, they

needn't ask you how you came by your reward."

The Major blushed furiously, and fell back upon his old, awkward method of an inclination of the head and shoulders.

He colours still when women ask him to tell them how he became a Companion of the Distinguished Service Order.



"IT WON'T BE EXACTLY A BEAUTY SPOT," HE REMARKED SLOWLY.

ajor,  
sing  
ead.  
ugly

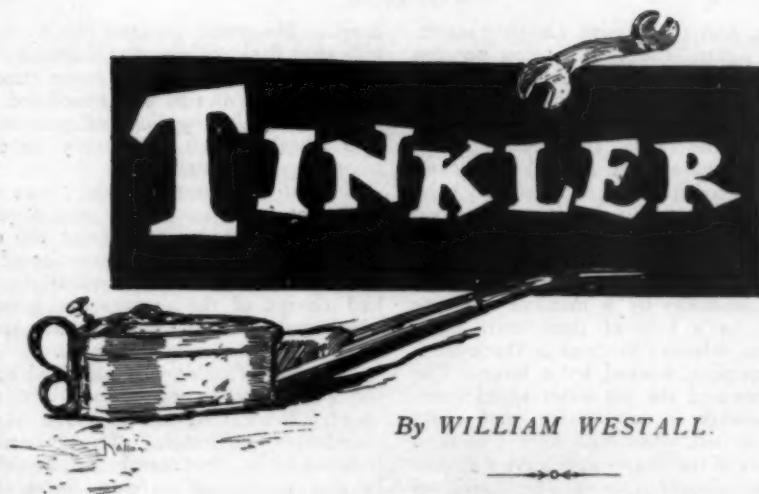
ral;

his  
y a

ral;  
ow of  
ools.  
they  
you  
ame  
re

jor  
uri-  
fell  
his  
ard  
an  
m  
and

ours  
en  
ask  
hem  
ame  
ion  
tin-  
rvice



By WILLIAM WESTALL.

I.

**T**HRUTCH was the name of an ancient hamlet and old-fashioned factory picturesquely situated at the head of a narrow gorge (whence its name), through which wound a brook, quietly for the most part, yet occasionally, when the windows of heaven were opened, or the winter's snow melted on the moors, wildly and madly, carrying everything before it and rolling tempestuously into Deepdale, a devastating flood.

The owners of the hamlet and factory and much of the land round about were Simon Fogerty and his son Thomas, who though quite five-and-thirty, was generally designated "Young Tom." Simon, an octogenarian and an invalid, had gone to Torquay to die. Thomas, a bachelor, lived in a square, cold-looking house, half a mile from the factory gates, and ruled in his stead. He was supposed to be fond of good cheer and did not enjoy the best of reputations. Indeed, some of his neighbours pronounced him "gradely nowt," which in Lancashire means much. On the other hand, he was an excellent manager, and, albeit absolute and masterful, not a bad master. For the rest, his workpeople were neither high livers nor severe censors, and so long as Young Tom provided them with good work and plenty of it, and paid the full current rate of wages of the day, they thought that his morals might be left to take care of themselves, the more especially as their

own were perhaps not altogether free from reproach.

Thrutch factory was a queer old concern. It had been built piecemeal—here a bit and there a bit. There were a new end and an old end, the spinning-rooms in the one being light and lofty, in the other low and gloomy. Looms were shoved in everywhere. There were a "long shop," with three hundred, a "top shop," with a hundred, a "back shop," with fifty-three, and a "little shop," with fifteen. Never was its equal for gearing. Shafts were everywhere—inside and out, overground and underground, climbing snake-like up the walls, and boring into the roofs; spur-wheels, great and small, whirled, clashed and "backlashed" all over the place.

Such a mill nowadays would ruin a millionaire, but Fogerty and Son, who produced "fancies" when the trade was young, never knew what it was to have a bad stock-taking.

There were many uncanny nooks in Thrutch factory, but the uncanniest of all was the fly-wheel hole.

The motive power was provided by a big water-wheel and two beam engines, one modern, the other known as "th' owd un," ancient and so complicated in its mechanism that only one man "on the ground" could set it on without risk of a breakdown.

This man was Tinkler, of whom more anon. When he happened to be absent, his predecessor, Jim o' Lydia's, who had retired from business and was kept by his

children, had to be sent for to "set th' owd un agate," the which, being nervous and stiff-jointed, he did reluctantly.

The old engine ran in one compartment—an ordinary engine-house—its fly-wheel in another, the "hole" in question. And a hole it was, entered by a low door, backed by a still lower beam, against which he who went in hurriedly and forgot to stoop was like to break his head.

To the right was the great fly-wheel, put together in segments, and separated from the engine-house by a massive wall; to the left, in a hole of their own, three huge spur wheels; in front a thick shaft and a coupling worked by a lever. The old engine and the big water-wheel sometimes worked in conjunction, and could only be united, when both were in motion, by means of the coupling, a service of considerable danger; for if the individual who performed the operation let any part of his garments be caught in the shaft, an obvious possibility, he would be riven in pieces; while to slip in one direction were to fall into the fly-wheel bed, in the other to be converted into mincemeat by the three spur wheels.

At the further end of the hole, which was essentially a long, low, unlighted passage, were more wheels, connected with the other engine, and when the two engines and the water-wheel were running the uproar was terrific. Strong men had been known to look into the pandemonium out of curiosity and run back, deafened and appalled.

Moreover, the place had a bad name for another reason. It was said to be haunted. Two poor devils had been killed there. One, while lighting the solitary gas jet which hung over the coupling, was caught thereby and torn limb from limb; the other, while greasing the spur wheels, lost his footing, fell amongst them and was ground to powder. There were few men about the factory who liked to go into the hole at any time, and only one who dared venture in after dark, when the mill was closed and the hands were gone. The fear of encountering a "spirit" was greater than the fear of falling into the fly-wheel bed or being caught by the coupling.

But Will Robinson, otherwise "Bill o' Dickie's," otherwise and mostly "Tinkler" (a nickname conferred on him because he rang the factory bell), engine driver and fire beater, feared nothing, or, as the hands had it, "nayther mon nor

devil." He would go into the fly-wheel hole after dark without the slightest hesitation whether the engines were running or not, and it was he who connected and disconnected the coupling and greased the spur wheels, which could only be done when they were running.

Next to the master, Tinkler was probably the most important personage on the ground, for besides being the only man who understood the vagaries of the old engine, he was a good millwright and had charge of the ramshackle gearing, which, unless closely watched, was apt to go smash with disastrous results.

Moreover, Tinkler was supposed to be the physically strongest man "i' that country," meaning thereby the region round about Thrutch. Though only a trifle under six feet, his broad shoulders, brawny chest and stalwart limbs made the engine driver look two or three inches less than his actual height. He had a kindly yet resolute face, with square jaws, a brick-red skin, and a firm mouth, blue eyes, and short, curly brown hair.

Tinkler thought nothing of raising two fifty-sixes, one in each hand, and clinking them together above his head. With one man standing on the bottom stave, he could rear the big ladder, which reached to the top of the five-story mill, single handed. Once, when he was performing this feat, the man slipped and the end of the ladder swung up. Any other body had been crushed under its weight, but Tinkler held the ladder balanced above his head as easily as he held the fifty-sixes, and kept it in that position until Tommy Upsteps, the under fire beater, and another came to his help.

It was a sight to see Tinkler cleaning a furnace, wielding the great poker as lightly and deftly as an angler handles his rod, the red glow of the hot cinders reflected on his shining face and muscular arms. When he had finished his scaling and fired up afresh, he would walk round the mill yard bare headed and bare throated, with his shirt sleeves rolled up to his shoulders, never recking whether it were raining, or snowing, or blowing a keen nor' easter.

Many a dainty weaver and mincing winder, with clogs brightly polished and shawl thrown coquettishly back, cast admiring glances at Tinkler as she passed the fire hole on her way to work. The bolder of them would smile sweetly, and

say "Naa, Tinkler." Whereupon Tinkler would laugh good humouredly and answer pleasantly, but as yet he set no more store by one lass than another, and did not think he ever should. This want of right feeling was all the more annoying — to the lasses—that the engine driver was a highly eligible *parti*. Besides being a good-looking chap and earning a good wage, he was a good son and as steady as a growing tree, eminent qualities in a community most of whose men-folk spent the greater part of their "week ends" and their week's wage at the "Bay Horse" and the "Brown Cow," and pointing to the probability of his making a good husband.

"Hoo'll be a lucky lass as gets him," observed old John o' Nanny's one day, when he and his wife and their Betty and Mally o' Henry's were discussing Tinkler.

John was the sage of the hamlet, and reputed to be as fause (wise) as a tup sheep.

"Ay, will hoo," says Mally, "but who will hoo be? That's what capes me. Hedoesn't seem to care a boddle for never a lass i' Thrutch, and there's two or three as has aw but axed him."

"Never thee mind, lass, his time'll come. He'll be getting th' smock in his teeth one o' these days, mark me if he doesn't. It's nature. Thou has yerd tell o' nature, hasn't thou?"

"Nay, I cannot say as I have."

"Thou surprises me! Nature is owt as is natteral—eating, drinking, coorting, gettin' wed and having a family o' childer."

"Well, if coorting and drinking is nature there's a good deal on it at Thrutch. So you think as Tinkler'll be coorting somebody afore long?"

"Ay, will he. And he'll coort strong when he does begin. That soort allus does. The longer love's a-comin' the deeper it bites. It ud save a sight o' trouble if folk could be vaccinated for love as they are for sma' pox."

"Have you any idea who it'll be, John?" asked the young woman wistfully.

"Not I. Only, as I said just now, hoo'll be a lucky lass as gets him."



CAST ADMIRING GLANCES AT TINKLER.

Mally sighed audibly, and when she was gone, old John expressed the opinion that "she would give th' ears off her yed to get Tinkler."

"Ay, and her yed too," said Betty spitefully. "But hoo will n't get him, for aw that, nor nobody else. Tinkler thinks too much of hissel to care about lasses."

"Well, we'll see. I'm not oft wrong," answered her father complacently; "and



"WELL, WE'LL SEE. I'M NOT OFF WRONG."

if Tinkler doesn't get th' smock in his teeth one o' these days caw me a foo', that's aw—caw me a foo'."

II.

It was a Saturday afternoon, and, on her way to Deepdale to "buy in," Mally had "dropped in" at John o' Nanny's for "a bit of a camp." So far as inches and width of shoulders went, she would have made a fitting match for the engine driver, and, though her features were somewhat coarse, she was not ill-favoured. Yet, albeit she did not think so, Mally showed to far greater advantage in her factory dress—woollen shawl, print gown and brass buckled clogs, than in the flounced frock and much be-ribboned coal-scuttle bonnet and clumsy boots in which she arrayed herself when she went to market and church.

Mally thought the ribbons and flounces (of which she sported four) perfectly killing, and, when she was presently overtaken by Tinkler and Black Jack, had a delightful sense of looking her best. It was the first time Tinkler had seen her in her new bonnet, and if that did not "fot"

him "nowt would," and she should thenceforth treat him with the contempt which he deserved, or, as she said to herself, let him see as she cared no more for him than he cared for her.

They exchanged greetings, Thrutch fashion: Mally said, "Naa, Tinkler," Tinkler said, "Naa, Mally, it's a gradely fine day, isn't it?" Whereupon Black Jack observed "Bithmon is it! how much for th' bonnet, Mally? Them ribbons 'll be setting thy nose afire if thou doesn't mind."

To which unfeeling remark Mally responded with an indignant toss of her head, and when Tinkler laughed at his friend's joke, her eyes flashed angrily and her face turned as red as her ribbons.

"Well, well, lasses will be lasses," added Jack; "we are going to meet a lass now."

"What lass?" asked Mally, with sudden interest, albeit she had just made up her mind never to speak to Jack again.

"One as I'm th' uncle to. Her feyther was a bit of a farmer, Bingley way. He deed a while sin', and, as there's a biggish family on 'em, Mary's coming to live wi' us and go to th' factory."

"Is hoo a weyver?"

"Hoo's done a bit on th' handloom, and th' mayster has promised her a pair o' looms as soon as hoo can tent 'em."

"Is hoo young?"

"About twenty, I reckon. Owt else?" asked Jack, with an ironic grin.

"Nay, I don't know as there is," answered Mally moodily. Her spirits had been damped by Jack's sarcastic allusion to her finery and Tinkler's heartless laughter; and she did not "like on him" going to meet the young woman from Bingley way, in whom she had already discerned a possible rival.

On reaching the main street of Deepdale they parted, Mally to do her errands, Tinkler and his companion to meet the new comer at the railway station. John Catlow, otherwise "Black Jack," like his lately deceased brother-in-law, was "a bit of a farmer," held a contract for carting coal to Thrutch factory, and derived his nickname from his occupation, for, though naturally light complexioned, his face was generally the colour of his hat.

Tinkler and himself being on good terms, it was in the natural order of things that he should invite the engine man to accompany him to Deepdale.

The young woman arrived in due course, and was introduced by her uncle to his friend.

"This is Tinkler, Mary," says he; "leastways, that is what we caw him; but his gradely name is—I'll be shot if I haven't forgotten it—Robinson, ay, that's it, Will Robinson."

"Tinkler will do; it's what I'm most used to," answered the young fellow pleasantly.

Mary's luggage was a large trunk, which Jack proposed should be sent on by the carrier, who started from the Woolpack in Yorkshire Street.

"If you'll lend a hand, we'll carry it there, one at ayther end," quoth he.

"Nay, it doesn't need two to carry a bit of a box," says Tinkler, hoisting it on his shoulders. "Come on."

"Oh, but it will be too heavy for you, Mr. Tinkler," remonstrated Mary.

"Not it; I could carry two like it, and you on th' top," returned the fire-beater, vastly amused at being called "Mr. Tinkler."

When the trunk had been deposited at the Woolpack, Black Jack stood a can of beer and filled a glass for Mary, which she seemed loth to drink.

"Sup it up, lass," said he: "thou has had a long journey, and there's a four mile walk afore thee. A glass o' beer never hurt nobody; it's when a chap gets about fifteen into him as he begins to feel a bit queer."

Whereupon Mary made a wry face and quaffed the liquor.

Tinkler liked the girl's looks. She was tall and slim, with rosy cheeks, large brown eyes and reddish brown hair. Her plain black dress and unadorned little bonnet became her to perfection; and though her accent was Yorkshire, she spoke good English in a low, sweet voice that went to the young fellow's heart.

When the wayfarers had left Deepdale about a mile behind them, they met a gentleman in a stylish dog-cart with high yellow wheels. His white hat was slightly out of the

perpendicular; he had a long face, a freckled skin, a protuberant underlip, and sandy whiskers, elaborately curled and obviously oiled.

"Hallo!" he exclaimed, pulling up. "Out for a walk, Tinkler? How do, Catlow? Is this the niece you were telling me about?"

"Ay, this is hor," answered Jack.

"I think you said her name was——?"

"Mary Mostyn."

"To be sure. How do, Mary? I hope you have had a pleasant journey. You would like a pair of looms, your uncle was



THE SLEEMED LOTH TO DRINK.

telling me. Well, you shall have them—three or four later on, if you shape right, as I am sure you will."

"Thank you, sir," said Mary modestly.

"Come to me on Monday morning—I shall be in the counting house at eight—and I will set you agate. I shall see that you are put next to a weaver who will be kind to you and put you in the way."

Whereupon Mary repeated her thanks, and after an affable "good-day to you all," the gentleman resumed his interrupted journey.

"That's the master, of course," says Mary; "he seems to be a very kind gentleman."

"Ay, young Tom can be kind enough when it suits his purpose, and t'other thing when it doesn't. He isn't one o' them as'll do owt for nowt. Words is cheap. Let him consume his own smoke, and thee tak' care o' thyself. What is least said is soonest settled," answered Catlow enigmatically.

His niece looked puzzled, and Tinkler serious. He did not like the way in which "Young Tom" had eyed Mary. Moreover, his request for her to go to him about her looms was unusual, the "shopping" of new hands being almost invariably left to the manager.

After awhile Mary dropped a little behind, an opportunity which Tinkler seized to suggest that Catlow should put his warning into words which she could not misunderstand.

"I'll get th' wife to talk to her," said he. "Hoo'll do it better than me? We'll not have Young Tom playing ony o' his manks wi' Mary, will we?"

"If he tries owt o' that soort on I'll wring his neck for him," replied Tinkler in a fierce whisper.

"An' I'll punch him till he connot stand. Seeing as I've promised to be a feyther to th' lass, it ud be my duty; and they say as Young Tom hasn't much feyt in him when it comes to th' upping. And that's just as weel, seeing as I'm no great hand at feyting mysel'."

When they reached their destination, Catlow asked Tinkler to step in and have a "cup o' tay," which Tinkler did, and before he left, the farmer proposed that he should take his Sunday's dinner with them.

"It'll be a goose," quoth he: "a gradely whopper, welly as big as a sheep; and

thou can back up thy cart, and fill ageean as oft as thou likes."

It was a chance not to be missed—a goose feast and another sight of Mary Mostyn. Tinkler accepted the proposal with effusion, and, so far as relish and enjoyment were concerned, the dinner was a great success. But for a man who had the reputation of fearing neither "mon nor devil," the engine driver was unusually quiet and subdued, and did not consume nearly so much of the famous goose as Black Jack had expected, refusing, despite his host's most urgent invitation, to back his cart up—which meant, take a second helping.

On the other hand, Mary, having been warmly welcomed by her aunt, and finding herself among friends, appeared to be quite at her ease, talked sensibly and merrily, made herself universally agreeable, and, quite without knowing it, completed the conquest of Tinkler's heart. She had been to morning service, and was greatly shocked to learn that he never went to church or chapel except when there was "summation"—meaning, thereby, a "Sunday-school sermon"—and he confessed that he had not been to a place of worship for months.

"More shame for you, Mr. Robinson," says Mary severely, yet not unkindly. "A man in your position should set a better example."

Whereupon Tinkler, looking very contrite, protested that he would "go regular" for the future, and start next Sunday; and Mary said she was very glad, and rewarded him with a smile which made him very happy, for inside Tinkler's big body were a noble nature and a sensitive soul.

### III.

THRUTCH folk were keen observers and inveterate gossips, quick to draw conclusions, sometimes from insufficient premises. When it became known that Tinkler called much oftener at Moorside Farm than he used to do, they smelt a rat. When he began to go to church, where Mary Mostyn was a regular attendant, their suspicions deepened. When he was seen taking her home after evening service, there could be no question that Tinkler was "after" Jack's niece.

"After," in the phraseology of Thrutch, meant that a lad was in love with a

lass ; "coortin'," that the sentiment was reciprocated, and the couple engaged.

John o' Nanny's was jubilant.

"I towd yo'—I towd yo'," he chuckled between the puffs of his long clay pipe. "Tinkler's getten th' smock in his teeth at last ; and they'll be coortin' afore long, too. Th' lass couldn't do better, and hoo knows it—hoo knows it."

Mally o' Henry's was furious.

"A slip of a wench like that," she said scornfully. "Why, I could carry her under my arm, and not feel as 'twere owt heavier nor a basket o' penny moofins."

"Love doesn't go by weight, like black puddings," observed John sententiously.

"You mean it goes by looks? Well, aw as I can say is that if any brother o' mine fell i' love wi' Mary Mostyn's doll face and butter fingers, I'd—I'd scrat his een out. And hoo hasn't a frock fit to be seen; where hoo gets 'em caps me, unless it be out of a pop shop. Hoo caws herself a weyver, too! I never yerd tell o'such a weyver i' my life; hoo didn't addle a boon twelve shillings last week; and hor wi' three broad looms, weyving fanacies, and th' work good!"

"Give her a chance, Mally. Hoo's nobbut a new beginner, and they tell me as hoo offers vary weel, considering."

"A new beginner! Why have they gan her three broad looms, then? It's Young Tom's doing, everybody knows that; and what for too? He favvered her fro' th' start, and no lass as he favvers is fit to be a decent mou's wife."

"That depends whether hoo favvers him, Mally."

"Oh, hoo'll favver him reyt enough, hoo's that sort, as anybody can see, wi' her finicking ways and fine words. Why, hoo talks like a school mistress."

"And thou talks like a foolish woman, Mally. Does thou think as Tinkler is a lad to let ony man, gentle or simple, come between him and his sweetheart, for it'll be a case o' coortin' afore long, if it isn't now. Thou art jealous, that's what it is; thou art jealous."

"Nay, bithmon I! Tinkler's nowt to me. I can have my pick of a dozen better than him any day."

And with that, Mally flounced indignantly from the house.

It soon became evident, from certain unmistakable signs, that John o' Nanny's was proving a true prophet, and that Tinkler had passed from the chrysalis state of a mere suitor into that of a full-blown lover. When people rallied him about Mary, he did not deny the soft impeachment. Black Jack being questioned on the subject, was oracular according to his wont.

"I shouldn't wonder," said he; "Mary



HE CONTINUED TO BE VERY GRACIOUS TO MARY.

mut do waur; so mut Tinkler. Mary's a good lass. But as they have towd me nowt, you are just as able to judge as I am mysel'."

The only person at Thrutch who seemed to have no inkling of the fact was Mr. Fogerty. He continued to be very gracious to Mary, speaking to her kindly whenever they met; then he began to throw himself in her way, and on one occasion addressed her in a style which she warmly resented, but he only laughed amusedly and presently repeated the offence.

One day, about this time, Tinkler, who had been cleaning a furnace, was standing

outside the "fire hole" to "cool down," when Young Tom went by.

"You look warm, Tinkler," says he pleasantly.

"And I am warm, i' more ways than one," says Tinkler gruffly. "A word i' your ear, mayster. Just let that lass alone, will you?"

"What do you mean? What lass?" demanded Fogerty angrily.

"You know dommed weel what I mean. Let her alone, I say, or it'll be waur for you."

Young Tom's impulse was to discharge the engine driver there and then; but he was a valuable servant, who could not easily be replaced. Moreover, so summary a proceeding would cause scandal, and though, or, perhaps, because Fogerty had already provoked a good deal of scandal, he wanted no more of it, and, for reasons best known to himself, was just then rather on his good behaviour.

"Pon my soul, Tinkler, I don't know what you are driving at," he said, after a short pause. "Who is the lass in whom you take so much interest?"

"As if you didn't know! Mary Mostyn, to be sure."

"And what is Mary Mostyn to you?"

"We are coortin', that's aw."

"Oh, I wasn't aware. I thought Mary a decent lass, and wanted to befriend her. I am sorry she has misconstrued my kindness, which was purely disinterested. However, that is easily mended; I shall show her no more kindness. And look here, Tinkler, the next time you have anything to say, be good enough to address me respectfully. I am not one of your fellow workmen."

And Mr. Fogerty, turning on his heel, went away, looking as black as thunder.

Young Tom had the character of being a good hater, and Tinkler well knew that he had made an enemy of a man who would take the first chance of doing him an ill turn. As touching himself personally, this troubled Tinkler hardly at all. The worst Fogerty could do was to "bag" him, and a chap who could take an engine to pieces and put it together again without the help of a millwright, and generally do as much work as two ordinary men, had no need to go begging for a shop. He had already declined several offers whereby he might have bettered himself, merely because he did not like to leave Thrutch and "their folk."

Mary was less favourably situated. The only other factory at which she could get looms was two miles from Moorside Farm, "a long way for th' lass to walk, morning and neet."

"And she shall n't, so what comes," thought Tinkler. "We'll get wed, and then hoo'll not need to go to any factory. I've fifty pounds laid by, and Mary has a fortun o' forty from her feyther. What for should we wait? If Young Tom will n't let us have a house, I'll give my notice in, and we'll flit to Deepdale."

Tinkler had no great difficulty in persuading his sweetheart to fall in with his views. Marriage would rid her effectually of her employer's unpleasant attentions, which had been more offensive than Will was aware of. She feared that if he knew all, he might get himself into trouble by inflicting summary justice on her persecutor. Furthermore, the last time Fogerty spoke to her he uttered a threat that made her seriously uneasy.

"You have repaid my kindness with ingratitude, and Tinkler has insulted me, and by G— I'll make you both rue it," said he. "You are not married yet, and there's many a slip between the cup and the lip."

When Tinkler asked the book-keeper for a key, which meant of course, asking for a cottage, his request was granted without demur. Mary gave in her notice, furniture was bought, and the wedding-day fixed for the second Saturday in the following month. Tinkler intended to be "on the ground" at five o'clock as usual to start the engines and help to get the fires up. He had arranged with Jim o' Lydia's to set the old engine on, after the stoppage for breakfast. The happy day being the last of the week, there would be no other setting on, everybody knocking off for good at one o'clock.

Nothing could be more satisfactory, and there seemed not the slightest prospect of a hitch. Since their conversation anent Mary Mostyn the engine-driver had not spoken to Young Tom. His application for a "day off to get wed," as well as for a key, was made through the book-keeper, who seemed surprised that Tinkler should propose to "fire up" and start the engines on his wedding-day.

"I'd see Young Tom at old Nick before I'd show myself here on my wedding-day," said he.

"I dare say. But then you've nobbut a

twothry books to keep, while I have two engines, three boilers and a water-wheel to look after, to say nowt of about a mile o' gearing. There's no love lost between me and th' mayster; and that's why I don't want to give him a chance o' saying as I neglected my duty, even on my wedding-day."

"I am glad you have such a high sense of duty; but I say, Tinkler, you surely don't think there is any comparison between a book-keeper and an engine tenter?"

"No; I never thowt owt o' th' sort. A woman could keep books, but where's there a woman as could do my work?"

This being a view of the matter which had not occurred to the book-keeper, he was unprepared with an answer and went away in a huff.

On the eve of the wedding-day a strange thing happened. When the time came to stop the engines for the noon "bell hour," Tinkler was missing, and as Tommy Upsteps failed to find him, he had to stop them himself.

Then he had another look, with the same want of result as before. Tinkler could not be found, high or low, and when it was time to start again, Jim o' Lydia's had to be sent for to set the old engine on.

Tinkler had left the firehole about eleven o'clock, said Tommy, to look round, and had afterwards been seen crossing the factory yard, but from that point all trace of him was lost.

When the matter was reported to Mr. Fogerty on his return from luncheon, he suggested that Tinkler might have gone "on the boil." This was regarded as highly improbable, the engine-driver being an essentially steady man. Nevertheless, messengers were despatched to the Brown Cow and the Bay Horse, as also to his father's house and Moorside Farm to "sperr." They all came back with the same tale. Nothing had been seen of Tinkler at any of the places in question, or elsewhere in the neighbourhood.

Then somebody suggested that he had bolted. But this supposition was received with ridicule. Tinkler was not the sort to run away on the eve of his wedding-day, and only a lunatic would go off bareheaded and with nothing on save his trousers and shirt.

When Black Jack heard what had happened, he put his horses in the stable and joined in the quest, and Mary Mostyn

came to the factory in a state of frantic anxiety and distress. She felt sure that some terrible harm had befallen her lover. On no other theory could his absence be accounted for.

One of Tinkler's multifarious duties was to look after the big lodge and regulate the supply of water to the mill race. He might have fallen into one or the other. True, he was a strong swimmer, but even a strong swimmer may be seized with cramp or rendered unconscious by striking his head against some obstacle. So Young Tom ordered the lodge and mill race to be dragged, and himself superintended the operation. He looked "bothered" and distressed, and seemed as anxious as anybody to bottom the mystery; but at the edge of dark, went home, saying that as he was expecting some friends to dinner he could not stay longer. Before leaving, he ordered the search to be continued till dark, and gave instructions that in the event of "anything turning up," he was to be informed forthwith.

His guests were four manufacturers from Deepdale, a lawyer, and the local doctor; but, though generally loud voiced and, on festive occasions, aggressively jocular, Fogerty had little to say and was obviously suffering from depression of spirits. The doctor, observing an occasional nervous twitching at the corners of his host's mouth, and that he looked anxious and apprehensive, surmised that he was either physically out of sorts or mentally ill at ease.

Conscious of not being "up to the mark," and feeling that some explanation was due, or, at least, expedient, Mr. Fogerty mentioned the strange incident which had just occurred at his place, spoke in the highest terms of Tinkler, and expressed a fear that he would never be found alive.

"And what makes it the more painful," added Mr. Fogerty, "the poor fellow was to be married to-morrow. It has quite upset me."

"And no wonder," said one of the guests sympathetically. "What do you think has happened to him?"

"I think he must have slipped into the lodge while winding up the cleugh, and the mud thereabouts is so thick that the body would be too deeply buried for the drag to reach it. I left the men at work; and if they don't find anything to-night, I'll have the lodge let off in the morning, and then—My God! What—?"

Startled by this strange exclamation, the guests looked round, and were still more startled to see a young woman, white-faced, with flaming eyes and dishevelled hair, standing in the doorway.

"What have you done with my Will—what have you done with him?" she exclaimed, coming up to the dinner-table and pointing to the master of the house.

"I—you are mad, Mary. This trouble has unhinged your mind," stammered Fogerty, at the same time making a great effort to pull himself together. "What—what do you mean?"

"I mean that you have had William Robinson put away to prevent our marriage; that you know whether he is alive or dead, and can tell where he is or where

"How could I put Tinkler away? He is the strongest man in these parts. If I tried anything of the sort, I should be much more likely to get put away myself. I did not even know he was missing till I went back from my lunch. If he has not slipped into the lodge—and that is what I fear—he has gone off for some purpose of his own. However, in order to pacify you, and, if possible, rid you of this terrible illusion, I am ready to give you my word, aye, to take my oath, that I know no more than yourself whether Will Robinson be alive or dead, or what has become of him."

"It is a lie; and you are a murderous ruffian, Tom Fogerty."

"Tinkler!" gasped Fogerty, trembling like a leaf, and staring at the intruder with terrified eyes.

It was, indeed, the engine driver, black with dust or soot, his shirt half torn from his back, his trousers in tatters, his grimy face streaked with blood, his hands raw with abrasions, one arm hanging useless by his side.

"Will! Will! and alive! Thank God—thank God," cried Mary, throwing her arms round her lover's neck in a passion of weeping.

"Ay, it's me, dear lass, and alive, though that lying scoundrel did his best to murder me. But we'll be wed to-morrow, i' spite of him."

#### IV.

"It's a lie! I deny it!" moaned Fogerty.

"A lie, is it? You are his friends, gentlemen, or you wouldn't be here," said Tinkler to the guests. "Well, look at him and say whether that is the countenance of an innocent man."

Young Tom was writhing in his chair, trying vainly to rise; his mouth opened and shut, but no sound came forth; his face was ghastly, and great beads of perspiration stood on his brow.

his body lies. It is neither in the lodge nor the mill-race. I ask you, in God's name and as Will's affianced wife, what have you done with him?"

"I am very, very sorry for you, Mary," said Fogerty, who by this time had got over his scare. "I pity you from my heart. But even sorrow is no excuse for bearing false witness. Why on earth should you think I have had the man put away?"

"Because you have a bad heart. Because, when I would have nothing to do with you, and Will stood up for me, you said you would make us both rue it, and that we should never be wed."

"This is another illusion; the poor girl is quite demented," said Fogerty compassionately, and glancing at his guests.



"WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH MY WILL?"

"Ay, look at him!" repeated Tinkler.  
"Well for him, and me too, that you and  
Mary are here, because if I had foun' him  
alone, I should ha' killed him with the

one arm he has left me. No murderer  
ever better deserved death than he does.  
I'll tell you aw abaat it, and then you can  
judge for yoursels.

This forenoon—as  
near as I can tell,  
at eleven o'clock  
—I set off to look  
round and see as  
th' gearing was  
aw reyt, and what  
water there was  
in th' big lodge;  
but when I was  
about half way  
across th' factory  
yard, I remem-  
bered as a bearing  
in th' fly-  
wheel hole had  
heated a bit th'  
day afore, and thought I'd have  
a look at that  
while it was i' my  
mind. So I turned  
back and went  
in, leaving th'  
door an inch o'  
two ajar. Well, I  
strode o'er th'  
main shaft and  
felt at th' bearing,  
which seemed  
aw reyt, then started to stride  
back. It's a big-  
gish stride, as  
some on yo' may  
know; th' roof is  
low, too, and I  
had to stoop.  
Well, just as my  
leg wor half o'er,  
and me off my  
balance, some-  
body sung out:

'Get down there,  
you beggar!' and  
gav' me a shove

"I knew th'  
voice for Young  
Tom's, and, as I  
fell backwards to-  
ward th' fly-  
wheel, I geet a  
glimpse o' his  
leering, lying  
face.

"I ought to ha'



"GET DOWN THERE, YOU BEGGER!"

been killed. It wor no fault o' his or merit o' mine as I wasn't."

"It was God's mercy, Will," murmured Mary.

"I'm fain to think so, dear lass; nowt else could ha' saved me. I went headlong into th' fly wheel bed and fell i' one corner all of a heap. I wor badly hurt, my left arm broken, and I think my collar bone too, and terribly dazed, but I had just sense enough left to cruddle up, straddle my legs and thrutch mysel' again' th' wall.

"But it wor a dalled near shave for aw that. Th' fly-wheel isn't keyed on true, it wobbles; sometimes it brushed again' my gallows buttons, at others it just missed my face. I durstn't stir, I durst hardly move an eyelid, and, wi' being always i' one position, I geet that stiff as I could hardly bide. When th' engine stopped at noon, I thought I should be able to get out. But nobody coom, an' I wor that choked wi' dust I couldn't shout, and, knowing as when th' water wheel is connected and th' weight off, it oft starts bout being set on and turns th' engines and shafting, I durstn't try to climb out. I knew as if th' wheel moved while I was on th' spokes, I should be done for.

"So I stopped where I wor, and th' engine set on again; and there I lay, hour after hour, welly smothered i' dust, and that dry as I would ha' gan years o' my life for a drop o' water, and rats running o'er my heyd and face, and me not daring to raise a hand to knock 'em off, every bone i' my body warching (aching). More than once I geet that desperate and wrought up as I was tempted to let th' wheel knock my brains out—a turn o' my heyd would ha' been enough—and but for thowts o' Mary and my owd feyther, I should ha' done.

"Well, at last th' engines stopped for good, and, after waiting a full hour to mak' sure as th' water wheel did not mean to go on again, I set agate trying to get out.

"I think that was th' worst do of aw. For a long while I couldn't use my legs; they wor as cowd, and stiff, and numb as if they had been dead. But after rubbing and knocking 'em a bit wi' my hand, I managed to bend my knees, though they cracked like sticks on a fire and hurt most terrible, and then, grasping one o' th' spokes, I raised mysel' up, little by little. When I wor fairly on my legs, it was easy

getting out, or would ha' been but for my broken bones.

"I found nobody on th' ground but th' watchman, and th' sight of me welly flayed him out of his wits. He thought I was my own spirit. But I soon let him know different, and when I had taken a good pull out of his bottle, coom reyt on here, and was just i' time to hear that black-hearted villain forswear hissel. As I said afore, it is well for him, and happen for me, as I did not find him alone."

While Tinkler had been telling his tale, Young Tom had succeeded in pulling himself together again, and now made a whispered communication to th' lawyer, who thereupon observed that Mr. Fogerty indignantly repudiated the engine tenter's atrocious charges. Then, addressing Tinkler, he inquired whether he might ask him a question or two.

"Ax away," answered Tinkler bluntly.

"I have no doubt," resumed the lawyer, "I have no doubt that you fell into the fly-wheel bed and have had a wonderful escape. On the other hand, it is quite obvious that you are labouring under an illusion as to Mr. Fogerty, or anybody else, having given you the push to which you ascribe your fall."

"I am labouring under no illusion, Mr. Bingham. I repeat what I said; Fogerty did push me down. I both saw him and heard him."

"But just consider, my dear fellow, how absurd all this is. Apart from the utter unlikeness of a gentleman of Mr. Fogerty's character and position committing such an outrage, your story won't wash. You said your going into this fly-wheel place was on afterthought; that you had not meant to go there. Yet you would have us believe that Mr. Fogerty was lying in wait for you."

"Ay, and I have no doubt as he had been there many a time afore on th' same errand, knowing as if he went oft enough, he was sure to catch me unawares at last—as he did. You happen don't know as he can get into th' fly-wheel hoyle unseen whenever he likes. There's a private door out o' th' counting-house into th' card-room, and another o' th' same sort out o' th' card-room on to th' boilers; and then he has only to shift a loose board in a wooden partition to get into th' back part o' th' fly-wheel hoyle."

"But he would be seen by the hands."

"Not he. They are too throng wi' their

own work to be allus watching Young Tom. Besides, he could pick his opportunity—when there was nobody about; and that door i' th' card-room is little and low, and hidden by a carding engine, and even on a bright day, it's dark behind th' boilers."

"But that's a long way from proving or even lending an air of probability to your statement, Robinson," put in the lawyer with a characteristic sneer.

"Well, we shall know what a jury thinks about it afore long," answered Tinkler quietly. "However, there's a time for everything, and I think it's about time I had my bones set, if Dr. Nelson there will kindly undertake th' job."

"With pleasure, my brave fellow," said the doctor. "Shall we step into the kitchen, or is there some other room?" glancing at Mr. Fogerty.

"Would you mind going wi' me to our folk? It's near by. I willn't be beholden to that mon for nowt."

"As you like. I have bandages and a case of instruments in my brougham, which my servant will get for me. Splints we must make."

The doctor accompanied his patient and Mary Mostyn; and the other guests, all save the lawyer, presently departed, yet none of them, as he bade his host good-night, ventured to express disbelief in the strange story which they had just heard.

When the fractured arm and collar bone had been put right, a nasty cut on the head and some minor wounds dressed and plastered, Doctor Nelson bade Tinkler get his supper and go to bed, and there stay until he was well enough to get up.

"After th' wedding I will," said Tinkler. "You surely don't mean —?"

"I mean as Mary and me are going to be wed to-morrow morning, just as if nowt had happened."

"You will run a great risk."

"Not as much as you think, for I shall secure happiness and a good nurse, and what better medicines can a mon have?"

"Well, there is something in that," quoth the doctor, smiling. "But you will go to bed immediately afterwards—and no drinking, mind."

"I'll see to his going to bed, sir. Will is headstrong sometimes, but he always heeds me," put in Mary. "He never drinks much, and if it is necessary for his recovery, he will not drink at all."

"Nowt stronger than cowd water and

buttermilk—till I'm cured, I give you my word," added Tinkler.

On which the doctor went away satisfied. He had hardly gone when the lawyer arrived and wanted a word with Robinson.

"As many as you like," answered Tinkler, "only whatever we say must be said in the presence of this young woman, who before to-morrow at this time will be my wife."

Mr. Bingham accepted the condition, and observed that he came on behalf of Mr. Fogerty, who, believing that when Robinson spoke so rashly a little while ago he was labouring under great excitement and knew not what he said, was willing to forgive the offence and let bygones be bygones, provided Robinson would retract his charges. Out of the kindness of his heart, Mr. Fogerty would also continue to pay Robinson his full wage until he was fit to return to his work.

"Young Tom has done well to send you with this offer. If he had made it in person I should have punched him out of the house," replied Tinkler. "You may tell him that, except what is due to me, I'll never touch another penny of his money as long as I live, nor work for him; while as for taking back what I have said, I mean to repeat it before th' justices at Deepdale as soon as I'm well enough to walk there."

"You may as well save yourself the trouble," said the lawyer contemptuously.

"Why?"

"Because you have no corroborative evidence. The charge you make Mr. Fogerty will of course deny. It is merely word against word. The magistrates would be bound to dismiss the case, even though they should believe you, which is most unlikely, and you would render yourself liable to prosecution for slander. However, that is your affair. You will act as you think best. I suppose I may consider that I have got my answer."

"It's th' only answer you'll get, if you stay aw neet; and I want to go to bed."

The lawyer put on his hat and went out without so much as saying "Good night."

Will Robinson and Mary Mostyn were married on the morrow, and the bridegroom was glad to go straight from the church to his bed. In addition to his broken head and bones, he was terribly bruised; and despite his great courage and fine physique, it had been all he could do

to stand up and take his part in the ceremony.

On the following Monday Black Jack went to Deepdale to consult "Torney Quince, an eminent local advocate, "abaat this here case o' Tinkler's."

For the reason set forth by Fogerty's lawyer—lack of corroborative evidence—Mr. Quince was of opinion that Fogerty could not be reached by the law, and advised Catlow to dissuade William Robinson from trying conclusions with his adversary. He had better let the matter rest where it was.

"To take proceedings would involve your friend in a lot of trouble and expense, and the result would be vexation and disappointment," said the lawyer. "As for punishment, Fogerty will be punished in another way. The town is ringing with Tinkler's tale, and everybody believes it."

On this sage advice, Tinkler had the good sense to act, and Mr. Quince's pre-vision was more than justified by the event. Most of Young Tom's friends cut

him; many of his best hands left him; he was hissed on the Manchester Exchange and hooted in Deepdale market-place. He could never go abroad after sunset without hearing voices cry out of the darkness: "Murderer! Who tried to kill Tinkler?" or, "Put him under th' fly-wheel."

One morning a board was found hanging on his front gate, inscribed with the words, "Murderer's Hall."

Another time he drove into Deepdale with "Murderer," chalked in big letters, on the back of his cart, and hardly a day passed that he did not receive letters, blank as touching their contents, addressed to "Thomas Fogerty, Manufacturer and Murderer."

It need hardly be said that Tinkler and his wife, who had left Thrutch, took no part in these proceedings. Though Fogerty took counsel, and employed detectives and offered rewards, he could neither identify his tormentors nor abate their malice, and in the end found it expedient to lease his mill and leave the neighbourhood.



## Pens and Pencils of the Press.

By JOSEPH HATTON,

Author of "Journalistic London," "By Order of the Czar," "Under the Great Seal," &c., &c.

---

### MR. STEPHEN FISKE.

"PENS and Pencils of the Press" is an almost inexhaustible subject. It might, like the brook, go on to the end of the world. It has already run through twelve months without doing much more than suggest the biographic sketches that are left out. But, as we said at the outset, the design of the series was only in the nature of a monthly gossip, of a more or less informal character. We have, for the present, at all events, come to the end of a feature that has been, we hope, as interesting in the reading as in the writing. It is fitting, in accordance with our promise of international as well as English subjects, that we should conclude with a sketch of a journalist whose career is not only notable in itself but links the past with the present of New York journalism, and includes experiences of London that have recently been mentioned in connection with a volume of short stories that has found much favour with English critics.

Mr. Stephen Fiske is an American whose journalism is tempered with English methods and who finds his admiration for the old country none the less cordial that he is a patriotic son of Uncle Sam. He was well-born of parents whose ancestors were of English blood. He began life very young, and is, therefore, in touch with the great editors of half a century ago. His grandfather was a friend of Horace Greeley, and his first step in newspaper work was on the *Tribune*, under that astute and famous journalist. He went from the *Tribune* to the *New York Herald*, under the first James Gordon Bennett, and he came to London in the younger Bennett's yacht, the *Henrietta*, on the occasion of the first great oceanic race. Having told the story of that memorable

event in the *New York Herald*, he described it for the *London Times*. His picturesque article attracted the attention of Charles Dickens, and he became a frequent visitor at Gad's Hill. For some years he represented the *New York Herald* as special correspondent in peace and in war, at home and in Europe, and finally settled down in London. He contributed to the literature of several Metropolitan periodicals, and more particularly to a monthly magazine edited by the late Edmund Yates, and was almost the first to exploit, in print, the Fenian conspiracy, which he exposed and explained for *Tinsley's Magazine*. He wrote, anonymously, a clever volume called "English Photographs"; was for a time lessee and manager of St. James's Theatre, and editor and proprietor of the *Hornet*; started a new London paper, on the lines of a famous New York weekly, called the *Home Journal*, with Miss Braddon, Henry Kingsley, Annie Thomas, George Grossmith, John Plummer and the Rev. George Clarke as weekly contributors; and was for some years a conspicuous figure in the Bohemian Society that included the then prominent members and founders of the Savage Club. After becoming a Londoner in habit and in thought, Mr. Fiske returned to his native America. For a time he controlled the Fifth Avenue Theatre, where Miss Mary Anderson made her first appearance in the Empire city under his management. On retiring from the theatre, he accepted the position of dramatic critic of *The Spirit of the Times*, in which popular journal he has for many years written what is generally acknowledged to be the brightest page of stage criticism and gossip in New York journalism. Mr. Fiske has many literary and journalistic irons in the fire, and manages to keep them all hot. He has a ready



and graceful pen, and his sympathies are with struggling merit and honest poverty, as is strikingly manifest in his recently-published volume, entitled, "Jack's Partner, and other Stories."

The *Athenaeum*, which does not love Americans, and hates "sentiment" of any kind, describes Fiske as "an American George Sims." The comparison is not intended to be complimentary. Fiske accepts it as an unconscious tribute of distinction; but at the same time takes the opportunity, in a recent *Spirit of the Times*, to criticise the critic, and in terms calculated to make Mr. McColl squirm, if anything in the world could ruffle the

aesthetic sensibility of the *Athenaeum* editor. To "sympathise with struggling merit and honest poverty" in literature is evidently not the way to the heart of the *Athenaeum*; so Mr. G. R. Sims and Mr. Stephen Fiske are bracketed together for a passing sneer. Fiske and Sims are, however, in no wise alike; they are both distinct individualities. Fiske would be the last man to wear a single borrowed plume in his bonnet. With leisure, he might have enriched literature as an essayist and poet; but the Newspaper Press is an exacting mistress, and Fiske has done regular work all round as war correspondent, leader writer and

critic, varied with an occasional volume of travel, biography and fiction, which give him worthy rank as a literary journalist. Five-and-twenty years ago "the higher criticism" would have smiled sarcastically at what is now called "literary journalism"; but the newspaper forges steadily ahead in the van of the world's progress, and to-day the "Pens of the Press" are no longer the men to fear a personal parade in Hyde Park, which a certain famous statesman challenged, that the world might see the kind of persons who supplied it with political opinions.

Not long since, in a pleasant apartment over the general rooms of the Lotos Club in Fifth Avenue, New York, I had a chat with Fiske concerning his work and reminiscences. He gave me some interesting glimpses behind the scenes of journalistic life that are worth preserving. The Lotos Club has lately gone further "up town," and is, I believe, far more luxuriously housed than it was in the old quarters opposite the famous Union Club. Fiske had rooms at the Club, and worked and lived there a free lance, with, at the same time, one or two settled newspaper engagements, notably that of dramatic editor of the *Spirit*, which, by the way, has since those days lost its enterprising chief, Colonel Buck, a victim of one of the many recent terrible railway accidents that have darkened the history of railway travel in the United States, during the past few years, with a series of unparalleled disasters.

Talking of Mr. James Gordon Bennett, the projector and founder of the *New York Herald* and father of the present editor and owner, Fiske said, "Mr. Bennett cared for nothing but newspapers. He seldom read anything except the *Herald* and its numerous exchanges. Once he told me that, as a boy, he had read Sir Walter Scott's works, but had forgotten them. Sometimes I would make a reference to characters in Dickens, and Mr. Bennett would ask, 'Who is Sam Weller?' or 'What do you mean by saying, "as stiff as Mr. Dombey?"' When I tried to tell him, he would laugh and say, 'I must read Dickens some day. I remember his "American Notes;" are his novels like that?' Dickens would have suited him exactly. He never went willingly to the opera or to a theatre; but once in a while Mrs. Bennett secured his attendance. Nevertheless, he had a genuine sympathy

with art and artists. These were his instructions to me when I took charge of the dramatic department:

"Never use the meat axe in criticism. These actors and singers are all Dresden china figures. You can clean them better with a feather duster, and you run less risk of breaking them when you only mean to improve them."

"Journalism is the real Minotaur. It demands every year a fresh supply of young men and women: devours them, destroys them, and is ready for another batch of tender victims from colleges or country towns. To my surprise, I find myself ranked as one of the veterans of the Press because I can remember when Henry J. Raymond issued the first number of the *New York Times*; when the *Sun* was published by Beach; when the *World* was a religious daily and the *Tribune* an anti-slavery pamphlet. Of all the leading editors and proprietors in New York at present, only two or three have fought their way up through the grades of reporter, special correspondent, city and news and managing editorships.

"There is much talk among young journalists about the changed methods of journalism, and it has been repeatedly said that the great editors of the past—Bennett, Raymond, Greeley—would not be so great now because of the general improvement in the profession. I have heard young soldiers talk in this way of Napoleon, Wellington, and Frederick the Great; and young musicians of Mozart, Beethoven and Handel. It is delicious to notice how such philosophers ignore the fact that the great men of the past would have grown as fast as the world and would now be as far ahead of the rest of mankind as they were in their own times. Give Napoleon railroads and repeating rifles, and we might never have heard of Von Molke. Give Mozart a modern orchestra and the treasury of the King of Bavaria, and would there ever have been any Wagner? If Bennett, Raymond and Greeley could take charge of the *Herald*, *Times* and *Tribune* again to-morrow, they would double their influence in a day and their circulation in a week, in spite of the mistake of their successors in allowing the *World* to surpass them.

"What reform, improvement, advancement in modern journalism were not anticipated by James Gordon Bennett,

the greatest journalist who has ever lived in any country? Is it the pictures now sprinkled over the pages of some of our papers? Mr. Bennett printed, in the *Herald* of 1861, a picture of the departure of the Seventh Regiment for Washington. Had he lived, the *Herald* would now be an illustrated journal—a daily *Harper's Weekly*. Is it the lavish use of the telegraph? Mr. Bennett's orders were to telegraph everything that could not reach the office by mail in time for a speedy publication. In 1867 I telegraphed complete editorials to the *Herald* from Dublin and London. Is it the supremacy of news over literature? Mr. Bennett taught this to the profession. During the civil war he cut down the editorials to half a dozen lines, to make room for the news. Is it the latest fad of the use of the personal 'I' instead of the plural 'we' by the reporters? Mr. Bennett began the *Herald* in that style and dropped it when he had made the paper too important to be represented by a single person in any department. Is it the consideration shown to reporters? Mr. Bennett had been himself a reporter and correspondent, and he selected his editorial staff from the reportorial ranks. Is it the establishment of a Press Club? Mr. Bennett founded the *Herald* Press Club. Is it the European correspondence by cable? Mr. Bennett personally arranged a system of correspondence from every European capital, and used the cable as liberally as a cable company now uses the *Herald*. Take any other reform, any other improvement, any other so-called advancement, and the files of the *Herald* will prove that Mr. Bennett originated it and pointed out how it might be developed.

"These great editors have been dead for many years, but mark how each one of them so stamped his individuality upon his paper that, notwithstanding all subsequent changes, they are still conducted practically upon the same lines. Bennett laid the utmost stress upon foreign news, being himself a foreigner, and, therefore, taking more interest than the average American in foreign affairs. The strength of the *Herald* is still in its foreign despatches. Raymond said in his prospectus to the *Times* that he would aim to give a higher literary tone to journalism. The *Times* still retains that higher literary tone, being better written in every depart-

ment than any other morning paper, and publishing a high-class literary supplement every Sunday. Greeley, an agitator and reformer rather than a journalist, made the *Tribune* more of an Anti-Slavery pamphlet and a tariff tract than a newspaper, and it has remained so until this day, although very clever journalists have since managed it. A personal power so tremendous that it can influence future generations of newspaper manufacturers, as a powerful ancestor reproduces his features in his descendants, was possessed by the triumvirate who created the modern press.

When the Prince of Wales visited Canada and the United States, Fiske was sent by the *Herald* to meet him at Newfoundland and chronicle the incidents of the Royal tour. This trip was the occasion of a certain capture of the telegraphic wires that has often been mentioned in newspaper adventures, but rarely ascribed to the right man. It is a mere story of journalistic strategy, interesting however to both the general reader and the "reportorial" expert.

"At Quebec," said Fiske, "we were invited to lunch with the Sheriff, and, while we were praising his old port, a scaffold fell in the presence of the Prince, and several people were killed or injured. Certainly, the Prince was safe enough in the old Academy of Music, New York? But, no; the moment the reporters had left him, to write out their notes, a portion of the dancing floor fell. Not what happens, but what may happen, keeps a correspondent on the watch continually during such tours, and makes the most difficult of his duties. General Bruce, who became very friendly during the long journey, told me that he grew anxious whenever he missed the reporters, as some accident was almost certain to occur. My life was so mechanical that I slept, as the trains ran, by the time table.

"On Sunday, at Niagara Falls, I had ordered the office to be kept open, and paid extra for it, to send off my nightly telegrams, when the reporter of the *Tribune* attempted to put in a message and was referred to me for permission. The *Tribune* did not use the telegraph then, and I argued that its reporter must have some very important news if he wanted to despatch it by wire. So far as I knew, there was no news of importance; but

was there something which I did not know? I must hold the wire until I could make inquiries. In the meantime, the reporter of the *Tribune*, instead of coming to me, had gone to Sir John Rose, the Premier of Canada and a director of the telegraph company, and obtained a written order to send his message. Sir John Rose had no right to give such an order, as I had paid for the line, which was not open on Sundays; but might is right in monarchical countries. The operator dared not disobey his director, and all that I could secure was a modification of the order, stipulating that my message should be completed before that of the *Tribune* reporter was telegraphed. This settled, I determined that my message should not be completed that night.

"First, my regular telegram was ticked off; then the letter which I usually sent by mail; then Howard's letter to the *Times*. Still the *Tribune* man walked up and down, glowering, with his order in one hand and his message in the other. The only two books in the hotel office were the Bible and 'Claude Duval, the Dashing Highwayman.' As the operator happened to swear, I concluded that the Bible would do him good, and so wrote out the first chapter of Matthew and the twenty-first chapter of Revelation, and added them to my message, begging that particular care should be taken with such passages as: 'Jechonias begat Salathiel, and Salathiel begat Zorobabel,' or 'The fifth sardonyx; the sixth, sardius; the seventh, chrysolyte; the eighth, beryl; the ninth, a topaz; the tenth, a chrysoprasus; the eleventh, a jacinth; the twelfth, an amethyst.' This was too much for the *Tribune* reporter, who retired to draw up a complaint to his editor that I was keeping him off the wires—forgetting that I had paid for the privilege.

"This story of telegraphing the Bible has been told in *Blackwood's* and various other periodicals, and in one of Jules Verne's novels, and I have seen it acted on the stage in 'Michael Strogoff.' But the point of it is that the wires belonged to the *Herald* for that Sunday, and I was justified in using any means to protect my right. The *Tribune* fortunately published an editorial denouncing me for interfering with its correspondent and, of course, that decided the *Herald* in my favour, as the extra expense was more

than repaid by the advertisement of the *Tribune's* attack. Before my explanation of the affair could reach the office, I received one of Mr. Hudson's laconic telegrams: 'All right, go ahead.' Had he or Mr. Bennett been at the office when my Biblical despatch arrived, it would have been published in the *Herald* as a curiosity.

"During the journey through Canada, I had been surprised at the public deference paid to the boyish Prince of Wales. Crowds would stand outside the hotels to catch a glimpse of him. The moment he left, his rooms were invaded, and ladies would bottle up the dirty water with which he had washed his hands—sometimes making mistakes as to the room and the royal wash-basin. As an American, I despised and derided such snobbery; but, when we crossed into the United States, there were the same crowds, and they behaved in the same manner. In Michigan, I remember, women surrounded the baggage-car when we stopped at a station, and begged that the luggage of the Prince should be handed out to them. He had a separate leather case for every suit of clothes, and I saw these cases kissed by well-dressed ladies. The temptation to substitute other portmanteaux for those of the Prince was irresistible, and many Michiganders were thus hoaxed.

"Seven years later, when I was the business manager of the St. James's Theatre, London, the Prince of Wales, grown to robust manhood and happily married, was a frequent attendant of the performances. In the front of the theatre was a small house, formerly occupied by Alfred Wigan. We had fitted up the second floor as a smoking-room for visitors. 'Fernande' was running, and the Princess of Wales had taken a fancy to the play and came to see it five or six times. The Prince pays for the royal box, through Mitchell, the librarian; and the manager supplies programmes printed on white satin, bouquets for the Princess and the ladies in waiting, and refreshments for the Prince and the gentlemen of his suite. In return, the manager is allowed to announce in the next morning's papers: 'Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, attended by so-and-so, visited the theatre last evening.' When I added to this formal paragraph: 'To see 'Fernande' for the sixth time,' I was

notified, through the librarian, that the Prince and Princess would come to the St. James's Theatre no more if that style of advertisement were continued.

"One evening, the Princess sent for me to the royal box and said: 'Please ask the Prince to come and see the end of this act'—the third, in which Mrs. John Wood and Mrs. Herman Vezin were on the stage together. As I entered the smoking-room, the Prince was telling the gentlemen of his suite how he had killed a stag in Scotland. The stag was at bay, and the Prince was just taking aim, when he stopped to hear my message. As soon as I had delivered it, he rose, threw his cigarette into the fire-place, and went to the box, without stopping to finish his hunting story.

"To those who know men, this self-abnegation will seem truly princely."

"You know President Lincoln?" I said.

"Oh, yes," Fiske replied. "After the departure of the Prince of Wales from Portland, I was ordered by the *Herald* to join President-elect, Lincoln, then on his way from Illinois to Washington, and report his progress by telegraph. I met the Presidential train at Albany and was heartily welcomed. The reporter whom I superseded told me that he had faithfully telegraphed everything that had occurred on the train—except about Douglass. He meant Senator Stephen A. Douglass, a friend of Lincoln's from boyhood, but his opponent in politics, and one of the Democratic candidates for the Presidency, whom he had defeated. Of course, I wanted to know all about Douglass. It was not much, but very significant. Douglass had boarded the train, been overcome by the hospitalities, and, as he tossed in his sleep, kept the party awake by repeatedly muttering, 'O, Lord! Old Abe Lincoln the President of the United States! Good Lord! Abe Lincoln a President! Ha!—ha!—ha!'

"The contrast between the Presidential party and the Royal party which I had just left could not have been greater. Familiarity took the place of ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln had no privacy, except in their sleeping compartment. The reporters and special correspondents took possession of the Lincoln car and walked in and out or sat about as they pleased. At every station, some delegation came aboard and shook hands with the new President and his wife, unless the place was large enough for Lincoln to go

out on the rear platform and say a few words, usually interrupted by the starting of the train. Between stations, Lincoln told stories or laughed at those told by the rough and ready politicians who surrounded him. I remember one characteristic speech which he commenced at several stations, but was not allowed by the engineer to finish, until I asked him for the end of it as we rattled along the Hudson River.

"'Well,' said Mr. Lincoln, 'these continual stoppages remind me of a horse I once hired to drive over the mountains to attend a Convention at which I expected to be nominated for the Legislature. The stableman said that it was a good horse; but the harder I drove the slower it went, so that when I reached my destination at last, I found that the Convention had adjourned after nominating the other fellow. All the way back, I kept meditating about what that horse could be good for, and when I turned him into the stable, I asked the owner the question. He gave a chuckle, and said 'Why, good horse for a funeral, I guess!' 'No, my friend,' I replied; 'never hire that horse out for a funeral.' 'Why not?' asked the man. 'Because,' said I, as impressively as I knew how, 'if that horse pulls the hearse, the Judgment Day will come before the corpse gets to the graveyard!' It is the same way with this train. If they keep on stopping at every station, this funeral will never reach Washington.'

"Nobody then had the slightest idea of the great man into which Mr. Lincoln would develop. He was simply a tall, lank, gawky, ugly, awkward Western lawyer, simple to a fault, but with some natural dignity, and with large, heavy, solemn eyes that promised more than any other feature. There was no pretence of personal respect for him among the men who accompanied him. They addressed him as 'Mr. President' only when the train stopped and a local delegation entered to request a speech.

"As we neared New York, it was hinted that Mr. Lincoln rather dreaded meeting Fernando Wood, then Mayor of that Democratic city, who had achieved a reputation as an orator. 'I have no speech ready,' said Mr. Lincoln, when I spoke to him upon the subject; 'I shall have to say just what comes into my head.'

"When the train slowed up, and the crowds could be seen through the win-

few  
ting  
coln  
by  
who  
rac-  
d at  
d by  
him  
the  
  
con-  
use I  
as to  
cted  
The  
orse;  
ent,  
n at  
ad-  
low.  
about  
and  
asked  
e a  
orse  
end,'  
out  
the  
tive  
the  
be-  
ard!  
they  
this  
  
idea  
coln  
tall,  
western  
some  
heavy,  
than  
ence  
men  
essed  
in the  
en-  
nted  
eting  
De-  
repu-  
sue  
speak  
e to  
  
l the  
win-

dows, and the cheering heard above the noise of the locomotive, Mrs. Lincoln said: 'Abraham, I must fix you up a bit for these city folks.' She was a little, old, plump, motherly woman, and, as she opened her hand-bag, Mr. Lincoln lifted her upon the seat of the car. Standing there, she combed, parted and brushed his hair, and arranged his necktie.

"Do I look nice, now, mother?" he inquired affectionately.

"You'll do, Abraham," replied Mrs. Lincoln; and he kissed her and lifted her down.

"This was the new President of the United States and the new Lady of the White House! I am afraid that I echoed the 'Good Lord!' of Senator Douglass. But the next moment Major Wood appeared, courtly and dignified as any nobleman. During the introductions and presentations, I escaped to write my copy at the *Herald* office, other reporters having been detailed to take charge of the President as soon as he left the cars. I did not see him again until we resumed our journey, the next day, at Jersey City, and then he greeted me like a long-lost friend, and Mrs. Lincoln made room for me to sit beside her. The forlornness of this strange couple and their inadequateness to the position towards which they were advancing struck me painfully. An acquaintance of the day before seemed to them a friend by contrast with the new faces constantly inspecting them."

Fiske gave me some notes of his visits to Gad's Hill, that exhibit the human and lovable side of the English novelist's character.

"At the time I am speaking of," he said, "Dickens was not at work upon a novel, but he retired every day at 11 a.m. to the Swiss chalet in his grounds, and remained there until 3 p.m. He told me this was his habit. If he felt in the mood he would write. If not, he would jot down ideas, answer letters, read *All the Year Round* proofs—fill up the time with some sort of work. It was part of his discipline, he said, to be at his desk four hours every day.

"A tunnel underneath the country road led from the grounds of Gad's Hill to the little plantation in which the Swiss chalet stood. This tunnel protected Dickens from the observation of the many travellers who stopped to look at his house. It also enabled him to escape from uncon-

genial visitors. An outside stairs led to the one room of the chalet, sparsely furnished, with windows on all sides commanding a quiet, pleasant view.

"The chalet was after a model exhibited at the first Paris Exposition. Fechter bought it and ordered it to be sent to Gad's Hill as a surprise to Dickens, who promptly prepared a counter surprise for Fechter. Of course, the chalet came in sections—each section labelled, so that it could easily be put together. Dickens had the sections strewn over the lawn, the labels downward, and invited Fechter to dinner. Then, taking him by the arm, he pointed to the planks thrown carelessly about, and asked sternly: 'Why have you sent me this lumber?'

"*Mon Dieu!*" exclaimed Fechter, striking an attitude of despair; "but they have swindled me! The wretches told me that they would send you a house to write in!"

"I never met Fechter in England, but Dickens loved him; had a personal, and, I think, pecuniary, interest in his London theatre; attended rehearsals there, and wrote magazine article to introduce him to the American public. Often, in the midst of his fun, he would stop suddenly and say: 'How Fechter would have enjoyed that.'

"Dickens talked very little of his books, but one day he took the bound manuscript copy of one of his novels and explained to me his manner of working out a story. Like everything else he did, it was very methodical. Having chosen a hero, he would select a name for him and write it down. Then, day by day, he would write queries about this hero, think them out during his walk and write down the answers. 'Shall he be rich? Parents living? An aunt? The aunt wealthy? Heir to a property? In Chancery?' and so on. But I think that, when the work was once begun in earnest, very little attention was paid to this minute data, except as an occasional help to the imagination.

"It has been stated that Dickens was in the habit of interlining his copy, adding quaint phrases and expressions, sometimes on the back of the sheets or proofs. This was Balzac's method; but I found no traces of it in the manuscript volumes shown to me by Dickens. On the contrary, the written pages were as clear and clean as print. If a word was changed,

it was crossed out and the preferable word written after, not above, it—which showed that the change had been made during the original composition, and not by revision. All his manuscript was written in blue ink, and all the writers who contributed to Dickens's magazine used blue ink—I mean Yates, Halliday, Hollingshead, and what used to be called 'the Dickens school.' They always addressed him as 'Chief,' and he liked it. Once I ventured to ask him whether he enjoyed his own characters as much as his readers did—a foolish, natural, admiring question, which he had probably been asked a thousand times before.

"Certainly," he replied quickly. "Why not? Do you suppose that I have less appreciation than other people? I enjoy the first laugh and the first cry over my work always."

"He had the same appreciation for the work of other writers. I never heard him refer to any of his own characters as 'That is like old Pecksniff,' or 'As Sam Weller would have said'; and he smiled and changed the subject if any such references were made in his presence; but he talked familiarly about the characters in other people's books, notably in those of Wilkie Collins. To beginners he was the most kindly and generous of editors, instantly recognising a touch of talent and heartily applauding it. If he altered an article, he took the trouble to write and tell the author why he did it. Such hints were invaluable.

"I went down the Thames to a public garden at Woolwich, managed by Holland, to describe a baby show for *All the Year Round*. Instead of being comic, as I had expected, the show was really pathetic—the poor mothers evidently in sore need of the money offered, the babies more likely to take prizes as living skeletons than as 'Woolwich infants'—In the train, on the way down, were three soldiers with their sweethearts. They got out at the wrong station, hired a boat to sail across to the Garden and never reached there—or, at least, I did not find them there; so, to relieve the sadness of the show, I wrote in a paragraph about

these missing soldiers, beginning: 'Three soldiers went sailing out into the West.' When my proof came, Dickens had crossed out my heading of the article and substituted 'Woolwich Infants,' taking the words from my description. Alongside of this he had written: 'Better—more taking.' Alongside of the paragraph about the soldiers he had written: 'Good! good!' and had continued and elaborated the parody which I had begun.

"Apropos to the ocean yacht race between the *Cambria* and the *Dauntless*, Dickens asked me to write for *All the Year Round* a description of the first ocean race from an intimate point of view—"how it seemed and felt to be alone on the ocean in such a little craft; how you passed the time, etc. etc." I wrote the article in such a hurry that I could not make it brief, and sent it to Dickens with a note, saying: 'Take what you want out of this, please. No time to boil it down.' Three days afterwards his reply came: 'Not a line, not a word must be cut. I will give it all the space it can fill.'

"It filled eight pages out of the sixteen of the magazine, but Dickens's editorial judgment was vindicated by the result. He told me that over 10,000 extra copies of *All the Year Round* were sold—not by the excellence of the article, but because it was published just as everybody was interested in an ocean race.

"Every writer will understand the kindness of another trait of Dickens as an editor. His cheque came promptly on the day of publication, and was always for a larger amount than the exact calculation per page. The cheques were drawn to numbers, not to names, and were signed in *facsimile*, not in Dickens's own handwriting. Having been himself a contributor to the press, he made prompt and liberal payments the rule of his periodicals."

"One of these days" Fiske intends to publish his reminiscences. If my New York chat with him fairly samples what he has to say, he should make a notable contribution to our most entertaining autobiographies.



EVERY nationality was represented on the crowded Digue at Ostend, where the season was at its height; but it was an English girl who carried off the palm for beauty.

Reine Devereux had accompanied her mother to the fashionable watering-place, much against her will; but Lady Devereux had insisted. She delighted in Ostend, the bracing air and bathing suited her; and she had no intention of staying in England and being bored, because her daughter was out of spirits and would have preferred the quiet of their country home in Berkshire.

Lady Devereux was a well-dressed, *bien conservée* woman, who had been a beauty herself in her youth. She believed herself to be so still; and so she was, although the freshness, which was Reine's charm, had somewhat faded. She made up for it, however, in activity of mind, which was just the quality she so much regretted to find that Reine lacked.

She intended to wake her up, if it were possible; and in what place was she more likely to be aroused than in Ostend, where, if her maternal vanity did not mislead her, admiration would follow her at every step?

And Lady Devereux was not disappointed, especially as she herself came in for a very large portion of notice; and the beautiful mother and daughter were talked of by everyone, while their retinue of male followers was so considerable as to cause much heart-burning among those of the feminine community who had been accounted beauties until the names of Lady and Miss Devereux appeared on the list of visitors at the "Splendide."

Reine was annoyed, terribly annoyed, that she should be sufficiently attractive to command unusual attention was at all times distasteful to her, and at this moment, when she was suffering from a painful episode which had robbed life of all its rose-tints, notice was especially disagreeable. The poet says: "It is better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all." Reine had loved and lost but it was exceedingly doubtful if she were any the better for it.

Anyway, she seemed so much absorbed by her lost love that, exceedingly to Lady Devereux's annoyance, she exhibited the greatest disregard to every good party that offered.

"It is too absurd, Reine; too absurd," Lady Devereux expostulated. "You know quite well that that man is dead; his sister told you so; and since he certainly behaved extremely badly to you, going off to South Africa without even telling you that he thought of going, I cannot conceive why you should mourn him so obstinately and for such a long time, too."

"I promised him I would never marry another unless he set me free," said Reine sadly, her beautiful violet eyes filling with tears as she spoke.

"If his death does not set you free, what does, I should like to know?" said Lady Devereux, visibly irritated.

"Is he dead?" was the question asked with a sob.

"I should have thought the authority of his sister was quite sufficient. I suppose you don't expect him to come back from the other world and tell you how he is getting on?"

"Oh, mother, don't talk like that; you make me so very miserable. I never can find out from anyone either when or how he died; and the mourning worn by his family all seemed so half-hearted that I never could wholly credit that they really believed him to be dead. It never seemed to be more than an inference, because he did not write and could not be found—so strange that no one went to South Africa to get the proper credentials."

"More strange that I should be the mother of a perverse, silly child, who will not believe plain facts when they stare her

nearly two years had passed since his disappearance.

"If you would only marry Roddy Keene!" continued Lady Devereux; and, notwithstanding her great grief, Reine could not forego a smile, for this was always the refrain to all Lady Devereux's lectures, of which there were daily at least half-a-dozen.

"Poor dear Roddy," she said. "I care for him far too much to weight him with such a dower of sorrow as marrying me would bring him. No, mother, let me remain as I am, at all events for the present. Let things drift until we see what the future has in store."

Lady Devereux was an impetuous, talkative woman, but little gleams of wisdom were occasionally permitted to her. In one of them now, she saw that silence was golden.

She would say no more; perhaps it were safest to let Roddy do the rest. If he were patient, he must win in the end.

And Lady Devereux had no doubt about Roddy's affection, as she had about Reine's. He spoke of it with an openness and frankness that was most refreshing at this don't care, blasé end of the century. Wait! of course he would; he was prepared to wait

and be as patient as Jacob, if he only eventually won his Rachel.

Sir Roderick Keene—"Roddy," as, being a popular man, he was called by everyone, was sumptuously endowed with this world's good things, and he used them generously.

If Reine would only marry him, she would have a good husband, for Roddy Keene was a kind, good fellow, and it was very hard on him that the shadow of another man should fall between him and the girl he loved.

And who this other man was was what Roddy wanted to know, and could



"IT IS TOO ABSURD, REINE."

in the face. Why, his people have taken possession of his money and estate; if there were any doubt about his death, they would have to wait years before they could touch it."

Reine did not reply to this argument, which Lady Devereux thought conclusive; she only sighed. Nevertheless, she remained unconvinced.

That some strange mystery surrounded the disappearance of her lost love, she was perfectly aware, but she would never believe that he was dead until she received far more substantial proof than any that had yet been set before her; and yet

not find out. Of course, he could not ask Reine herself, and Lady Devereux always pretended that there was no one, at least that she knew of.

"Girls," she said, "were coy and difficult to manage; that was all."

And Roddy was too loyal to ask promiscuously for information about the girl he hoped to make his wife; the only individual he had asked was a woman and an old friend. She had solemnly averred that she knew nothing whatever about the matter; though her manner was meanwhile so strange that Roddy could not help thinking that she knew more than she chose to say.

No wonder; she was the sister of the absentee, the very Lady Cayley who had told Reine with her own lips that her brother was dead, though the manner of his death and the exact spot where it had taken place, she vaguely, mysteriously withheld. Since none of those who knew Reine Devereux the most intimately could apparently give any information about the love affair at which outsiders hinted, Roddy Keene began to think that it solely existed in gossip; and though he could not help noting the sad look that was almost chronic on Reine's beautiful face, and was most strange in one so young and fair, yet he ascribed it to temperament; and following the mother and daughter to Ostend, he resolved to do what he could to brighten Reine's life and make her forget that the world was full of trouble. That he would do so sooner or later, he hoped and believed; also that he would ultimately gain the rich reward of her confidence and her love.

The arrival of Sir Roderick Keene, distancing as he did the whole troupe of Reine's admirers, was regarded by them all with annoyance and envy, for it was very evident that Reine favoured him. If she would not let him talk to her of love, she accepted his attentions as those of a dear and valued friend; and he was content patiently to wait for the time when he might claim a nearer and dearer title.

In his very consideration for her, he brought suffering upon himself. For his reticence about his own feelings made her think that his wish to marry her existed solely in her mother's imagination, and that he but regarded her as a pleasant companion and comrade.

Strange, how apt we all are to deceive

ourselves into believing that a thing is as we wish it to be, without carefully analysing in order to find the truth.

Reine would not for worlds have wittingly made Roddy Keene unhappy, and yet she was heaping up for him, or letting him heap up for himself, as goodly a store of misery and annoyance as ever fell to the lot of a man with strong, generous impulses.

Lady Devereux, who permitted his attentions, with all her skill, was not a little to blame, knowing full well, as she did, that no love existed in Reine's heart for Roddy. But, as says the French proverb, "*Tout arrive à qui sait attendre.*" Perhaps, in the end, the lover's patience and Lady Devereux's ceaseless urging might prevail.

In the meantime they met daily on the Digue, passing their mornings in watching the bathers from one of the little gay-coloured tents with which the sands are studded; their afternoons in excursions to the Parc, where Lady Devereux very frequently took tea on the island in the lake; their evenings at the Kursaal or Casino de Bal.

Constantly Roddy Keene is by Reine's side, silently grieving and growing each day graver as he sees that she apparently takes less and less pleasure in the gay scenes around her.

At last he can bear the agony of his pent-up feelings no longer. They are in the Parc, sitting somewhat apart from the little court that Lady Devereux is holding, and for some minutes have been watching the sunlight sparkling on the tranquil water in front of them.

"What a do-nothing, idle, objectless, life this is," Reine says at last. "I suppose it is my duty to endure it for a season, as my mother seems to enjoy it; but when I get home again I mean to ask my father to let me go and be a nurse in a hospital."

"Oh, Reine, he will not allow it; and even if he would ——"

She looked round at him from the lake on which she had been gazing, and could not help seeing the love-light reflected in his eyes.

She blushed scarlet and turned away, with a sigh, thus unintentionally giving him more encouragement to go on.

"Come and make my home bright and happy," he said; "nurse me when I am ill; gladden me with your beauty and

sweetness when I am well. Oh, Reine, if you only knew what you could do for me, how I am longing and pining for you, you would not talk of going away into a hospital to find someone to tend."

"I have no love to give you or any man," she said in a low voice. "It all died in my heart two years ago, when I lost him."

Then there was a history: she had owned it, and Roddy Keene's heart seemed to stand still from disappointment and regret; still, he was too loyal to ask questions. He would not wound or grieve her for the world.

After a moment's pause, he said in a low tone:

"It is vain to sorrow hopelessly over those who are gone. Why not let one who still lives seek to soothe and alleviate your sorrow?"

"Those who are gone—but, Roddy, if I only knew for certain that he is dead."

"Ah? he is —?"

He scarcely dared ask. Yet, without more knowledge, how could he help her?

"His sister, Lady Cayley, assures me he is dead, yet there is no proof given, no details—how can I believe?"

She looked round at him suddenly. His face was deadly white. The truth, as spoken by her lips, was evidently more than even he, strong man though he was, could stand.

"Harcourt Leslie!" he said, murmuring the name of his rival.

"Yes," she replied; "and though they tell me he is dead, I cannot believe it. There is some mystery. He disappeared suddenly without a word, was not heard of for months, then they told me he had died in South Africa; while I feel as certain that Harcourt Leslie lives as that I am sitting here at this moment."

"But Lady Cayley must surely know; why should she deceive you?" Still Roddy spoke hesitatingly, for he remembered that she could equivocate, since she had told him that she did not know the name of the man to whom Reine had given her love.

"Why should she deceive me? Heaven knows—perhaps she is deceiving herself. But until I know for certain that Harcourt Leslie is dead, I cannot marry. Even then no one will gain much in becoming the possessor of a widowed heart."

For some seconds there was silence, only broken by the hum of the voices of those

who composed Lady Devereux' court at a little distance; then Roddy Keene asked:

"If I can bring you proof positive that Leslie is dead, will you be my wife, Reine?"

"Yes, Roddy, if you will not upbraid me when I am sad, nor expect me to be faithless to his memory."

His promise was conveyed by taking up her little hand and pressing it.

"I knew him well, and have often wondered what strange fate had overtaken him," he said. "Now it shall be my business to fathom the mystery of his disappearance for your sweet sake."

She gave him such a radiant, grateful smile, that Roddy Keene felt more than half repaid for the trouble he was about to take.

Soon after this conversation they rejoined the rest of the party, having arranged that nothing should be said to Lady Devereux or anyone about the compact that had been made between them.

How to perform his part of it was, however, a puzzle to Roddy.

Without being a confidential friend, he had known Harcourt Leslie very well. They were members of the same club in town and met frequently in society, always chatting and being on good terms with each other, and Keene had always thought it strange that, without warning or a word to anyone, Leslie should have gone off to South Africa. It was not so unexpected that he should have died there, as that he should have gone at all.

He was a man of means, had a snug little estate in one of the midland counties, was popular and, as it now appeared, was in love with a fair, sweet girl, who was devoted to him—nothing could account for his sudden departure, save a fit of temper. All his acquaintances knew that he was so choleric that they had to beware how they offended him. But he had had no quarrel with Reine Devereux; moreover, his rages were always quickly expended; they would never have lasted long enough to transport him to South Africa.

All this Roddy Keene thought out in detail, seeking to come to a decision as to the person he should turn to for information.

Leslie's family was no good; Lady Cayley had proved that she was not scrupulous about distorting facts, if it

suit her. Someone who was connected with South Africa would be most likely to put him on the right track—the very man!

Roddy Keene was walking along the Digue, ruminating moodily, when towards him he saw coming an athletic-looking individual in yachting costume.

"Hullo, Roddy, my boy, what luck to find you in this foreign place."

"And you, Pearson. I am glad to see you."

"That's all right. I thought you would be about somewhere when I saw the names of Lady and Miss Devereux down at the "Splendide"—always following hopelessly in the fair Reine's train, eh? Best give it up and come out with me for a cruise in the *Stella*."

"Not quite so hopeless as you think, Pearson; and I should not wonder if you were just the person to help me win the fair lady's hand."

Pearson gave a long whistle; he was not a man who looked on matrimony as the high road to happiness.

"I suppose you know that Miss Devereux was engaged, or something like it, to Harcourt Leslie?"

"Yes, I have heard it," was the answer,

astonishing Keene not a little, for he did not think the matter was so well known.

"Well, I am told she will never marry until she has bona fide knowledge of his death—something more than the mere circumstantial account his family give of his having been killed in South Africa some two years ago, but no one knows where or how."

"And you want me to supply this information?"

"Exactly. If you will write to some of your friends out there, and have the matter cleared up, you will do me infinite service."

Having found the man who could help him, Roddy did not want much pressing to stick to him, more especially as, in another week, Reine and her mother were to return to England. He managed to induce Pearson to dawdle out that amount of time at Ostend, and the very day that the steamer took the ladies to Dover, the two men started on their cruise.

A pressure of the hand, and the whispered words, "Trust me," when Roddy parted from Reine, being the only reference of either to the compact since it had been made.

And she did trust him most fully, and left Ostend happier than she had been for months, for she believed Roddy Keene to be a strictly honourable man—one who would find out the truth for her; and if Harcourt Leslie had really died in Africa, as his friends told her, she felt she could not give her future life into safer keeping than into that of Sir Roderick Keene.

So, under summer skies and on smooth seas, the *Stella* glided, the letter of enquiry having been posted before the two men left Ostend.

They put in at several places on the south coast of England, and at last, after ten days of pleasant dawdling, found themselves on the Dorsetshire coast, in close vicinity to the convict prison at Portland.

"Have you ever seen that dreary place?" asked Roddy Keene of his friend. "The governor is a cousin of mine. We will land and pay him a visit, if you like."

"Exactly. I should like it exceedingly. I have always had a desire to penetrate some of the mysteries of convict life."

For the governor's house they started then, arriving just in time to find that important official at luncheon, to which



AN INDIVIDUAL IN YACHTING COSTUME.

repast he welcomed them with much cordiality, and after which Roddy made the request that his friend might see something of convict life.

The governor said that he could not himself accompany them, as he had an engagement, but that he would send a warden with them.

"Not with us," disclaimed Roddy; "I have seen the poor devils before, and the sight depressed me for a week. I'll read a book in your study while Pearson goes round."

"Nonsense, Roddy; I sha'n't go unless you come," said Pearson. "You surely are not so easily upset as all that. If so, your nerves want bracing, man."

"Very well, come on," said Roddy, magnanimous in spite of himself.

But that he hated the sight was obvious, and he regretted that he had suggested landing at Portland. Crime and suffering were intensely antipathetic to Roddy Keene, who, for a man, was unusually tender-hearted and ready to sympathise with those in trouble, even if it had been brought about by their own fault.

He walked after Pearson and the warden, leaving his friend to ask numerous questions on the subject about which he was curious, while he himself tried to see as little as possible of the misery by which he was surrounded.

On a sudden, however, he uttered such a sharp cry that the men in front of him thought he had met with an accident. But on looking round to see what had happened, they found him standing as though transfixed, staring at one of the prisoners.

"Leslie—Harcourt Leslie!" he said in a stifled voice, in reply to Pearson, who



"LESLIE—HARCOURT LESLIE!" HE SAID IN A STIFLED VOICE.

could not make out what had happened to him.

"Where?"

"There. Say, warden, may I speak to him?"

Meantime, rapid glances of recognition had passed between Keene and the wretched man, who was manacled to a ferocious-looking, unsavoury navvy.

"Certainly not, sir," answered the warden sharply. "My orders are that no visitors are to speak to the prisoners; and if you mean 750, his name ain't Leslie. I've no business to tell you any name at all, but as you are a cousin of the chief's, I'll say it's White."

"I must speak to him! I must speak to him!" said Roddy Keene excitedly; "so much depends on my knowing ——"

"My dear fellow, you've got Leslie on the brain. For goodness' sake, don't make yourself ridiculous over a fancied resemblance. Come on—come on; let us go back to the governor's house."

Meanwhile, the warden had spoken to the man in charge of the gang of workers to which 750 belonged, and they had been

moved quickly on out of the danger of being addressed.

Roddy was not, however, as much disappointed as might have been expected, for he quite thought to receive the permission he craved from his cousin, the governor, with whom he was on great terms of intimacy.

He had, however, as yet to discover that the governor in social life and the governor in the discharge of his duty was by no means the same individual. He told Roddy quite sharply that he could not allow the prisoners to be spoken to, more especially as this was a decided case of mistaken identity.

To satisfy him, he sent for a large book in which the names were inscribed. Number 750 was John White, he assured Roddy Keene; but he would not let him look for himself or ascertain any other information which was probably to be found there in reference to Number 750. "That would also," he said, "be an infringement of prison discipline."

"Might he not know how long a term of imprisonment this John White had got and for what offence he had been convicted?"

"I have no business to tell you anything about him, and as he is not the man you fancied him to be, I cannot think why you wish to know. However, I suppose there is no harm in telling you that he is here for five years — a recommended-to-mercy sentence for manslaughter."

Roddy Keene went away from that prison a far wiser and sadder man than when he entered it, for notwithstanding the assurances of both governor and warder, he felt perfectly certain that the man he had just seen and who had started, his face colouring with a crimson flush when he perceived him, was none other than Harcourt Leslie — the lover over whose fate Reine Devereux was wearing out her young and beautiful life.

What should he tell her? Not the truth, surely; it were too cruel, and yet he had bade her trust him. They went once more on board the *Stella*, and started for the Irish coast, about which Pearson was most enthusiastic; but he could obtain no response from the usually cheery, genial Roddy. The sight of that manacled convict, and the knowledge of how this wretched man's history was interwoven with his own and that of the fair girl to whom he was so deeply attached,

so oppressed him that he could take no interest in aught around him.

It was in vain that Pearson chaffed him and told him he was allowing himself to be the victim of a mere chimera. He was too positive now about the existence of Harcourt Leslie to be shaken in his belief by any man's doubts. And when at length letters came from Africa, saying that no one had heard of Leslie in the towns which his family said he had visited, even Pearson began to see the matter as did Roddy, and decided that the best thing to do was not to mention the subject at all.

Meantime the cruise in the *Stella* was over, and Roddy Keene had returned to London and his usual club life, although all his intimates said he was so changed they would scarcely have known him for the same man.

He had not been in London a week when he received a letter from Lady Devereux asking him to dine with them in Wilton Place, where they had taken a house for a few months, as Reine was so ill and depressed they thought a little London gaiety might cheer her.

Of course, Roddy accepted; he could not bring himself to stay away from Reine, but what was he to say when she questioned him as to what he had done about discovering the details of Harcourt Leslie's death? How, in honour, could he mislead her when he knew him to be alive?

Reine received him with a cordiality which, under the circumstances, upset him more than coolness would have done.

He dared not woo Reine, knowing that the other man lived, and yet he dared not tell her what he had learnt; so he chose the painful and unsatisfactory middle course of letting events drift.

His enquiries in South Africa had been absolutely unproductive, that he could say with truth, and for the rest he must wait.

And if waiting were all that was necessary, Roddy Keene, the faithful and devoted friend, would win his suit, for before the long, dreary winter had come to an end Reine herself was beginning to think that, after more than two years silence, and with the many assurances from his family that Harcourt Leslie was dead, she ought to feel certain that it was so, and to think of rewarding this devoted, affectionate Roddy for his patient waiting.

But for some time past Roddy had not ventured on a word of love, or alluded, even in the most distant way, to their compact—a delicacy on his part that made Reine ten times more anxious to reward him. Still, it rendered the position delicate. The time came for the Devereux family to return to their Berkshire home, and, much to Lady Devereux's annoyance, no proposal was made by Roddy, no word spoken by which Reine might infer that he still cared for her. She, too, was disappointed; but she was too coy to take the initiative, even though past assurances on his part and her own repelling of his suit would have prevented an advance on her part from being deemed unmaidenly; still, she was too shy to make any.

So they parted without a word.

"Would he come and see them at The Pines?" Lady Devereux asked, catching at a last straw.

"He was sorry, but he was going to take his sister abroad; she had been ill, and her husband could not accompany her. But he hoped to meet them again at Ostend in August."

"August! and it was now only April." Lady Devereux gave him up in despair, and set herself to making life disagreeable to her daughter, whose fault she considered it to be.

"And all for the sake of that Harcourt Leslie, whom she had never liked—a violent-tempered, disagreeable man, who had possessed himself of Reine's affections by sheer arrogance; and then to go and leave her without a word!"

If Sir Roderick Keene had had the intention of drawing Reine on by his absence he could not have succeeded more effectually. She felt quite sorry when she heard that he was going away for some months, and looked forward to the time when they should meet at Ostend.

On this occasion she did not make any difficulty about accompanying her mother there; in fact, she

seemed keener about the matter than did Lady Devereux herself.

August arrived at last, and they were once more in their rooms at the "Splendide," looking out on the Digue, gay with well-dressed women, and brilliant in flags and music and sunshine; but as yet Roddy Keene had not put in an appearance.

Reine was beginning to think that he, too, was going to disappear, like the hero in some passing dream, when she saw him coming towards her one morning, as she and Lady Devereux were strolling along by the sea.

In the first flush of meeting, the colour rose to his cheeks, and something of the old love-light beamed in his eyes; but in another second or two both had faded, and the erst cheery, genial Roddy was almost unrecognisable; he was so changed. The terrible secret that had kept him away from Reine had told on him more than he was altogether aware of. So, in this unequally balanced world, are we, not infrequently, the victims of faults in the perpetration of which we have no share.

He had come to Ostend because the longing to see Reine once more was strong upon him, but he had no intention of speaking the words that, perhaps, both Lady Devereux and she herself expected he would speak. Nor was his silence disloyal or dishonourable, since he had not performed his part of the compact, and



SO THEY PARTED WITHOUT A WORD.

given Reine the proof of Harcourt Leslie's death.

Still, regret that he had come filled his heart as he walked away to his hotel, after promising Lady Devereux that he would accompany them to the Kursaal in the evening.

The sight of Reine, more beautiful than ever in the spiritualised beauty engendered of sorrow, made him more in love with her than he was before, and yet he felt that he dare not seek to win her.

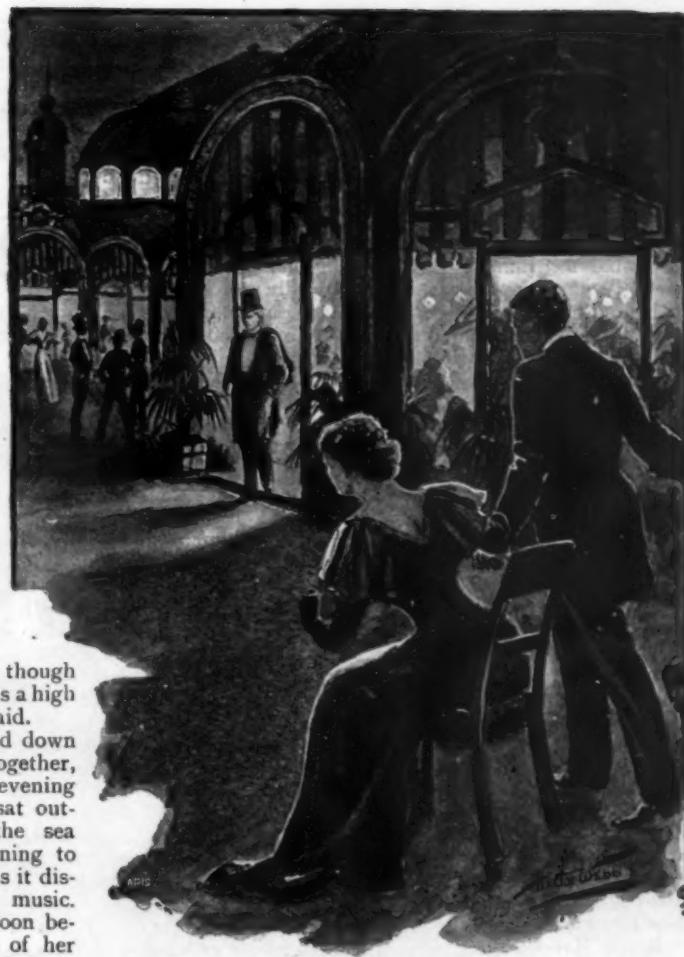
She had trusted him; and even though honour's price was a high one, it must be paid.

The trio walked down to the Kursaal together, and then, the evening being fine, they sat outside, enjoying the sea breezes and listening to the band within as it discoursed sweet music. Lady Devereux soon became the centre of her usual group of admirers and friends, and the two who had so much in common and yet dared to say so little were virtually left alone. Meantime the shades of night were creeping up around, rendering those in the crowded Kursaal within more plainly visible.

On a sudden Reine gave a stifled cry and clutched Roddy Keene's arm with a convulsive grip. He looked anxiously at her for a second, then followed the direction of her eyes.

Standing almost in the doorway, not twenty paces from them, was Harcourt Leslie.

A pallor as of death came over Roddy



REINE GAVE A STIFLED CRY.

Keene's face when he saw him. It almost seemed as if the deep feeling from which he was suffering was more intense than even that of the girl.

It was an awkward situation, for, seated apart from the others by Reine's side as he was, did it not appear as if he had taken the absent man's place? and yet, knowing what he did about Leslie, had he the right—for her sake—to get up and give it to him?

Reine solved the difficulty, for she sprang up and went towards Leslie with extended hands.

"Where have you been? When did

you come back—we all thought you were dead."

Another second or two, and Roddy Keene had slipped away unperceived in the gathering darkness, and it was Harcourt Leslie who was sitting beside Reine, telling her that he had only that very day arrived from South Africa.

Which was absolutely true, as, on leaving Portland some months before on a shortened sentence, it had been thought advisable for him to go out there for awhile, so as to re-appear more naturally in his old haunts.

For a long time after he left Reine, Roddy stood by the stone parapet at the side of the Kursaal, and, leaning his fevered head on it, gazed out in the intensity of the darkness as it swept across the wide expanse of the North Sea, and seemed to him to be as infinite as his own despair.

Presently a hand was laid on his shoulder; he looked up, and there was just enough light to see Harcourt Leslie's features.

"What does she know?" he asked in a gutteral, emotional voice.

"Nothing—from me," was the loyal answer promptly given. "Nor will I ever tell her anything to wound her, but you, Leslie—you—"

Harcourt Leslie put out his hand.

"Within twenty-four hours she shall know the wretched story in every detail."

Roddy Keene grasped the extended hand in sign of approval.

Did a half-hope that she might thus be cured of her love for Leslie come into his mind as he did so? If such were the case, how bitterly was he deceiving himself.

Roddy Keene, except as a valued friend and brother, would pass as completely out of Reine's life, now she had once more

found Harcourt Leslie, as though no thought of a nearer title had ever existed.

What mattered it to her that, under the name of White, a dark episode, ending in Portland Prison, had overshadowed the life of the man she loved?

"She would help him to live it down. When people saw how his wife believed in him, they could not dare to doubt him," she said.

And so, after all his agony of mind, his suspense, his longing, gratitude was to be Roddy's sole reward.

She had put her two hands on his shoulders, and, looking into his eyes, had said to him:

"Oh, Roddy, you will never know how grateful I am. To think of your guarding that secret so loyally and bravely. You are the very best and dearest friend a woman could have."

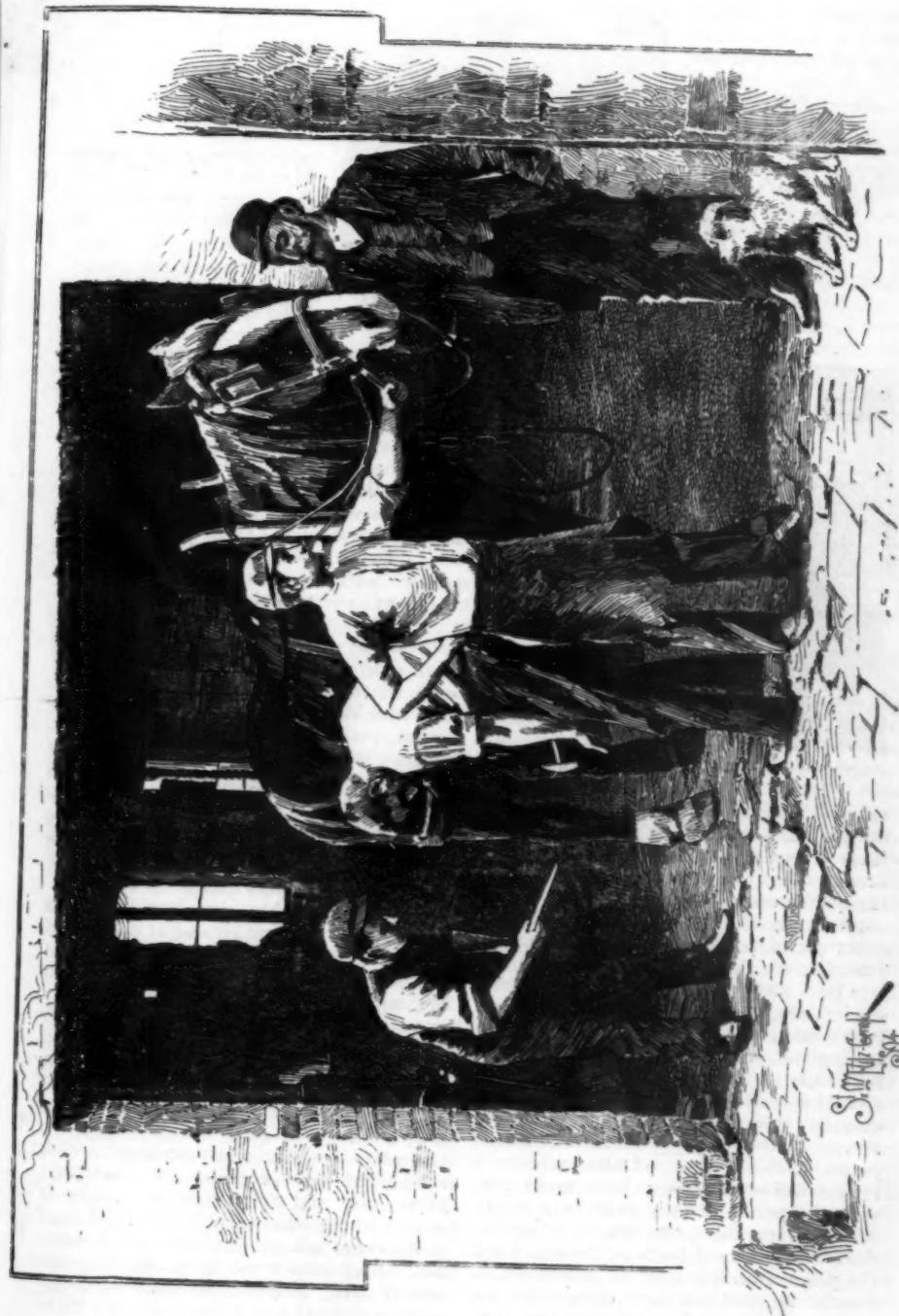
It was a trying ordeal, but Roddy was content—for her sake. She had trusted him, and he had been worthy of her trust; it was something to have lived for.

Of course, Lady Devereux fussed and fumed and chattered.

"Roddy yesterday and Harcourt today! it was a shuffling of the cards she in no wise understood," she said.

Nor did she ever learn the truth. Except Harcourt Leslie's immediate relations and Roddy Keene, no one knew aught of how the last three years had really been spent. Even Pearson believed that the man had been in South Africa all the time, and chaffed Roddy about his hysterical excitement over a mere likeness.

And Roddy bore the chaff as he had borne the rest—with exceptional determination and patience. All he longed for now was her happiness, and that this man, having passed through the fire, might be worthy of her enduring love.



HIDDEN SKETCHES. A LONDON SMITHY.—FIND FOUR PEOPLE AND A DOG

Smithy

# *An Interviewing Medley.*

## *A TALK WITH MR. RAYMOND BLATHWAYT.*

*Illustrated with Sketches by Frederic Villiers, Dudley Hardy, &c.*

*By M. GRIFFITH.*



MR. RAYMOND BLATHWAYT.

vast body politic. And to draw out all that is most interesting in the lives of these many and varied personalities; to present them, their aims, their aspirations, their achievements to the reading public—this is the duty of that much maligned evolution of present-day journalism, the Interviewer.

"But why maligned?" I hear some reader ask. Ah! why, indeed? For the interviewer, as he almost invariably exists in England, France or Germany, has done but little to bring disrepute upon his special form of work. Nay, has he not actually shown himself to be of actual service in the world of literature and of journalism? For, though I suppose no mere interviewer would ever claim to be considered a purely literary man, or even an all-round journalist, yet few have filled so distinctly a vacant niche as he has filled the place awaiting him in recent years. For let us consider how differently, for instance, from what is actually the case

**E**OR a medley it is, and nothing more; a medley wherein are inextricably intermingled cardinals and caricaturists, prelates, painters, and politicians, authors, actors and artists; almost all the humanities that go towards the making of this

would history have been written had the interviewer lived in days gone by. How many problems, now insolvable, would have been solved for us, or would never even have come down to plague posterity!

For instance, to quote from an article by Mr. Blathwayt himself, "had the art of interviewing been known and practised in the days of Good Queen Bess we should not probably now be racked with doubt as to the authorship and authenticity of 'Hamlet' and 'Macbeth.' The 'irrepressible interviewer,' paying a journalistic call, would inevitably one fine morning have discovered Lord Verulam hard at work at the playwright's desk, while the immortal Will himself—somewhat disconcerted, perhaps, at the prospect of discovery—smoked the pipe of peace and of consultative wisdom at his collaborator's side. And where the spirit of the interviewer—the close-questioning spirit, the discriminating and analytic spirit, the scientific spirit of this incarnation of the modern *zeitgeist*—has existed in a contemporary writer or historian how faithful a picture of his age and times has descended to appreciative posterity! It is just because Pepys and Evelyn, Bunyan and Boswell were in their very essence interviewers that the records they have left behind them never fail to interest and amuse the most modern amongst us. It is the photographic reproduction of almost unconscious thought, or words, or deeds, the faithful rendition of accompanying circumstances and surroundings which seize hold upon the human mind, that gives, now and again, the one touch of nature which links us with the long dead past—that, in a word, modernises, humanises, brings into touch with the vividness and actuality of to-day what would otherwise be antique and faded. It is all these

things that give their undying interest to the records and writings of these people I have mentioned. They evidence, in fact, the value of the art of interviewing in the writing of history, the place that this art will take not only in the journalism of the present but in the literature of the future, and especially in the literature we ourselves, in this present generation, bequeath to posterity. The usefulness, therefore, of the interviewer cannot be denied; his *raison d'être* is beyond question. He is, indeed, an accomplished fact, dwelling upon that debateable land which lies between journalism and the world of literature, and which, nevertheless, belongs to neither."

It was a lovely day last January when Mr. Blathwayt—who is perhaps the best known interviewer of the day—and I sat by the loud-sounding waves talking over his curious and eventful life. In appearance, Miss Charlotte Morland, who interviewed him for "Great Thoughts," has described him as a tall, well-groomed man with a heavy moustache. "He possesses," she goes on to say, "a striking personal magnetism and strength of character; is an able speaker, who always has his audience well in hand. I was much impressed by this when I happened, some two or three years ago, to attend a large public meeting over which he was presiding, and which, composed as it was of all classes, from the very highest to the lowest, he yet contrived to handle and to interest in a very remarkable manner. The loud plaudits of the audience that greeted the conclusion of his strong, well-delivered, well-thought-out speech upon a rather delicate topic, told me quite as plainly as the warmly-expressed thanks of the Royal Princess who was present, how thoroughly he had succeeded in winning all his hearers. It is this gift, this ability, this faculty of making himself, in the best sense of the word, all things to all men, that has helped him to be so successful as an interviewer." A member of an old county family, and directly descended from that William



W. BLATHWAYT, SECRETARY FOR WAR  
TO CHARLES II.

Blathwayt referred to by Lord Macaulay, who was Secretary for War in the days of the Stuarts and a friend and contemporary of Pepys and John Evelyn, both of whom mention him in their diaries, Mr. Blathwayt, who was born in 1855, and is the son of a well-known south of England vicar, was himself educated for the Church. He commenced his clerical career by officiating at the cathedral of Trinidad, which life he varied occasionally by acting as chaplain to a leper hospital and

to H.M. troops stationed in that island. So even his clerical experiences have been many. He then returned to England, and became eventually curate of Barking, in the far East of London. Here he worked hard for three years, but at length growing convinced—as many clergymen do nowadays, Mr. Froude amongst the number—that the Church was not his *forte*, he left it for good. It is worthy of remark that this step has not estranged him in any way from his old clerical friends, most of whom are advanced High Churchmen, and with all of whom he still maintains the most cordial relations. And now let my friend speak for himself. "I took up interviewing," he said in reply to my inevitable preliminary question, "for the simple reason that I saw clearly enough it was going to be one of the chief features of the new journalism. I think, as I have stated in that article which you hold in your hand, that it can be of the greatest possible service both to journalism and literature; but I don't in the least think that it qualifies me to call myself either a journalist or a literary man. I give myself no airs in that way; I consider myself an interviewer, pure and simple, but at the same time. I think it is an art—if I may so term it for lack of a better word—that can only be learned of time and experience, and certainly it is an art that is best handled, when it is handled in the literary manner. It requires a good many qualifications. An interviewer, to be really successful, must endeavour to be thoroughly up to date in

every particular—politically, socially, ecclesiastically, from a literary point of view and also, as far as possible, from an artistic and a scientific point of view. I don't mean, of course," he laughingly added, "that he either *can* or requires to possess more than a bowing acquaintance with all these subjects. If he did possess more, then, as the *Daily Chronicle* once truly observed, he would do much better things than mere interviewing. Still, it is a very interesting life, and I have made many friends. At the same time I can quite understand the prejudice that still lingers in the minds of the old-fashioned journalist, when I remember how hideously interviewing has been degraded by its American inventors. To me, personally, the very word 'interview,' on account of these associations, has become loathsome. I can honestly say that I have always endeavoured to avoid all those things which have so thoroughly degraded the American system of interviewing. I make a point of never interviewing anyone, without first writing for permission to do so. I take full notes of all that is said, and I invariably send a proof of what I have written, so that I cannot remember in one single instance ever to have committed a man to uncomfortable or impossible statements."

"That certainly must be a comfort to you," I replied; "but you never appear to me to go in much for description of person or surroundings in the treatment of your subjects?"

"No," said he, "I prefer, when possible, to place a man's mind, not his tables and chairs and pictures, before my readers. I don't see why an interviewer should turn himself into a mere auctioneer's appraiser of his wretched subject's belongings at so much a thousand words."

"And now tell me something of the people you have talked with—their names must be legion."

"Yes," said he, pointing to the gleaming strand at our feet, "they are like the sand of the sea-shore for multitude; and so infinitely varied. That, I think, constitutes half the charm of interviewing to me. You want me," he continued, "just to give you rambling reminiscences of the people I have met?"

"Precisely; and now and again I'll ask a question."

"Well, then," he began, "let's take some of the novelists. I think I have met more of them than of any others, except, of course, parsons. The very first person I seriously interviewed was William Black, whom I saw here in Brighton in his own house. He was very nervous and so was I. But we found a pleasant bond of sympathy in the pictures which hung upon the wall. One or two were little impressionist sketches in water-colours by himself. I remember he told me his boys were very good football players, and a day or two afterwards he wrote to ask me not to say he had said so. 'They have a quite sufficiently good conceit of themselves as it is,' he wrote. I was in America for some time, and I spent a day once with Frank R. Stockton. He lives in a pretty little house in New Jersey, and takes great pride in the fact that he is descended from an old Wiltshire family. I remember before I left him I asked him which door the princess pointed out to her lover, the one behind which was concealed the lady or



MR. PHIL MAY AT WORK.

the one which hid the tiger? He replied, 'I will answer that question when I become a woman. None but a woman could decide it.' Pomona, in 'Rudder Grange,' was, he told me, a portrait of a servant they once had; but Mrs. Stockton assured me that the original was funnier than the one in the story. I found Mark Twain playing a game of billiards, in his house, at Hartford, Conn. We talked chiefly about humour and the faculty for humour. His theory is that humour is created by contrast. 'You may not have realised,' I remember he said, 'but it is

ment on that very day. The day came, and the whole party was assembled in the dining room, the coffin in the midst of them, amid a dead silence, broken only by subdued sobs and sighings. The clergyman rose to begin the service—there was a tug at his coat-tails.

"We ain't all ready yet," whispered the bereaved husband, and the clergyman sank down again into his chair. A second time he rose—there was a second tug at his coat tails.

"We ain't all ready yet," was again whispered in his ear, and with a good deal of annoyance and impatient looking at his watch, the clergyman once more sat down.

"But on its occurring a third time, and on the husband's third assurance that 'they weren't all ready yet,' the minister said, 'But why aren't you? What's the matter? I am in a great hurry.'

"She ain't all here yet," was the ghastly and wholly unexpected reply; 'her stomach's at the apothecary's.'"

At this moment the sails of a distant vessel, gleaming white in the sun, reminded me that Mr. Blathwayt was the first person to interview Mr. Clark Russell, the well-known sea novelist.

"You cannot imagine the pains," said he, "that Clark Russell takes with his works. He showed me large note-books full of sketches of the ships that figure in his stories. He takes the greatest care that everything shall be absolutely accurate. Even when he is writing of some minute island he always has an Admiralty chart at his side, so that he may be exact in his bearings, soundings and the rest of it. When he was serving his apprenticeship at sea, he told me, an adventure once befell him which wonderfully resembles those he relates in his works.



DR. CONAN DOYLE IN HIS STUDY.

the fact very frequently, that if a man is standing broken-hearted over the grave of his nearest and dearest, he is quite likely to be persecuted with humorous thoughts. The grotesque things that happen so often at funerals depend on their solemn background. They would not be funny but for contrast. It is the horizon-wide contrast between the deep solemnity on the one hand and the triviality on the other, which makes a thing funny which could not otherwise be so.' And then he told me a story to illustrate his meaning. A man's wife died in Brooklyn, and he asked a clerical friend to take the funeral service. The clergyman consented on condition that everything should be very punctual, as he had a special engage-

The third mate went mad one night, in the midst of a dead calm in the Indian Ocean, and attacked Clark Russell with a carving-knife. The man was seized, however, and Clark Russell escaped a very terrible fate. Then there is Mr. R. M. Ballantyne, the well-known boys' writer, who went down the Cornish mines, dressed as a miner, for six weeks, in order that he might thoroughly learn their life before he wrote 'Deep Down: A Tale of the Cornish Mines.' He had many amusing adventures as an amateur fireman when he was gathering experiences for his book, 'Fighting the Flames.' I don't think," continued my companion, "that anything has struck me so much as the pains all these writers take to be accurate. Conan Doyle, for instance, told me once that before writing the 'White Company' he read up no less than one hundred and fifty works dealing with fourteenth century life in England."

"Have you any interesting reminiscences of your own personal intercourse with so many varied personalities?" I asked.

"Many," was the reply; "that is, that are interesting to myself, but I don't know that they would be specially so to other people. I have had nothing in the way of adventures worth speaking of. The nearest approach to anything of the kind was when I went to see Carl Hagenbeck's menagerie in Hamburg, and he allowed me to go in amongst some of the animals which were being trained for the World's Fair at Chi-

cago. That was interesting but not very dangerous, the animals being so kindly treated and so highly trained that they do not mind the presence of human beings very much. Hagenbeck is a wonderful man, and I was much interested in his stories of adventure. On one occasion he was passing through Vienna with a number of elephants, when they suddenly took fright at some steam trams and ran away. They rushed through the streets, trampling several people to death, and at last took refuge in an empty house, which they speedily wrecked. They were only caught after great trouble. Another time he entered the boa-constrictors' cage for the purpose of transferring them from one cage to another. One of the serpents attacked him as soon as he had closed the door; and he gave me a thrilling account of the terrific battle that took place between himself and the serpent—he very nearly lost his life. His marvellous manner of dealing with his wild beasts struck me very much. He would stand in the midst of lions, tigers, leopards, bears and elephants, and each would obey his slightest word. He showed me how he had trained a tiger to ride upon a tricycle. On the whole, that was one of the most interesting interviews I ever did. I stayed a few days with Father Ignatius last summer, and lived very much the life of a mediæval monk. Llanthony Abbey stands by itself amongst the Welsh mountains. There is hardly anything of modern life to be seen. The nearest station is fourteen miles away, and the



MR. JOHN BURNS AND THE GUARDSMAN.

stillness of the mountains is broken only by the monastery bell. Another memory that I have—a very delightful one—is of an evening I spent with the late President of the United States at the White House, Washington. We sat in the verandah; the intensely hot day was closing with a thunderstorm, and the lightning flashes lit up the beautiful Washington memorial, which takes the shape of a gigantic Cleopatra's Needle, with great effect. The President had just returned from a seven weeks' tour through the States, during which he had made no less than one hundred and forty different speeches, never once repeating himself. I asked him how he had managed it, and he told me that, as a rule, he fastened upon some local incident or something which immediately met his eyes, and weaved his thoughts around that as a centre. Poor Mrs. Harrison was alive then. She was a charming and singularly simple-minded and simple-mannered person. I first met John Burns at the studio of a well-known artist in London. We fell to talking about the condition of the masses. He seemed to me to take a very fair-minded view of the relations of the classes to the people. Indeed, he told me an interesting little incident which once happened to himself. He was conducting a big demonstration in Hyde Park, and he was himself going



LORD CHARLES BERESFORD ON THE REFUGEE SHIP "ROSINA" AT ALEXANDRIA.

round making a collection in his old straw hat. More in bravado than ever imagining that he would give anything, he went up to the officer in charge of a detachment of the Guards, which had been sent there to keep them in order, and held out his hat to him. The officer put up his eye-glass, looked very steadily at John Burns and said to him, 'Are you in earnest, John?' John bluntly replied that he was. 'Will this go to the mothers and children?' he asked. 'It will,' said Burns. Then the officer dropped his eye-glass, but he also dropped half a sovereign into John's old straw hat. It was a pleasant little incident. Burns is a man who must favourably impress the most prejudiced against him. He is so honest, so earnest and so entirely without the love of money. He is a man whom all right-minded people must respect, never mind how much they may differ from him in political matters."

Our talk then turned upon Mr. Blathwayt's lecture, "Celebrities at Home."

"Yes," said he, in reply to a question I had asked, "so far as I know, the lecture is an absolute novelty, and it is exciting a good deal of interest. I felt sure it would be popular in these



MR. B. E. BOOTH TREE AS ISSACHAR IN "HISPATIA."

days of 'personalities,' if I could make a tour and show the people exactly what 'Celebrities at Home' are like, and the result goes beyond my expectations. I wrote to Edmund Yates, asking his permission to use the title I have chosen, and he wrote back, giving me most cordial permission and wishing me all good fortune. Mr. Stead also wrote very kindly to me. If you come up to the house, I will show you my slides. So now I am going all over the country with about fifty of my Celebrities and upwards of a hundred slides. Frederic Villiers, the well-known war artist, has taken charge of all the illustrative portion of the lecture. The editors of *Black and White*, the *Idler*, and the *Daily Graphic* have allowed me to use a good many of their pictures. Indeed the portraits of Cardinal Vaughan and Archdeacon Farrar, which were kindly lent me by *Black and White*, are said to be the best ever done. The picture of R. M. Ballantyne in his study is by the *Quiver* artist, and a very good one it is too, and specially valuable now that poor Ballantyne is dead. Villiers himself has done some very good work. His portraits of Conan Doyle and Burns are admirable, as also are his sketches of Toole and Tree in their dressing-rooms. His own career has been a singularly varied and adventurous one. Many years ago, when engaged as special war-artist for the *Graphic*, he was sketching on the field of battle during the Russo-Turkish war. His horse took fright suddenly and bolted with him. For a time Villiers was between the two lines of fire. At last the horse galloped up the hill upon which a Russian battery was established, it leaped the trench, and appeared, as you see in this picture, in the very midst of the gunners. Villiers was at once arrested and taken before the Russian general: luckily the general was in a good temper; he laughed

heartily, set Villiers free and told him not to do it again. Villiers told me that he made his first sketch on the field of battle at Ginitza. Half-a-dozen men had been killed at his feet by the sudden explosion of a shell; so, as he put it, to steady his nerves he pulled out his sketch-book, and made the first of a series of sketches for war pictures, with which he has illustrated wars and battles in every part of the known world. That was his baptism of fire. Lord Charles Beresford, with whom I often stay, told me that Villiers was one of the bravest war-correspondents he had ever met, and always to the front. Do you like his sketch of Lord Wolseley on the War Path? It makes a striking contrast to the *Black and White* portrait of him, which shows him in the Royal Hospital at Dublin, where I once spent a pleasant day with him. He has a number of pictures of Nelson hung about



LORD WOLSELEY ON THE WAR PATH.



LORD TENNYSON AND MR. BLATHWAYT'S FATHER.

his rooms, and he told me he was one of his heroes.

"Yes," continued Mr. Blathwayt, as I took up a capital picture which represented Lord Tennyson and Mr. Blathwayt's father seated together in the vicarage at Totland Bay, of which place the elder Mr. Blathwayt is the vicar, "yes, that is a very good portrait of the old poet. His house is only twenty minutes' walk from the vicarage. Curiously enough my father and Lord Tennyson were brought up at the same school. My father is much the poet's junior, but one of my uncles was in the same form, and there is a tradition in our family that Lord Tennyson used to do his Latin verses for him. So true is it that the child is father to the man. Mr. Reginald Cleaver's sketch of the poet walking on the downs with his hospital nurse is wonderfully life-like."

At this moment a smile crossed my face as I took up a portrait of Dudley Hardy by himself; and a smile of recollection on Mr. Blathwayt's part made me ask him what he was thinking about.

"I will tell you," said he, laughing heartily. "I was coming away from a

big institute in the Midlands one night, and I overheard two young men talking together. One of them said to the other, 'What a clever young fellow that Dudley Hardy must be. Fancy doing all those pictures for *Pick-me-Up*, and finding time to write 'Tess of the d'Urbervilles.'

"You know Thomas Hardy, do you not?" said I, as soon as our merriment had ceased.

"Yes," was the reply, "and I have stayed at his house outside Dorchester, which is the Casterbridge of his stories. To show you how curiously old-fashioned some of the people of Dorsetshire are, I will tell you what Mr. Hardy himself overheard one day as he was seated at his study window. An old Dissenting minister and a little boy were going down the road. Said the boy to the old man, 'Who lives there?' 'Mr. Thomas Hardy,' was the reply. 'Yes, but what is he?' asked the boy. 'A novelist,' said the minister. 'What is a novelist?' continued the youthful catechist. 'A man who tells lies,' was the stern reply of the old Puritan.

"Very much the same thing took place in the case of my friend, Hall Caine,

although you would hardly believe anyone could find fault with his beautiful and pure writings. An old friend wrote to his father and said: 'I hear your son is gaining his living by writing lies.'

"Yes," continued Mr. B'athwayt, "I have interviewed many ecclesiastics, and the ministers of almost every denomination, both in England, Scotland and America. The Roman Catholic dignitaries, such as Cardinal Manning and Cardinal Gibbons, were specially interesting. The clever way in which they were able to harmonise modernity and antiquity, deep spirituality and vivid actuality possessed a great charm for me. Cardinal Manning was a singularly striking and romantic personality. I remember one brilliant summer day I was standing by the window in the Archbishop's house at Worthington, talking to the old Cardinal, and we were looking down upon a group of children at play. The old Cardinal drew my attention to them. At that moment one of the little fellows, who was bowling to the other, took his middle wicket as clean as possible. The prelate was vastly pleased. 'What a cricketer that boy will make some day,' I observed. 'You were a great cricketer yourself, your Eminence?' He replied: 'Well, I don't know about being a *great* cricketer, but I was very fond of the game. The last time I ever had a ball in my hand was one day some years ago. I had gone to my old home, St. Charles, Bawswater. Just as

I entered the gate I came upon the reverend fathers in a game of cricket. I thought I would try my hand once again, to see if it had lost its cunning. But no, I was as good as ever, for I bowled my man the very first ball.'

"And who do you think is the finest character you have met in so interesting and varied a life as yours has been?" I asked.

Mr. Blathwayt thought for a moment, and then he replied, "Well, it was a man who certainly does not come into my category of celebrities. I don't even remember his name, though I have it written down in one of my diaries. I will tell you about him. When I was chaplain of that Leper Hospital in the West Indies, there was a poor young black man, dreadfully afflicted with the disease himself, who conceived the idea of establishing and conducting a school for the little leper children in the hospital. Whenever I went there I used to find them hard at work. It was a most pathetic sight. Both teacher and pupils were so ill that they could hardly

hold the pencils with their diseased hands; all were dying before my very eyes. And yet that young man was as happy and cheerful as the day is long, absolutely unconscious that he was leading the life of a hero—the life of one who, as St. Paul so eloquently puts it, dies daily. And so, for that reason, I place him, I think, at the head of all those great men whom it has been my pleasure to meet from time to time."



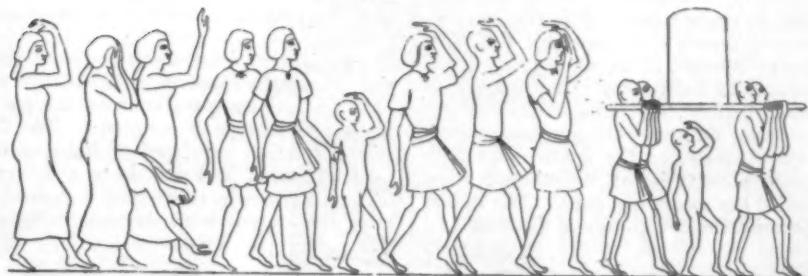
MR. DUDLEY HARDY BY HIMSELF.

rev-  
. I  
ain,  
no,  
my

nest  
and  
oked.  
ent,  
man  
cate-  
em-  
itten  
you  
that  
here  
fully  
con-  
con-  
dren  
here  
was  
and  
hardly  
ncils  
ased  
were  
my  
And  
man  
and  
day  
ately  
that  
the  
-the  
, as  
elo-  
it,  
And  
son,  
, I  
head  
reat  
has  
sure  
time

## *Whispers from the Woman's World.*

By FLORENCE MARY GARDINER



ANCIENT JEWISH FUNERAL PROCESSION.

### THE EVOLUTION OF FASHION.

#### PART VII. MOURNING.

**T**HE signs of mourning in ancient times were by no means confined to the apparel. Fasting, laceration of the flesh, throwing dust on the head and shaving the hair were outward and visible signs of grief, accompanied by piercing cries of the most heartrending description. It was also customary to abstain from ornaments, to rend the clothing and to put on filthy garments of sackcloth. This fabric was, and is still in the East, made of hair, which has an irritating effect upon the skin, and was for this purpose adopted as a penitential dress by the early Roman Church. The covering of the head was another manifestation of sorrow; a practice indicated by the hoods worn by female mourners, and the flowing hat-bands for men, so common at funerals a few years ago.

In "A History of Mourning," by Richard Davey, from which many interesting facts on this subject may be gathered, we learn that the Egyptians, over three thousand years ago, selected yellow as the colour for mourning garments. The Greeks chose black as the most appropriate: a fashion followed by the Romans.

The women of Rome had robes of black cloth, with veils of the same shade; but by a wise dispensation, young children were not compelled to adopt the symbols of woe. A year was the usual period for mourning a husband, wife, father, mother, sister or brother; but relations who had been outlawed, imprisoned or bankrupt, were not accorded this mark of respect. Numa published certain laws for the guidance of mourners, including one forbidding women to scratch their faces, or to make an exceptional display of grief at funerals. The Emperor Justinian (A.D. 537) also turned his attention to this subject, and regulated the expenses at funeral



LAYING OUT AND MOURNING THE DEAD.

ceremonies, so as to secure those who remained, from the double calamity of losing their friends, and, at the same time, incurring heavy pecuniary liabilities on their account. Provision was made for burying each person free of cost, and for protecting the survivors from various extortions. Funds were appropriated for the purpose of interment, which was conducted by those appointed for the purpose. All persons were to be buried in the same manner; though, those who desired to do so could, at their own cost, indulge in certain display; but this additional expense was limited. On state occasions, as for example, on the death of an Emperor, or a great defeat, the whole Nation assumed the mourning garb. The defeat of Cannae, the conspiracy of Catalina and



THE MODE OF ENFOLTING THE DEAD.

seven days following interment. This custom, which was derived from the East, was a usual feature in Jewish, Roman, and Egyptian, as well as in Greek funerals.

The funeral feast was a common practice among the classical ancients, and was kept up to a comparatively recent period in various European countries. The Cup of Consolation consisted of light refreshment prepared and sent in by the friends of mourners, who were not supposed to busy themselves with domestic affairs at



THE CUP OF CONSOLATION.

the death of Julius Cæsar were all considered of sufficient importance for the observance of this custom. Private mourning could be broken among the Romans by certain domestic events, as the birth of a son or daughter, the marriage of a child, or the return of a prisoner taken in war. Both sexes were expected to abstain from going to public ceremonies and places of amusement; and women were not allowed to marry till a year had elapsed from the husband's death without the special permission of the Emperor. History, however, does not record that their lords and masters applied this rule to their own conduct.

The Greeks buried their dead before sunrise, so as to avoid ostentation. Mourning women took part in the procession and accompanied the chief female mourner in her visits to the grave on the

such a time. The illustration gives a good idea of the mourning habit adopted by the immediate family of the deceased. Caves were used for the disposal of the dead, as well as elaborately constructed sepulchres, of which many remain to this day. Earth burial was in favour with some nations, but in time of war or pestilence cremation was resorted to. The practice of embalming we owe to the Egyptians, who carried it to the greatest state of perfection. One of the earliest embalmments on record is that of Joseph, whose body accompanied the Israelites on their journey through the wilderness. He was placed in a coffin, a distinction in the East only accorded to those of the highest rank, the usual mode being to simply swathe the corpse closely in wrappers and bandages, thus retaining the shape of the human form. The Jews

largely used spices and perfumes, which were employed both for anointing and for wrapping up the body—a very necessary precaution in hot climates. The Egyptians, on the death of a relative or sacred animal (the cat for instance), attired themselves in yellow garments and shaved off their eyebrows. Their funeral processions were magnificent. When a king quitted this mortal sphere the temples were closed for seventy-two days, and there were no sacrifices, solemnities or feasts. Companies of two or three hundred men and women in mean attire paraded the streets, singing plaintive songs and reciting the virtues of him they had lost. They eat no animal meat or food



AN ANGLO-SAXON WIDOW.

dressed by fire, and omitted their customary baths and anointings. Everyone mourned as for the death of a favourite child, and spent the day in lamentations. The Pyramids, those wonderful monuments to Egyptian monarchs, are memorials of the reverence and industry of the nation, whose high state of civilisation is attested to by their works.

Burial clubs were common among the Anglo Saxons, and heavy fines were inflicted on those who did not attend the funeral of a member. The corpse was placed on a bier, and on the body was laid the book of the Gospels, a code of belief and a cross as a symbol of hope. A silken or linen pall was used, according

to the rank of the dead person. The clergy bore lighted tapers and chanted the psalter, the mass was performed, and a liberal offering made to the poor.

From a 9th Century MS. in the National Library, Paris, I give a sketch which clearly defines the mourning habit



PRIEST OF THE 10TH CENTURY, WEARING A BLACK DALMATIC EDGED WITH FUR, READY TO SAY REQUIEM MASS.

VOL. VIII.—NOVEMBER, 1894.



MOURNING IN SACKCLOTH.



HIRED MOURNERS.

of that period. The gown is evidently of black woollen cloth, trimmed with black and white fur; and a gauze veil of the same sombre tint envelopes the head. From a similar source, a drawing of an Anglo Saxon priest is given, on account of his wearing a black dalmatic, edged with fur, a vestment only adopted when a requiem mass was performed.\*

#### TOWN *versus* COUNTRY.

AFTER a long course of city life, we, the tired dwellers in crowded centres, are sure to crave for fresh fields and pastures new, where we can insure a healthy atmosphere, enjoy certain rural pursuits and study the manifold beauties of Nature. Whether in middle life it is wise to make a complete change in one's interests, habits and surroundings is another question; and the pros and cons should be carefully considered before such a step is taken. A railway journey, morning and evening, after a busy and exhausting day, is in itself a formidable undertaking; and one has only to watch the careworn faces of the hurrying crowd of bread-winners, who haunt our metropolitan stations twice daily, to be convinced that such a course rapidly ages and wears out the nervous system of those who, compelled by circumstances or from choice, habitually follow this practice.

During Spring and Summer, when the

\* The Drawings of the Anglo-Saxon Widow and a Priest of the 10th Century are reproduced from Davey's "History of Mourning," by kind permission of Messrs. Jay.

days are bright and warm, our friends' visits are frequent enough, but when the long evenings set in and we desire congenial society, the chances are we shall have to content ourselves with calls at uncertain intervals from the clergyman of the parish, or the village doctor with an eye to business. At first we accept invitations in town, when our enjoyment is clouded by the remembrance of the many miles to be traversed before we can hope to repose on that downy couch which is to us the acmé of comfort; or if we go to the play, we are the whole time making minute calculations about the distance to the station and the

chances of our catching the last train down, instead of, as aforetime, devoting our whole attention to every tone and gesture of our favourite actress.

Enthusiasts are never tired of descanting on the economy of a country life; but those who speak from experience know only too well that the expenses of living are quite as heavy and often exceed the annual outlay of town residents. Though a large house is generally obtainable at a proportionately low rent, the difference is more than counterbalanced by the season tickets required for the family; and with a residence of increased size additional service is necessary. One's handmaidens with judicious management, are fairly contented during the warm weather, but directly the days shorten they, with one accord, declare "they can stand it no longer," and for countless hours the country housewife haunts registry offices or spends two-thirds of her time in answering advertisements in such a manner as to cajole innocent servants into replacing the renegades. And this is no easy matter; for few indeed who have been accustomed to the conveniences of cities, where the various tradesmen call daily for orders, electric light and gas are laid on for lighting and cooking purposes, and the washing is given to a competent laundress, are willing to exchange the light duties remaining for the arduous round of a country house.

The dairy and poultry are looked upon as an unmitigated nuisance, not to be compensated for by an occasional greeting

from the country yokel who is supposed to look after the live stock and fill up his spare time in the garden. The long array of lamps which have to be cleaned is quite enough to employ one person during the forenoon ; and early breakfasts, which must be served with punctuality and despatch, are an endless bone of contention between mistress and maids.

It has often been said that there is no place like the country for bringing up a family, but I think the suburbs of a town compare favourably with it ; and there is the additional advantage of having good schools near at hand, from which the children can come home to their midday meal, and of their having pleasant companions out of school hours.

In a village, too, there are many calls upon the purse. One's poorer neighbours meet with accidents, are out of work and seem to suffer from a chronic poverty which paralyses their efforts. The Vicar has many pet schemes for which he demands your assistance, and one is dependent upon Mudie, the Whist Club and similar organisations, for literature and amusement, for which you have to pay considerably more than the amount of your annual subscription to a good club in town. A gradual frumpishness pervades the countrywoman's attire ; and she seems to lose touch with the topics of interest which dwellers in cities are familiar with and which tend to brighten conversation, and give a piquancy to the intercourse of the family circle. She soon realises that she is absolutely ignorant of many matters discussed by her metropolitan friends, and deplores the narrowness of her views on current topics and her inability to alter her mode of life.

The husband, who is in town every day, constantly in contact with other men and fresh ideas, and who spends only a limited portion of his life in the rural Paradise, often appreciates his country home more than his better-half, who soon tires of the monotony, and looks back with regret to the early days of their union, when she

had plenty of time to improve her mind, and see her friends as often as she desired, and was a prominent figure at various social functions. The pleasantest way to live, if one could afford it, would be to have a house in the country for the summer months, and to spend the remainder of the year in town. The change of air and scene is a fine tonic, and one enjoys the best of both, without any of the inconveniences of either. This luxury, however, is only attainable by those possessed of considerable means ; and for the vast majority the choice must be between a country and suburban home ; and for those who are not too richly endowed, in most cases it will be found that a residence in town offers the greatest advantages.

#### FASHIONS AND FRIPPERIES.

Rich tones of colouring prevail, and prove more becoming to the majority of women than those of more sombre hue. They should, however, be chosen with due regard to the complexion and age of the wearer, and not haphazard ; as what is eminently suited to the brUNETTE will extinguish altogether the delicate blonde, and make her look faded, *passée*. Manufacturers have offered the public a wide and varied selection to choose from : camel-hair cloths; tweeds, striped, mottled and plain; vicunas and woolen fabrics flecked with threads of various shades, which recall a knickerbocker cloth which in days of yore was a favourite material, owing to its wear-resisting qualities. Shot diagonal cheviots, fancy brocaded mixtures, and small conventional patterns, on a black or coloured ground, also meet with a fair amount of favour, and are well-adapted for house gowns, walking costumes, etc.

In the matter of out-door garments, one can only say their name is legion. For slight figures nothing is more becoming than the long Newmarket coat, trimmed with fur, and worn over a plain, tight-fitting skirt. Matrons inclining to *embon-*



A SMART WINTER MANTLE.

Joint, generally give the preference to effective mantles of silk brocade or velvet, of which the accompanying model is a good example. Dark purple, Lincoln green and brown are the fashionable shades, though those with frugal minds choose black, as most suitable for wearing with different costumes. Very natty are the sealskin mantles, which rarely reach below the waist. These are cut with such exactitude that they define the lines of the figure as clearly as a tailor-made jacket. A favourite design is in the form of Zouave, over which falls gracefully a cape with a deep turn-down collar. Another pattern which is quite as effective has a small Eton jacket, broad revers and collar, and puffed sleeves.

I have given a sketch of a charming gown of Suède coloured Irish poplin. Each seam of the skirt is embroidered in a darker shade of silk, and the same trimming is introduced on the bodice and sleeves. Handsome revers, collar and full front of chestnut plush complete this dainty dress. The other costume is made of blue shot diagonal cloth, flecked with black. The gored skirt has a band of black velvet, headed with passementerie. The corsage is similarly embellished; and the sleeves consist of a large puff of cloth and cuffs of velvet.

Millinery is heavily trimmed with feathers, so arranged as to give additional height to the wearer; and small bonnets are so universally becoming and are worn so persistently by members of our Royal Family that they are not easily displaced by the more fantastic shapes, which are effective enough in a carriage and when the elements are calm, but which are a constant source of annoyance when King Boreas is abroad. Lovely jewelled pins, spangled wings and jet and paste buckles play an important part in fashionable headgear. Sable tails, silk pompons,



FASHIONABLE HOUSE GOWNS.

loops and bandeaux of shaded velours are all used by the leading houses, who so successfully adapt French models to the English style of beauty. The most stylish hats have the brim of felt or velvet and the crown of satin of a contrasting shade. The Tyrolean, the Toreador and the Rembrandt have many faithful adherents; the evergreen toque is also well to the fore.

The question arises whether the coiffure shall be adapted to our millinery, or the millinery to the coiffure; and it must be confessed that the fair daughters of Albion show a lamentable want of taste in this respect. We are constantly meeting those who are no longer young and who in their early youth could not be considered beautiful, who tightly strain the hair from the forehead, displaying those deeply-hewn lines drawn by Time, and which they scorn to modify in an artistic manner. When Nature fails, let art step in; but it must be so judiciously applied and with such moderation that its presence is unsuspected by the closest observer. When our tresses thin, as they invariably do as the years roll on, why should we render ourselves hideous to all beholders, when we can so easily purchase

the necessary adornment. A knot, a fringe, a twist, a bandeau, or a few pin curls to fill up a vacancy make all the difference to our appearance, and are considered by all sensible people beyond criticism. As long as the hair remains bright, glossy and luxuriant, let it alone; but when this is no longer the case, take my advice, dear feminine readers, and use a justifiable means towards an end.

#### AT HOME AND ABROAD.

All who visited the last exhibition of the Royal Academy made a point of seeing a magnificent painting, "Psyche at the Court of Venus," which was considered by many the picture of the year. In a classic garden the Goddess of Love and Beauty sat on a stately throne, surrounded by her maidens, and Psyche, who had incurred her mistress's displeasure, lay prostrate with grief at her feet. The soft colouring, the graceful pose of the figures and the story which the artist, Mrs. Ernest Normand, so carefully depicted, appealed to all, though only a few were aware that it was the result of three years' incessant labour, not to mention a long course of previous study.

Mrs. Normand is the daughter of Theo B. Rae, Esq., of the Civil Service, and was born in 1859. At an early age she showed considerable facility with the pencil and brush, and soon after her thirteenth birthday became a pupil at the Queen Square School of Art. Two years later she worked at the British Museum, and competed five times from there for the Academy Studentship, meanwhile working from the "life" at Hatherley's School of Art. Miss Rae was admitted a seven years' student at the Royal Academy in 1879, and from this time exhibited studies and sketches at various exhibitions. In 1881 this young artist made her first appearance on the walls of the Royal Academy, and had the good fortune to have her work (an ideal head) placed on the line. The following year a clever portrait was accepted and brought many commissions. In 1883 a lady's portrait was exhibited, and in 1884 Miss Rae's first subject picture, "Lancelot and Elaine," received favourable mention. In the same year she was married to Mr. Ernest Normand, who had been a fellow student for six years previously at the British Museum and the Royal Academy.

Twelve months after, Mrs. Normand scored another success with a life-sized figure subject, "Ariadne deserted by Theseus." This was reproduced by the Berlin Photographic Co., and later by the *Graphic* and other periodicals.

Among many other important works, may be mentioned, "Doubts," "The Naiad" and "Eurydice sinking back to Hades," "Zephyrus Wooing Flora," "Ophelia" (purchased by the Liverpool Corporation), "La Cigale," etc.

Mr. and Mrs. Normand spent the early years of their married life in Holland Park Road, Kensington, working in the same studio, and surrounded by a colony of artists. But when two children were added to their household gods, it became necessary to extend their borders, and they removed to a charming house at Upper Norwood, to which were added extensive studios and glass houses for open-air effects, and where, under the most favourable conditions, their latest pictures have been produced.

Mrs. Normand is the happy possessor of the bronze medal, conferred by the Paris Universal Exhibition for her "Eurydice." She was also represented at Chicago by three important pictures; and, in 1893, in conjunction with her husband, was invited by the Liverpool Corporation to hang their Autumn Exhibition of pictures in the Walker Art Gallery, the first time on record that any lady artist has been on the selection and hanging committee of that or any other exhibition of equal importance.

\* \* \*

To offer tea is such a well-established custom that we are constantly devising new methods of serving it. The latest departure is the tiny Terrabona gelatine packet, containing sufficient pure tea, granulated sugar and evaporated milk for three persons, and which only requires the addition of boiling water to render it soluble. The gelatine is introduced under medical advice, and with a view to neutralising the excessive tannin found in most teas. A woman rarely shows to better advantage than when she is dispensing the cup that cheers; especially if the accessories are daintily arranged. Do have delicate Sévres or Japanese ware, cloths of embroidered damask, edged with lace, d'oyleys of web-like consistency, an embossed silver pot, cream ewer and

sugar-basin ; savoury sandwiches and the lightest confectionery ; and, beyond every thing else, a fresh brew at frequent intervals. Those who are unable to digest the Indian and Ceylon varieties of tea will often enjoy this luxury, if they confine themselves to pure China. An infusion of the leaf of the tea plant has been used as a beverage in China since A.D. 600. The Greeks and Romans do not appear to have had any knowledge of it, and our own ancestors only became acquainted with tea in the seventeenth century ; though the Portuguese opened a regular trade with China in 1577. A gift of ten pounds of tea to Queen Elizabeth, in 1664, was regarded as a present of considerable value. The leaf is shaped like the myrtle ; the white blossom resembles a wild rose, and is very fragrant ; the pod holds two or three white seeds, from which oil is sometimes extracted.

\* \* \*

At this season of the year, when Continental boats and trains are crowded with invalids travelling towards the Sunny South, and in all probability taking their last journey, it is well to drop a hint to those who accompany them. In case of

death in many of the Swiss and French hotels, the relatives of the deceased are mulcted to the amount of about £40 beyond the ordinary account, as compensation to the proprietor for a death having occurred on his premises. This sum is extracted when there is no question of contagion, and is a heavy tax upon the survivors, whose means have often been strained to the utmost limits to allow of a foreign sojourn at all. In the earlier stages of consumption and other lung diseases, a winter abroad may just turn the scale ; but in far advanced cases, it seems little short of cruelty to subject anyone to such an ordeal as the long and exhausting journey must prove, even under the most favourable conditions. If one has to die, it is surely better to do so in one's own home, where every care and attention can be given to the sick person, and his last hours are soothed by the ministrations of those who are nearest and dearest to him. Doctors are so prone, when a case is absolutely hopeless, to urge a residence abroad, more as a satisfaction to those who remain than with any idea of it proving beneficial to the person most concerned, that it is well for families to give the matter the fullest consideration before following advice of this nature.

## *A Cambridge Fruit Farm.*

---

THE bitter cry of the landowner grows louder every day, and if we may believe all that the millionaires tell us, we are on the eve of a complete collapse. The Duke of Devonshire bewails the fact that he can no longer allow visitors to walk through Chatsworth, because he cannot keep enough housemaids to dust the rooms. In some curious way, he connects his troubles with a budget of Sir William Harcourt. Mr. Chaplin assures us that landowners are ruined. Mr. James Lowther thinks that, unless we tax foreign wheat, our breed of horses will deteriorate and Newmarket Heath will have to be closed. Rents are continually being reduced, especially in those districts in which election feeling runs strong. Articles are written in which the writers prove most conclusively that England will collapse unless her farms are protected from competition by tariff laws. "Home to the Village; back to the Land," was the cry which brought in Mr. Gladstone. "Three acres and a cow," upon another occasion, turned out Lord Salisbury. It is always "the land," "the land." If you ever venture to suggest that the man who attempts to grow corn in England is sure to lose money, and, indeed, deserves to lose it, you are looked upon as an unpatriotic scoundrel. There is an unwritten understanding amongst farmers that the land was given us to produce bread and meat, and anyone who is rash enough to fly in the face of Providence, and try and grow anything else is shunned. It won't pay to grow wheat in England; we know it, yet we steadily keep on growing it and expect not only a vast amount of sympathy, but we expect the economic laws of the universe altered in order to secure us a profit. If an Iceland farmer insisted upon laying down one thousand acres in tomatoes, and because they didn't ripen, went howling round the country, asking

for reduced rent and revised tariffs, to enable him to compete with Jersey, we should just laugh. But we take the cry of our landowners and farmers quite seriously, and we never dream of telling them that when they lose money in farming, it is entirely their own fault; and that, if they persist in growing what they cannot sell, except at a loss, they are asses for their pains.

And we sympathise with the poor dukes and woebegone earls, who go about wailing about the decadence of England as a wheat-producing land, and we never think of pointing out to all the dukes and earls that, if they do happen to be growing poorer year by year, England, and the millions who live in England, are growing richer year by year, aye, and happier too! The fact is, the price of wheat doesn't matter a button to England. It may matter to the few who sell wheat; to the millions who eat bread it matters nothing. Our happiness does not depend upon the cost of an article, but upon whether we can buy the article without trouble to ourselves.

But why all this long, economic tirade, you ask? What has it to do with fruit farms? Patience! my friends, and I will tell you. I have been spending a month driving through the eastern counties. In these counties, from which the bitter cry comes the loudest, and which have been more fussed over by politicians than all the rest of England put together, I found much grumbling, much poverty and many farmers in trouble. But I am absolutely certain that not one of the farmers who complained to me that they could not make farming pay could have made any other business pay; and I noticed, too, in most of the villages, that there was always one shrewd man who had made money, and made it by farming. And in my travels, I came to Histon, and met there a remarkable man, who proved that farming



HISTON GREEN.

could be made to pay, and pay well. The village was *en fête*. Flags were flying and bands playing. It was the twenty-first anniversary of the founding of Messrs. Chivers and Sons' jam factory. The local M.P. was in force; hundreds of work-people were making holiday. This didn't look like depression in agriculture. If Mr. Chivers, who farms five hundred acres, had lost money at the game, he would hardly have signalled his failure by feasting his neighbours. No; he had made one little spot in England happy and prosperous, and I was sufficiently interested to inquire how he had done this.

Mr. Stephen Chivers was a man who began life with the proverbial three acres; whether he had the cow I know not. He didn't try to force those acres to compete with the vast prairies of Nebraska, and when he failed, go round asking Parliament to help him. He had got his land, and, like a wise man, he made the land grow what he could sell at a profit. There was a demand for fruit; so he grew fruit, and he sent his fruit to the best markets. In the early days he took it himself, a long two-days' journey, up to London. His sons aided him: they also found out the best markets for fruit, and sold it at the best price. To the north and to the south they sent out their fruit fresh, well-grown and well-picked. I make no doubt they

were just as clever in selling their little stock of fruit as they now are in conducting the huge business which has grown out of their three-acre lot at Impington. All businesses fluctuate. The wise man swings on the pendulum of trade; the fool knocks his head against it. Mr. Chivers found that sometimes he didn't get his fruit to market quickly enough. It got spoilt, and when spoilt, he had to sell it to a

maker of jam—a person who, in those days, bought up spoilt fruit, and did the best he could with it, according to his lights: we called it jam in those days. But Mr. Chivers was not the man to be at the mercy of a boiler-up of spoilt fruit. He said: "If that man can buy fruit that is not marketable, make it into jam and sell it, why shouldn't I boil up my fresh fruit into good jam, and sell it at a better price than he does?" So, in an old barn, with a couple of men to help him, Mr. Chivers started the first farm jam factory in England. He never attempted, from the first, to compete in price with the boiler-up of rotten fruit. He was not that sort of man. He picked the finest fruit he had, he made it pure and fresh, and he asked his own price, and, strange as it may seem to people who think competition means cutting prices, he got it. The three acres became a thing of the past—they had grown into a hundred acres, planted with every kind of fruit tree. At the present moment the Chivers farm is five hundred acres, and close upon ten thousand acres are planted with fruit in the Cambridge district. The gradual growth of a business like this seems to me as interesting as the three volume novel, for, with the business, has grown up a village community—happy, well housed and well paid. The Histon people don't want to get away from their thatched



cottages. They never long for an East-end industrial dwelling. The disease of town fever which decimates our country villages has left Histon untouched. The population here is increasing steadily. New houses are being built along all the roads, and there is a bustle and life about the little place which tells of success and compares favourably with the lethargy of most hamlets. But I am not surprised that the Histon folks are happy. To begin with, they are all certain of steady wages, for the Chivers' family realise that to get the best results out of labour that labour must be properly paid for. The fruit trade comes with a rush, but in order to keep the villagers in steady work all the year round, Messrs. Chivers have added other branches to their business. They make jellies, famous all the world over; they have just added a patent custard to their list of manufactures, and they have a sweet factory in full swing. Then, again, they make their own tins, print their own labels, manufacture all their own boxes. I have no doubt they could buy their tins and boxes, and get their printing done just as cheaply

## A CAMBRIDGE FRUIT FARM.

elsewhere, but then Histon people would lose so many days' work in the year. "Whatever," said Mr. William Chivers, "we can make here as cheaply as we can buy outside we do."

I drove round the various farms, past the quaint village green, with its magnificent parish pump, under which generations of Histon children must have had their morning tub, past the sleepy pool, a paradise for fat ducks, and the wrinkled pollard willows, up and down whose trunks the children scramble, to the house of Mr. Chivers, which looks out on to the green



THE CUSTARD DEPARTMENT.

the goat, the Conservatives took the side of the donkey. The village policeman was in a quandary. He had been called upon to disperse the goat, but, whether from motives of natural caution (the goat looked formidable) or because he was too much of a diplomatist to take any decided action, he placed the matter before Mr. Chivers.

Then I drove through sweet country lanes, shady with trees and bounded by vast fields of strawberries, to one of the farms on which the pickers were thronging, hundreds of happy girls and children hard at work, picking raspberries, shredding each spray of its fat fruit with a quickness quite magical, filling the bas-



MAKING LOZENGES

and watches over the little village for which he has done so much.

On the green a huge goat was straining at her chain, watched by a dozen mischievous boys; she was the heroine of the hour, for she had dispossessed a local donkey of his usual grazing ground; public feeling in Histon ran high, some were for

kets, taking them up to the tables to be weighed and carted away to the factory. Thence we turned into long avenues of fruit trees—plum, greengage and apple. The sun shining on the lime-washed stems, the boughs heavy with fruit, bending down under the weight of their crop; it was a picture that would have delighted the

hearts of those who think that agriculture in England is not yet "played out." The noise of the children at work, the bustle of the carts as they drove away laden with the baskets. The plum-pickers perched high up on tremulous ladders, nimbly "thinning," as they call it, the overladen boughs. Everybody hard at work and everybody happy; this was, indeed, a picture. Now, I had come at the harvest time; but when I saw those acres of raspberry canes, with raspberries as big as plums, clean and grubless; those vast stretches of strawberry fields, with fruit of a flavour I have not found surpassed even in the best kept gardens, I knew that if the harvest was busy, so must the time have been that preceded it. Those huge fruits didn't reach perfection without continual care, steady attention and persistent labour. The avenues of fruit trees had to be kept pruned. They must be watched to see which variety yielded first. The plums were some of them early, some late. The apples, a special sort, grown with great care for apple jelly. In some of the plantations under the trees were planted thousands of gooseberry bushes, but these are gradually giving place to fresh grass, as the trees thrive better and get more air when the land beneath is meadowland. I commend this to other fruit farmers. To me there is nothing more uncomfortable than an orchard without grass and its attendant flock of sheep. Oh the soft turf, centuries old, of a Herefordshire apple orchard! There is no green like the green of an orchard lawn, dark and cool; and now the edict has gone forth, and in future all the Chivers' orchards will pasture sheep, and artists will bless the Chivers family. In one field the plum trees seemed more than usually well laden. I remarked this, and Mr. Chivers laughed. "Thirty years ago my father bought this field for an old song; it was land no one would have—waste land, in fact. Look at it to-day! and yet they say farming does not pay!"

We watched the pickers at work, and Mr. Chivers explained that the rate of wages varied with the crops; a good crop means low wages, because the pickers could pick so much more fruit; a poor crop had to be paid for at a higher rate. All the pickers are paid by piece-work. I asked if they eat much fruit. Mr. Chivers laughed and said that he did not know, but that his father remembered the Bible

saying, "that thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn," and that no watch was kept on the pickers. No doubt the children eat just as many strawberries as they possibly can. I have no doubt the fruit does them a great deal of good, and if the firm of Chivers were to place a gang of detectives up and down the Histon lanes to prevent the boys stealing the plums or the girls from getting into the strawberry fields, possibly a few pounds a year might be saved to the firm, but Histon would not be the happy little place it is if that happened. I think every Histonite looks upon the fruit farm as more or less a local property. I am sure the fruit I saw could never have been grown in such perfection without a loving care which no money could buy; and good fruit makes good jam, and good jam is what the Messrs. Chivers pride themselves upon making.

Which brings me to the jam factory. No sooner are the wagons filled with the fruit than they go straight off to the factory; the girls pick all the fruit carefully over, and in ten minutes from the time the fruit reaches the factory it is in the boiling pans. There are sixteen of these large copper caldrons; they are lined with silver and the boiling is done by steam. The fruit is put into the pans with a little water, and the proper quantity of sugar; the steam is turned on and in a few minutes the jam is made.

One of the arts of jam making is quick boiling. The flavour of the fruit is kept and the fruit itself looks a better colour. No sooner has the boiling mass come to the perfection aimed at by the jam maker, than it is transferred to a most ingenious machine which automatically fills the rows of glass jars, which are carried away as fast as possible to the benches of girls who do the labelling and wrapping up. I have seen an unfortunate pig in the stock-yards at Chicago grunting at one moment and at another appear as a bundle of peaceable sausages. I thought that it was quick work. But at Histon they are quite as smart as in Chicago, and it is there possible to pick a bunch of currants and eat them as jam in quite as short a space of time as that taken in turning pig into sausage in the Western State. Rapidity in manipulating pig is not, I believe, conducive to quality, but with regard to jam, Messrs. Chivers declare that they owe their reputation to



DESPATCHING.

the fact that they don't allow their fruit to stand a single moment longer than necessary, before it is boiled, bottled and sent away.

The store rooms in which the jam is kept are in the basement, dark and cool. Jam does not like the sunshine, and so the basement is used as a store-house. Literally tons of jam are here stacked, mass upon mass. But the jam does not stop long in this cool prison house, for a small army of sturdy packers are hard at work, with hay and straw, putting the jars into cases, for the trucks on the railway siding outside the door to carry to the uttermost parts of England.

"All our strawberry jam for this year has been sold months ago," said Mr. Chivers, in explanation of the bustle and turmoil of the packing room.

I admired the artistic labels, and was taken to the printing department, where all the printing work of the huge place was done. Truly Messrs. Chivers realise how true it is that if you want a thing done well, you must do it yourself, for they leave nothing to outside help. The care taken in getting the best possible effect even in so small a matter as the label of a jam pot, is typical of the whole factory.

Then I went into the tinman's shop and found even here much to admire in

the careful workmanship and attention to detail.

The packing cases, the wooden boxes are all made on the ground, in a factory, with the latest wood-working machinery. A splendid dynamo supplies the whole of the offices and workshops with electric light, and another dynamo is used to cover the copper pans with a deposit of silver whenever any signs of wear show themselves. In another part of the works the business of sweet making is carried on; and pure and wholesome sweets are turned out in considerable quantities. In yet another workroom,

I watch the famous jellies being made; and here, also, Mr. Chivers was careful to point out that it was by quality that they met competition, for they only make their jellies with pure fruit; and no chemicals or essences of any kind are used.

The last thing to see is the custard powder mixer, which methodically mixes huge quantities of custard powder. How this powder is made I know not. I suppose it is the one secret thing about the place; but I am assured that it is pure, and it both tasted and looked as good as possible.

Thus a huge factory, employing four hundred hands, has sprung from a few acres of land in the hands of a man who was not content to sit at home and grumble because the State wouldn't help him to compete with the world in wheat culture. Mr. Chivers has given an impetus to fruit culture which should put heart into hundreds of decayed farmers, who groan under low prices and bad harvests. He has shown that land—and, I may say, land which no one else would take at any rental at all—carefully planted with fruit can be made to pay well. Histon is a prosperous village: an oasis of financial plenty in a land which groans under a system of farming which results in continued loss.



UNDER the shadow of the old Weem Rock, which a superstitious Scotch folk swear is haunted by a fierce and unrelenting devil in the form of a ravening animal, the hill slopes down to the rushing Tay. Here and there on the hill side, broken by clumps of tall Scotch firs and masses of broken rock, are tiny Highland cottages, in which the peat fire burns to-day as in the olden times, although the whirring of the spinning-wheel is no longer heard. Weary "tinkers," with their bedraggled, shrewish wives and dirty, unkempt children at their heels, knock at the low doors on their vagrant way, and thrust in the "black pan," that the good wife within may scald their tea, which they drink by the wayside before they follow their never-ending march along the river, or their steep ascent of the hill.

The scent of the honeysuckle was strong and sweet one warm summer evening some years ago as two girls strolled slowly upwards by the sheep path until they stood right in the darkest shadow thrown by the great frowning rock. The light was slowly dying, and there was no sound save the distant voices of shepherds cheering on the collies as they drove the cattle home, and the water rushing under the grey stone bridge below them. But neither of the girls took heed of the beauty round them—of dying light or distant sounds; they were looking

intently at each other, in their faces the visible excitement which testifies to the disturbing nature of the discussion. Meg Steuart, the taller of the two, was as strikingly graceful, as unusually beautiful, as her companion, Jenny M'Cree, was plain and hard-featured, with her squarely-built, short figure and harsh, unmusical voice. Meg propped her graceful figure against the stem of an old Scotch fir as she listened, with a burning spot of red on each cheek, to Jenny's last words—“Auld wives' clash.”

“Auld wives' clash!” And what will that be, Jenny M'Cree?” Her voice was low, melodious, almost haunting in its musical cadence.

“What will that be?” returned Jenny, with one of the jerky movements which characterised her. “It will be the same thing they're saying, I'm thinking, a' the time—that sin' ye no gang i' the Kirk ye look that white and forsaken-like that ye call to mind a hare coursed by swift-running dogs, or a rabbit dying o' the hillside after the stoat has drained its life-blood, or —”

Her harsh voice ceased suddenly. Meg Steuart had flung her white apron before her beautiful face, and wildly, convulsively was sobbing, until the stem of the tree against which she leaned seemed shaken, as though in unison with the storm of her passionate pain.

Suddenly, without speaking, Jenny put her hand heavily upon Meg's shoulder—it did not press so heavily as the unseen hand grasping the girl's very heart within her. She looked up; the sobbing had

ceased, and she forced her pale lips to a smile, but it died in a quiver of the lips. She left the tree and stood erect.

"Come," she said firmly. "I maun be away, Jenny. My old mother never sleeps without I be there to put to rights—and it's ill wark neglecting the de'in'."

Jenny was taken aback. She had expected something in the nature of an all-decisive and satisfying confidence; but she knew that it would be in vain to put out farther the fangs of the curiosity which possessed her. In silence the two girls descended the hill; the pale, set face of Meg Steuart did not brighten as she returned Jenny's good-night, and, turning to the left, made her way towards a tiny cottage standing nearly at the foot of the hill, whilst Jenny, who lived in Aberfeldy, walked towards the bridge, which was already looking cold and ghostly in the twilight. On the stretch of lonely road, she stood still and looked after Meg's tall, graceful figure; her small eyes were nearly shut, her broad, plain face had no smile upon it, yet no pity either. It was rather the speculative expression of a woman weighing probabilities in which her head, rather than her heart, is interested.

"I'm thinking he'll no marry her now, for a' her bonny face," she muttered. "Neil Logan loves money better'n beauty—and tears winna move a man either. Never before in life have I seen Meg Steuart greet, and yet wi'all she keeps her ain counsel: not a word did she utter of standing in Kirk the Sabbath, yet a' the world knows it maun be that or be shut out for iver o' the Lord's Supper. A-weel, a lassie should tak' better heed of her conduct, and not listen to a man's o'er flattering tongue."

So musing, she had reached the bridge. In the middle of it was standing a tall, well set-up man, gazing into the water, which was rushing, swift, cold and grey now, through the arches below.

"Good evening, Neil Logan," Jenny cried briskly; "will ye be going west the noo?"

"Na, I'm goin' through Weem," answered Logan as he looked up from his meditations, apparently not too pleasant in their nature, for his countenance was dark and lowering, although he was certainly handsome in feature and colouring.

Without further parley, they passed each other. Neil looked round once

after Jenny. "She's no bonny, and no sweeter in the temper than to look at," he thought; "but it's old M'Cree has the siller, and Jenny'll find a man yet. In Ameriky siller'll mak' a man a way—here there's nae luck, I'm thinking."

Instead of going through Weem, as he had said was his intention, Neil Logan followed the same path that Meg had taken, and in a short time reached the cottage which she, with her dying mother, inhabited. He started, and muttered a fierce Gaelic oath as, after shutting the tiny garden gate behind him, he became aware that a man was issuing from the cottage. Neil drew into the shadow of the yew tree which stood like a death sentinel near the door, and his face paled as he recognised the gutteral tones of Dugald Macdugald, the gloomiest, the most narrow-minded and most fanatic of the elders of the gloomy Kirk presided over by a minister of ultra-Calvinistic theories. The terrors of the Inquisition itself might have paled beside the terrors of a call before the Elders in the eyes of this presbyterian congregation, threatened into heaven or hell by their gloomy, harsh minister, the Reverend John M'Diarmid. The Elder, with some parting words to Meg Steuart standing in the doorway, departed with creaking footsteps. Neil waited behind the yew tree until he heard him descending the hill; then he softly opened the door again and passed into the kitchen.

Within the light was so dim that at first he thought himself alone, but a sound near the window attracted his attention. On her knees beside the old settle, with her face buried in the old cushions, in an abandonment of that pain which has no tears, of that shame which believes it has no witness, was Meg Steuart. Neil, for a moment, hesitated; then, as the girl still failed to hear or to see that she was not alone, he stepped towards her and uttered her name.

Meg looked up, her pale face working yet in the agony of her wordless suffering.

She rose heavily to her feet. "You, Neil Logan?" Her voice was hoarse. No greeting passed between them; on the man's side passion had burnt itself out; on the woman's, haunting terror of she knew not what, of shame, of desolation, of utter woe, had deadened her very soul to the consciousness of aught save shame.

At length Neil spoke. "What was Dugald Macdugald wanting?"

Meg made a sign warning him to silence as she pointed towards the inner room in which, as Neil knew, the bedridden old woman was lying. Cautiously she went towards the door, opened it softly, looked in, and, seeing that her mother slumbered, she softly closed it again. Returning towards the window, she addressed Neil in a low, calm voice, which was the more hopeless that it was so calm.

"Dugald Macdugald came to tell they'll no give her the Holy Supper unless—unless we stand up i' the Kirk the Sabbath." The words came slowly at last, as though compelled by some external force other than her own. "Whisht!" she went on, as Logan was about to break into clamorous oaths and refusals; "Whisht! she's asleep now, but she's but a light sleeper, and she's no been told—and she's no seen aught of a' my weary pain, for her eyes are auld and dim. If my heart's blood can keep it frae her hearin', I wad gie it gladly." For a moment she struggled with the sobs which rose at the thought of her poor old deceived mother; then she went on more firmly. "Listen, Neil, listen. A year agone I wad hae scorned to look the way o' man or woman who dared tell me that Neil Logan could play the villain wi' a woman's trust—nay, I wad'na ha thocht it o' the meanest tinker that passes. But now, now that ye mak' it so plain to me that no love for me, no pity for the unborn bairn is in your heart, there is but ane road to take." Again for a moment she stopped, all but overwhelmed with the force of the storm within; again she conquered herself and went on.

"My old mother leein' there is deein' fast. But ane wish in the world seems to fill her thochts—the wish to tak' the Holy Sacrament wi' me together. Her eyes are blinder, her ears are deafier, she doesna know that my voice is none heard now in prayer or praise i' Kirk or out—she believes I no can go to the kirk for fear o' leavin' her. Neil, for her sake, that she may die in peace, I'll do what I wadna' do when ye asked me a wee bit agone. I'll give ye free—ye and your ring and your word for ever, if ye'll do what we must—stand up i' the Kirk together the Sabbath."

As she uttered the last words, Meg drew nearer to the man, whose lips had hard-

ened, and whose eyes had grown colder, more sullen, as she first began her appeal. But at her last words, referring to the freedom and the return of his ring, his eyes gleamed suddenly with a swift satisfaction; still he did not speak.

"I hae but the one wish left noo," went on Meg, "to spare her—'wad be a sair hearin' to a deein' woman, the hearin' that her bairn's but a disgrace and a shame."

Neil shuffled off one foot on to the other; his thoughts were busy; he meant to be off to America as soon as he had carried out his already matured plans of securing a wife with "siller" to forward him in that land of promise. After all, if Meg set him free, things would be easy enough, at the price of an hour's unpleasant publicity. At last, compelled by the unwavering regard of the woman, he spoke:

"Yell be meanin' it fair about the ring?"

For one moment following upon his words, which, in spite of her recently gained insight into his character, Meg had awaited with a quivering tension, there was utter silence, the silence in which, with the swiftness of lightning, one soul judges, and perforce condemns, another for all time. For a moment Meg shrank appalled; then, her eyes flashed with their old fire and her voice was firm and clear:

"The ring ye gave me as your promised wife will be yours as sure as we stand here. I'd no keep the ring of such as you, Neil Logan, as I now see you—not even to clear mysel' before the Judgment Seat—not even that —"

He uttered another guttural oath, being a man unready with specious speech towards man or woman who handled him with such biting severity as Meg was showing herself capable of.

"Whisht!" she said, more contemptuously than imploringly; "whisht! It's a fair offer—I'm thinkin'—the ring and your sworn word back —"

She stopped again; her voice, her face, her attitude one determined question. By an inarticulate grunt rather than by any spoken word, he sullenly assented. There was silence again in the darkening cottage.

"Ye'll be going the noo?" she said at length, with no more expression of regret, of gladness, indeed of interest, than if they had been but mere acquaintances, not passionate lovers, a little while ago.

Without another word he turned to go. She closed the door behind him, watching him down the tiny path for the last time as she did so. Then, in the enveloping darkness and gloom, she fell prone on the uneven brick floor, in that isolating desolation which follows the loss of love and honour and trust; but the darkness did not hide her from her own eyes, neither did the night bring peace to her beaten, bruised consciousness. She lived but by one instinct, the instinct to shield her dying mother from the embittering pain of knowledge.

## II.

THE minister turned his dark, stern face towards the pew in which Meg Steuart was standing as he began, in a loud, harsh voice, to read the Psalm he had chosen for her especial admonition and censure. The eyes of the whole congregation in the tiny church were turned upon her, as she stood, tall and straight, with the light falling upon the stray locks of her red-gold hair, but leaving her pale face in shadow. She was not alone. Near her stood another woman, Bell Macpherson, the daughter of the old wheelwright, living in one of the cottages on the hill. Bell's warm, young heart had been touched by Meg's desolation, and she had begged to be allowed to support her under the terrible ordeal known as "standing" in church: but, alas! she had overrated her power of endurance. As the scathing horrors of the minister's chastisement were let loose upon them, Bell hid her shame-smitten face in her hands, bending like a bruised reed before the curious, relentless human stare which encompassed them like a circle of fire through which is no escape.

At the far end of the pew, nearest the whitewashed wall, stood Neil Logan. His generally bronzed face was streaked with red, the perspiration stood in bright beads on his forehead whilst his whole figure and expression betokened mingled sullenness and anger and dread as he followed the grating words of the man of God.

"Therefore the Earth did open wide  
And Dathan did devour,  
And all Abiram's company  
Did cower in that hour.  
Likewise among their company  
A fire was kindled then,  
And so the hot, consuming fire  
Burnt up these wicked men."

Forty-eight verses of a bloodthirsty

psalm were read with fierce contentment by the Reverend John M'Diarmid, and with ever-growing emphasis as he noted the hang-dog resentment of Neil Logan, the shuddering, bent figure of Bell Macpherson, and the pale, set features of that daughter of Belial—bonny Meg Steuart.

But even bloodthirsty psalms come to an end. Meg caught her breath with a short, convulsive gasp as she heard the deep "Amen" of the people, for she knew that in another moment the minister would turn an even more stinging lash upon them—the lash of direct personal castigation. With lips which were dry and hard, with eyes which were set and staring and which yet saw nothing; with hearing so acutely sharpened that every sound, every word reached her brain with stunning force, she stood, whilst the Reverend John raised his voice more and more clamorously, more and more pitilessly. What was he saying? That their confessed sin alienated them from God and man; that a lifetime of repentance would not suffice to blot out their indignity; that for such sin as theirs, such guilt as theirs, the Lord had visited the House of David with a never-ceasing punishment. It had been told that from David's house the sword should never depart, and of a verity sin would be met now, as then, by like punishment. "The names of the wicked shall be blotted out; their remembrance shall perish from the earth; they shall be driven out of light into everlasting darkness. As the lime is burnt, as the thorns are cut and burnt in everlasting fire. To some is given eternal life—to some eternal damnation. Which of ye will dare question the will of a righteous God? Which of ye dare pretend to understand the mystery of His ruling? Sinners, ye who stand cowering before the judgment seat of the Most High, bend the knee in humble submission. The Lord who destroyed Sodom and Gomorrah, who smote David in his sin, who cut off Absalom in the pride of his youth—the son David mourned every day; who casts the unregenerate like stubble before the wind, who will destroy ye from morning to evening! shall He not cause ye to perish without any regarding eye? Shall He not cast ye in the midst of your sins into the burning, ever-burning lake of hell-fire, that Satan and his angels may rejoice and raise their devilish songs of triumph over

sinners gained for ever? Is it not just and righteous—shall the Lord not visit ye? Shall the Lord not be avenged on the ungodly? On your knees! ye who are saved, whose names be written in the book of life; on your knees, ye who are condemned by the wrath of the everlasting God to everlasting perdition."

The minister stopped to take breath.

Every member of his congregation was gazing at him as though fascinated, save one; every member of his congregation, at his imperative gesture, obeyed him by kneeling, save one.

Meg Steuart was looking at the minister, but with clear, self-possessed gaze. Meg Steuart understood clearly enough that she, before all others, was motioned to



"KNEEL, LASSIE, KNEEL! DO YE NO UNDERSTAND?"

The dark eyes under the shaggy brows were gleaming with a bloodthirsty ferocity; the harsh, unmodulated tones accentuated the expression—the wild fanatic appearance of the preacher—as he raised his hand, and, in still louder fashion, repeated: "On your knees, before the God of wrath!"

kneel, yet she stood, tall, erect, undaunted by the dark, gleaming gaze, unmoved by the arrogantly uplifted hand of—the Lord's anointed.

Out of his pew slipped Elder M'Tavish, the grey-headed old schoolmaster, whose son, it was whispered, had fallen into ungodly ways in "Aberdeen cetty."

"Kneel, lassie, kneel! Do ye no understand?" Ye're to humble yersel'—kneel."

The minister, who was, with grim displeasure, awaiting the moment when he might give forth another denunciatory discourse before the Throne of Grace, looked towards the spot whence proceeded the sibilant whispering of Elder M'Tavish. To his unmitigated astonishment, he beheld Meg Steuart, her eyes glowing with sombre fire, make a gesture of dissent to the repeated injunctions of the Elder.

"Woman!" thundered the minister, almost beside himself at such contumacy, "woman, why dost thou not bend the knee as beseems the lost sinner before an avenging God?"

The whole listening, gaping, awestricken folk gazed in open-eyed horror at the girl, as, in clear, cold tones, she dared to raise her voice i' the kirk.

"I came here to confess to a God of mercy. Ye tell but of a bloodthirsty avenger. If what ye tell be true, I will but bend mysel' in vain."

The minister's book trembled out of his grasp and fell to earth with a heavy thud; the minister's face was dark with rage and horror; his voice was choked with passion, so that although he opened his lips to speak no word came. The people on their knees, Neil Logan and Bell Macpherson amongst them, were gazing still at the woman they one and all regarded as "possessed." Undaunted, she looked at the minister, at the Elder (who still stood beside her), and at the people, who held their very breathing to catch her low clear words.

"Let me gang forth. If there be naught but hell fire for repentant sinners, the God ye preach is none o' mine!" and, stepping past Elder M'Tavish, out of the narrow pew, past the kneeling rows of people as though she saw them not, Meg Steuart walked swiftly through the western door, which as swiftly closed behind her.

And the Rev. John M'Diarmid, whose face bore witness to contending passions within, having by this time recovered his power of speech, rose to the occasion, and with terrific unction, pronounced upon Meg Steuart the harsh, vindictive curses of a Church born and nurtured in baneful gloom and cruelty.

Meg Steuart, the rebellious blood coursing strong and fast through her veins as she thought of the stirring scene

she had just experienced, walked quickly back to the cottage on the hill-side. The excitement of it all was yet upon her; fear of the consequences of her daring revolt had not yet had time to assert itself: still, it was with a heart well nigh bursting with agony that she met the half-closed eyes, the wrinkled old face, of Granny Bell, an auld wife who was the general attendant of the district at such times as these scattered cottage inhabitants were threatened by the King of Terrors.

"What'll it be, then, the noo?" said Meg hoarsely, as she closed the cottage door behind her.

"I'm thenkin' she's about through," returned Granny Bell. "She's been peckin' at the claithes, an' creein' out sair for ye."

Even as the old woman spoke, Meg heard her dying mother's voice, clearer and more powerful than it had been for days past. The old woman was speaking in Gaelic, rapidly—feverishly.

"Meg—my bonny bairn—are ye there? Come nearer. I'm going fast, like the swift stream to the great sea; the sound of many waters fills my ears, and the cry of many voices—come nearer; gi' me your hand, bairn. I can see but dimly; where is the light? Ah! bairn; the minister comes late. Death waits for nought: we were to take the Lord's Holy Supper; the minister is late."

Meg hushed and reassured the dying woman as far as she could; but it was as Granny Bell had said, the end was near, and the restlessness which was so pathetic to the despairing watcher was the restlessness of swift-coming death. Through the long, lonely hours which followed, Meg tried all that love and pity could suggest to soothe the departing spirit, but in vain. Always to the one point the weary cry returned: "We were to take the Holy Supper together," until Meg's eyes were blind with unshed tears and her very heart sick with pain.

Towards evening the old woman grew less restless. "It'll be time; the minister'll be coming now soon," she half murmured as the light grew softer through her tiny casement-window opposite her bed. "I'll slumber a' wee till he comes, Meg."

The poor girl, who, in her own mind, had no hope of the coming of the minister, kissed the old woman and gently stole out

of the room. In the kitchen all was quiet, as the death which hung over the consciousness of the lonely watcher. Old Granny Bell had departed; nothing was stirring; nothing living save herself seemed near. Yes, a sound fell upon her ears, the gate was opened, footsteps approached; as they drew quite near to the door, she softly opened it that her mother's slumber might not be broken. To her great surprise, she was confronted by Elder M'Tavish and Elder Macdugald. They advanced into the kitchen and cleared their throats pompously before they propounded their business, which was to announce to her that in consequence of her mother's good character and dying condition, the minister had consented to administer the Holy Supper to her; but the condition of this act of grace was that Meg should absent herself, not only from the room, but the house, during the administration—"as, of course, was only natural, seeing that over her there hung the sentence of excommunication,

spoken that very day by the minister, in consequence not only of her vile levity of conduct, but of her ungodly, unbelieving demeanour i' the Kirk when standing to do public penance for her sin."

In vain Meg had tried to still the harsh, loud voice of Elder Macdugald; it swelled louder and fuller, until even the slumber of the dying was broken. The door leading into her mother's room was noiselessly opened—in the doorway, clothed in her long, white bed gown, stood Margaret Steuart!

The tall, ghost-like figure of the listening woman was like a marble presentment of a visitant from another world as she fixed her wild, haggard gaze in terror-stricken questioning on Meg's pale face. As she read in her daughter's mute misery, in her suddenly bent head, the confession extracted by chance, she advanced a few steps; then, with a sudden bitter wail, she held out her arms to Meg, and, as suddenly as she had come, fell to the ground—dead!



THEN, WITH A SUDDEN BITTER WAIL, SHE HELD OUT HER ARMS TO MEG.

The Elders, disturbed for the time out of their official dignity, had removed their hats, and, addressing each other in thick whispers, and breathing very hard, had assisted Meg to carry her dead mother back to the bed she had but a moment before left. Removed from the immediate presence of the "Something" higher, even than the authority of Elders, not a little of their dogmatic assertion returned to them, but their didactic periods fell upon unheeding ears; that this was so, struck even their benign self-confidence.

In a few moments they were creaking down the narrow path, and Meg was alone to watch the long night through; whilst the pale face lying on the pillow lost little by little its life-marks of grief and agony in the quiet of unending sleep.

But once the unhappy watcher spoke; it was as the chill, grey dawn broke: "I maun e'en dree my weird, but if so be I daur pray, God let me, too, dee!"

### III.

SOME months after the "standing" in church of Meg Steuart, Neil Logan was married to Jenny M'Cree. They were to start for America immediately after their marriage. The first part of their journey ought to have been made by the coach; but Jenny insisted upon starting from Aberfeldy in a "machine" all to themselves, and joining the public conveyance at a later point on the route. As was natural, seeing the bride had "siller," her will was law. As Jenny was about to put her foot on the high step of the "machine,"

in which her scowling bridegroom was already seated, old Granny Bell suddenly bore down upon her from a group of withered cronies who, like herself, were watching the departure of the newly-wedded pair. She had the air of a malignant fairy as she put her skinny hand on Jenny's arm, and, with her wrinkled, yellow old face and peering eyes full of malice, whispered none too softly in Jenny's ear. For all answer, Jenny mounted the "machine," and, with a muttered oath from Neil at old Granny Bell for a "doiting auld witch," the "machine" was started swiftly towards Weem. Under the great rock, driving fast and furious away from the sight, even, of the cottage where Meg Steuart had lived all her young life, Neil spoke:

"What was it the auld witch said?"

"That she was wistfu' I should ken that Meg Steuart de'd this morning at sunrise—when the wean was born." Her voice was hard and clear.

The bridegroom drove faster, faster, for "lang Scots miles"; his thoughts, of a surety, were mirk and dull; and the sun sank behind the wooded hills and the shadows lengthened across their path.

Presently Jenny spoke in a hard, matter-of-fact tone as ever:

"I'm thinkin' the meenister'll no gie her or the wean Christian burial?"

But the bridegroom was cursing so loudly at the horse that Jenny received no answer. And faster, faster they drove in silence, till the moon came out and looked down at them with the same silvered coldness in its glance that darted into Meg Steuart's still room.



#### NOTIONS FROM AN EASY CHAIR.

BY JOHN A. STEUART.

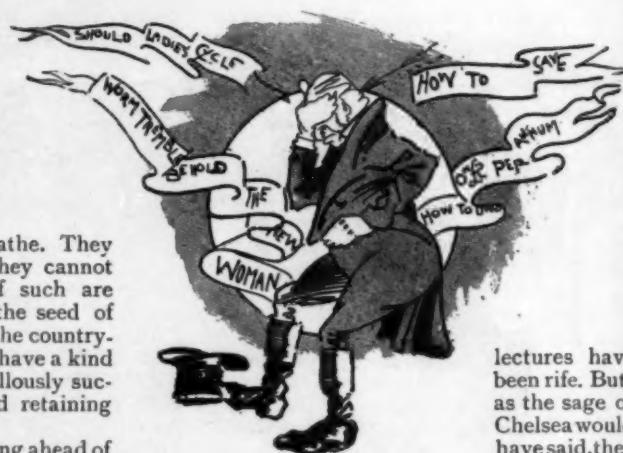
**I**HAVE done a very foolish thing: the reader will appreciate the candour when he learns the sequel. In a moment of temerity and self-forgetfulness I began to read a series of letters, in a morning paper, on what seemed to me the important question, "How to Save?" Moralists have, in all ages, dwelt upon the insidiousness of bad practices; you mean well enough at the start, but the *finish is deplorable*. I was lured on from one letter to another—lured on by false hopes and Quixotical arguments, till I am now in a state, as the novelists would say, bordering on distraction. Column upon column of ungrammatical hints and homilies have I gone through, sitting up late and rising early in the morning in pursuit of virtue, and I am in a maze of perplexity. I assure you I haven't the least idea how to save. So many plans have been proposed, so many contradictions offered as the original, genuine and only sure and safe means of amassing wealth that I am hopelessly puzzled. There was an Irish judge once who proceeded joy-

ously and confidently to sentence a prisoner at the bar on the conclusion of the prosecuting attorney's speech. The other side humbly suggested it might possibly serve the ends of justice if he were to hear the defence. In an access of courtesy, the judge consented, and had reason to rue his toleration. "An hour ago," he said, testily when the defence was closed, "an hour ago I was as clear as daylight about this man's guilt. Now, I'll be hanged if I can tell whether he is guilty or not."

One sympathises with that Irish judge. I'll be hanged if I can tell whether it is possible to save or not. Success in that kind of enterprise depends on so many things—on inclination, tastes, companions, position, income and so forth. The ladies and gentlemen who have done us the favour of describing their personal habits and domestic arrangements are, as the reader may have gathered, rather contradictory. The only point that seems clear is that power to save does not depend on extent of revenue. Thus one poor young couple find themselves hard up on £4,000 a-year; others fear starvation on £400, while some are rich on £70. How are we to explain these inconsistencies? How comes it that one finds it *tragically hard to make both ends meet* on £4,000 per annum, while the man with £70, or less than thirty shillings a week, has enough and to spare. "Habit," you will exclaim; "it is all a matter of habit." Precisely; but that scarcely helps us to a solution of the problem. The fact is, the art of saving is as inscrutable as Fate. You cannot get at it by taking much thought, and certainly not by reading letters in the newspapers. It appears to be something in the nature of a gift, a deeply mysterious gift too. To some it comes easily and naturally; others cannot attain it with

infinite labour. Some are born with a disposition to spend, and will spend as long as they can borrow a shilling; others save as the birds sing, without effort or difficulty. They practise economy as a matter of course, just as they breathe. They cannot help saving; they cannot help getting rich. Of such are German waiters and the seed of Jacob. It is said that the countrymen of John Knox also have a kind of glue, which is marvellously successful in catching and retaining coin of the realm.

Johnson's plan of getting ahead of his debts was to reduce his denominator; and Wilkins Micawber, theoretically a model financier, whatever he may have been practically, has left a recipe for prosperity which is as simple as it is logical. Shrewd and prudent men have often felt that Mr. Micawber's utterances do not receive the attention to which their wisdom entitles them. It is the odd ha'penny that makes all the difference between happiness and misery. He who owns a sixpence, says Carlyle, is master of the world — to the extent of that sixpence. Quite so. Yet, profound as is the philosophy, it does not greatly aid us. We all know that if we possess sixpence we have the power to spend it. The ability to spend is an easy and tolerably common one. The difficulty lies not in getting rid of the sixpence, but in preserving it against a rainy day; and it is precisely this difficulty which is bothering the good people who have been inundating the Press with correspondence. The chief fault of the letters that have overwhelmed me with headaches is that they are not practical. The homilist has seized his opportunity, and



lectures have been rife. But, as the sage of Chelsea would have said, they lead no whitherer.

That, perhaps, is the cardinal defect of all lectures; it is especially the defect of the lectures we have had on saving. So many people are ready to get on the house-tops and shout good advice to their neighbours; and when you have listened, you find you have had nothing but "Words, words," for your trouble. With incomes of £4,000, £1,000, £500, £400, £200, £100, or even £50 a year, how are we to provide for the rainy day which destiny has in store for us? That is the crucial question. There are, it is true, shining examples to encourage us. Was not Goldsmith's parson passing rich on £40 per annum? So Mr. Goldsmith certainly averred. But—but—there are many buts

to be set against this fine instance of sufficient wealth. Goldsmith himself was in indigence on many times £40. The preacher is a good preacher, but he, too, often fails to take his own sermons to heart. That is the besetting error of preachers. Man, says the ancient poet, considers all other men mortal but him-





self. The homelist does not always see that charity should begin at home, or, as the vulgar have it, that what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander. Many correspondents have metaphorically jumped on the lady who timorously asked in the columns of a paper how, with a husband and five children, she could contrive to get a fair share of the good things of life and put by something. In stating her case, she was commendably frank. She wishes to keep up a good appearance, to educate her children well and afford them wholesome pleasures, without sacrifice on the part of her husband and herself.

She likes to take her dear ones to the theatre occasionally. She desires to *provide them with new books* (Heaven bless her for that desire!), and she would give them some innocent gaiety. "I turn over in my mind," she writes pathetically, "constantly and anxiously how and what we can put aside for that inevitable future. I ask myself what can I ask my husband, my boys and girls to deny themselves to help towards that object, and I honestly feel I can ask them nothing to sacrifice." She is curious to know whether others, on an annual

income of £400, can save, and, if so, how. "Are they able," she continues, "to apply thrift practically to life, and yet have a life worth living? I do not mean an existence ruled by a string of negations from which every simple and innocent pleasure is excluded; for, however simple and innocent the pleasure may be, it costs money. . . . We can claim to read the book everyone is talking about, of seeing the play everyone is going to see, of having a holiday by the sea or fields; even a sight of foreign countries, now that the railways have brought them near." There you are! How are you to eat your cake and have it? The problem is as old as Adam, and as perplexing. "Materfamilias" would have pleasure and luxury and a comfortable nest-egg—in other words, would spend her £400 a-year and yet save some. Madam, I regret to say the thing cannot be done. 'Tis impossible, quite impossible to educate, clothe and feed five children (probably with keen appetites and a frolicsome disregard for the saving of dress), go to the play, read the new books, lodge well, eat and drink well, jaunt about the world in summer—in fine, enjoy the pleasures of life to the full and provide for the future on £7 10s. a-week. Mirabeau would not hear of that block-head word, impossible. Mirabeau was a Titan, a cloud compeller; nevertheless he found one or two things impossible. He could not extend the term of his life, for example, and he could not bequeath his brains to others. Ordinary folks may be said to be surrounded by the blank walls of impossibility. There are many things that are impossible, flatly impossible; and one of them is to spend your money and keep it in your purse. No fairy trick known to man will enable one to do that. Self-sacrifice, self-denial are the essence of the virtue of thrift, as of all other virtues. It is futile, perfectly futile, on the part of "Materfamilias" to lie awake at night, trying to solve the insoluble. She will injure her health and spoil her matronly looks to no purpose. If one has decided on a certain course there is no use worrying about the troubles it may bring. If one must have pleasures and luxuries, we had better keep a light heart and pray Heaven to temper the wind to the shorn lamb. In any case we cannot get away from the fact that thrift and extravagance are not consorts. Again, people will dispute endlessly about

what is thrift and what extravagance. Meanwhile, I think "Materfamilias" deserves more sympathy than censure. She has drawn a heavy fire from the moralists, but I trust she is unscathed and that she and her family will long continue to enjoy their "simple and innocent pleasures." By this time she has probably learned that wisdom is not to be got from the multitude of counsellors who crowd the columns of the daily press; and that a house wife is likeliest to find her true sphere in the intelligent management of her household rather than in addressing inconsequent letters to editors.

\* \* \*

Some of us are tired to dead weariness of listening to the judgments of critics upon authors. Quite recently we have been learning what authors think of critics. Between the two great branches of the literary profession—the creative and the critical—there has, it has always been understood, been a sort of internecine warfare. Critics have assailed authors; authors have turned and rent critics. The world is progressing, however. We are getting away from the moral and intellectual, as well as from the physical and financial conditions of Grub Street.

Behold, how good a thing it is,  
And how becoming well,  
Together, such as brethren are,  
In unity to dwell,

might now be the song of the impartial observer; for critics have grown amiable, and authors have learned to forgive. Perhaps this friendly spirit may detract something from the piquancy of current literature. But who, save an evil-minded person, would wish to see strife take the place of peace, even if the peace become humdrum and commonplace? From what some of our popular novelists have been telling a contributor to *The Idler*, there is little danger of an outbreak of hostilities. Mr. Walter Besant declares chivalrously

that there are kindly critics in plenty; and this view is supported by Mr. Hall Caine, Mr. Conan Doyle and Mr. Grant Allen. All these gentlemen pat the reviewers on the back, murmuring words of amity and encouragement. It is a welcome sign of the times, and makes one stick to the hope that, after all, the millennium is coming. There will be no more Dunciads, no more savage onslaughts or fierce retorts. Figuratively speaking, the swords are being beaten into ploughshares and the spears into pruning hooks. The voice of the turtle is heard in the land; the dove coos, and the hawk has pared its claws, lest it should do damage unwittingly or by accident. This, as I have said, is promising; but it makes one wonder whether authors have less spirit or more Christianity than formerly, or whether a long course of violence has taken the pith out of the critics. These are vain surmises. The great fact is clear—that the writer and reviewer have embraced, and may any day be found supping together.

\* \* \*

In the outburst of amicable speech, there is just one dissentient, or discordant voice, and that, oddly enough, the voice of a lady. Miss Marie Corelli does not like the reviewers, and, what is more, does not hesitate to give her dislike vigorous expression. She thinks (among other things) that "authors can learn nothing from their reviews, except the deplorable extent of their reviewers' ignorance of things in general and literature in particular." I was, perhaps, hasty in saying that the traditions of Grub Street are obsolete. This is in the fine old recriminative style which our fathers and grandfathers found so stimulating after dining not wisely but too well. Miss Corelli, it seems, has been roughly handled by the reviewers. They have been slow to discover her merits; quick to discover her faults; and some of them made





so much of the faults that the merits were entirely forgotten. In the oracular words of the *Times*, this should not be so. It is ungallant to criticise a lady. But Miss Corelli has her revenge—a most sweet and exquisite revenge, be it said. Once, as we learn from the contemporary historian, Her Majesty actually telegraphed from Balmoral for a complete set of Miss Corelli's works. That was a big feather in Miss Corelli's cap. Of what critics' books, she might ask, has the Queen ordered a complete set? One would not be surprised to learn that the Sovereign is in total ignorance of the writings of the whole tribe of critics. Then, again, Miss Corelli has been translated freely, and with eulogistic remarks. I cannot quite remember into how many languages, savage and civilised, her novels have been turned. Perhaps Miss Corelli is not herself certain on the point, though doubtless her agent looks after copyrights. But, best of all, she is popular—tremendously popular—with the British public. Now, the British public is by no means easy to please, and Miss Corelli may well felicitate herself on winning its favour. Most novelists, it is well known, stick in a miserable first edition; a few happy ones go into a second; but Miss Corelli goes into a dozen or more editions in no time. She can afford to scorn the critics. Any author, with the British public at his or her back, need not lie awake at night thinking of unkindly criticisms. If he or she lie awake at all, it will probably be to

meditate gleefully on a swelling bank account. We have Miss Corelli's own word for it that she is eminently successful. Perhaps one may venture to congratulate her, and, at the same time, to submit, in the humblest manner possible, that reviewers are not quite so bad as she thinks them to be.

\* \* \* \*

The autumn book season opened earlier than usual. Last month I referred to "The Manxman" and "Perlycross" as splendid first fruits; and since then, many and various contributions have been made to literature. Mr. R. L. Stevenson is far, very far, from being at his best in "The Ebb-Tide" (Heinemann). It is written in collaboration with his stepson, and Mr. Stevenson would be wise in dissolving the partnership. Yet there are clever touches in the book; touches so clever, indeed, that one is irritated and exasperated by shortcomings that might have been obviated had Mr. Stevenson chosen to exert himself. Mr. William Black is happier in "Highland Cousins" (Sampson Low, Marston and Co.). The scene, as the title indicates, is laid in the Highlands, which Mr. Black has treated rather ungenerously by overuse. But it is fresher than some books we have lately had from the same pen, and may be honestly commended, not as a sermon but as a story. Mr. Black was always refreshingly free from the didactic vices. Still another book has appeared in which I take a close and personal interest; it is entitled "In the Day of Battle" (Sampson Low, Marston and Co.), and the name on the title-page is one with which I have all my life been familiar. The tale begins and ends in Scotland; but the main action takes place in Arabia and is concerned with the doings of Arabs in the desert, in the black tents, in battle and especially during the Pilgrimage to Mecca. I have been told that the story is full of movement and excitement; but on these points readers can satisfy themselves by borrowing the book (it is in three volumes) from Mr. Mudie. Yet one more book that I would recommend. It is called "Sorrow and Song," it is written by Mr. Coulson Kernahan, and contains studies of and tributes to Heine, Rossetti, Marston, the blind poet, and others. It is worth reading and re-reading—and that is saying much. But, oddly enough, one of the most de-

lightful of the month's books is a reprint. Messrs. Methuen and Co. are bringing out a series of English Classics under the capable editorship of Mr. W. E. Henley, and have made a capital start with the immortal "Tristram Shandy." The book, which contains an admirable preface by Mr. Charles Whibley and an engraved portrait of Sterne, is in two volumes, is most attractively produced, and, being published at a popular price, should prove immensely popular. Some may doubt whether there is room for the number of reprints daily offered us. I speak by the card when I say there is room and to spare. Indeed, it is infinitely refreshing to turn aside from contemporary writers, however able, to the masters on whom Time has set the seal of greatness. In his own domain, Sterne stands alone and unrivalled; and I for one am grateful to Messrs. Methuen for affording an opportunity of reading his strange, fascinating, irritating, lawless and entirely charming book in this pretty edition. I unhesitatingly commend it to all who like to have good literature handsomely and becomingly presented. I predict a great success for Mr. Henley's classics.

J. A. S.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

BY FITZGERALD ARTHUR.

THE drama-loving world have been placed under a deep obligation to both Dr. Conan Doyle and Mr. Henry Irving. To the former for the excellent little sketch he has given us, and to the latter for his delightful and pathetic rendering of the part of the old corporal.

Mr. Irving chose Bristol as the town to be honoured by the production of the sketch, and many were the London first-nighters who journeyed down to be present on such an interesting occasion. The little play is almost a monologue, the chief relief to the single voice of the veteran guardsman being given by his little devoted grand-niece, Norah, who looks after him and tends to his welfare, and to whom—prattling, in a half-disjointed way, of the past, on which he dwells in memory—the old soldier, as he fumbles his pipe, recounts the crowning incident of his career at Waterloo: how at the crisis of the action at Hougoumont, the key of the English position, the Guards holding the farmhouse had expended all their ammu-

nition, and how, too, at this juncture he was coming up in charge of two wagon-loads of powder, when, passing through the line of fire of the French guns, one of the wagons exploded, upon which the driver of the other attempted to make a bolt of it, but was dragged from his seat by his corporal—Brewster himself—who, taking his place on the seat, drove it straight on, and by that means enabled his comrades to continue fighting, and thereby save the fortunes of the battle. This fact was afterwards admitted by the Duke of Wellington at an inspection of the Guards before the Prince Regent, to whom the humble hero of the feat was presented. The aged corporal goes on to recount his experiences, and he is asked, "What struck you most about the battle?" his reply, greeted with a shout of laughter, was this:

"I lost three half-crowns over it—yes, I did. I lent them to my rear man at Brussels. 'Greg,' says he, 'I'll pay you true, only wait till pay-day.' But by Jiminy, he got struck by a lancer at Quarter Brass (Quatre Bras), and me with never a line to prove the debt; so them half-crowns is as good as lost to me."

The little playlet, if I may be permitted to quote the author's words, has this pathetic ending. He asks his niece Norah to read to him, and Norah, opening the Bible, says:

What part would you like to hear?

CORP. Oh, them wars.

NORAH. The wars?

CORP. Aye! keep to the wars. "Give me the Old Testament, Parson," says I. "There's more taste to it," says I. Parson he wants to get off to something else, but it's Joshua or nothing with me. Them Israelites was good soldiers, good growed soldiers, all of 'em.

NORAH. But, uncle, it's all peace in the next world.

CORP. No it ain't, gal.

NORAH. Oh, yes, uncle, surely.

CORP. (irritably knocking his stick on the ground). I tell ye it ain't, gal. I asked Parson.

NORAH. Well, what did he say?

CORP. He said there was to be a last final fight. Why, he even gave a name, he did. The Battle of Arm—Arm—

NORAH. Armageddon.

CORP. Aye, that was the name. I specs the 3rd Guards will be there. And the Dook—the Dook'll have a word to say.

The end of the old corporal's story is so good and dramatic that it may be quoted again in the author's own words. The pretty grand niece has discovered a

soldier lover, and the two are watching with intense interest the pale, worn face of the dying veteran. Suddenly the old man wakes to action. The ruling passion is strong in death, and this is what happens :

CORP. (in *iona* voice). The Guards need powder!

SERG. Eh! What is the old gentleman saying?

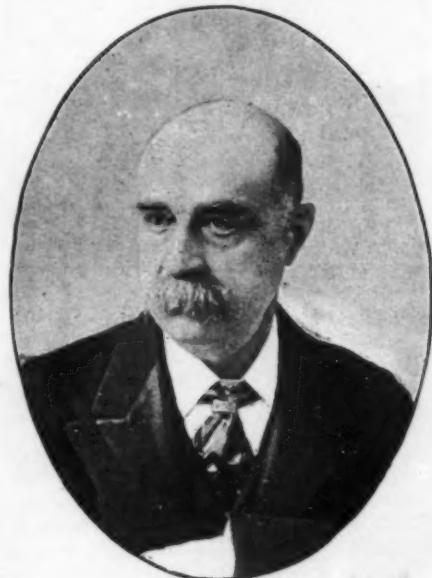
CORP. (louder). The Guards need powder! (Struggles to rise.)

NORAH. Oh! I am so frightened.

Irving, at no very far date, will give us Londoners an opportunity of witnessing this masterpiece of Dr. Conan Doyle's.

\* \* \*

The Adelphi, long the seat of melodrama, and from whence all successes start for the Provinces, has once more surpassed itself, and I think this would be a fitting opportunity to tell my readers, particularly my provincial ones, something about the theatre and its surround-



MR. AGOSTINO GATTI.



MR. STEFANO GATTI.

CORP. (staggering to his feet and suddenly flashing out into his old soldierly figure). The Guards need powder, and by God they shall have it. (Falls back into the chair. NORAH and SERGEANT rush towards him.)

NORAH (sobbing). Oh! tell me, sir, tell me; what do you think of him?

SERG. (gravely). I think the 3rd Guards have a full muster now.

And thus the curtain falls. Nothing so pathetic, so realistic has ever before been seen on the English stage: a perfect picture in its simple naturalness is this of the bent, broken-down, toothless, half-childish old pensioner, as portrayed by Mr. Irving. The simple and unaffected performance of Miss Annie Hughes as the niece acted as a most excellent foil to Mr. Irving's performance, and was of great value to the production. Mr.

ings, for in the country an Adelphi drama is something to conjure with.

No doubt it is well known that the brothers Gatti, Messrs. Stefano and Agostino are the sole proprietors of the Adelphi Theatre, the freehold, indeed, of which they hold. It is not so well known, however, that the Messrs. Gatti own that large restaurant, the Adelaide Gallery, opposite Charing Cross Station, the Vaudeville Theatre, the Marble Halls (a large restaurant next to the Adelphi Theatre), and are directors and the largest shareholders in the Charing Cross and Strand Electrical Supply Association. It will be seen from this that the Brothers Gatti are a most enterprising pair, but I have still further to say about them which, no doubt, will be new to many of my readers.

They both hail from Switzerland, from the Canton of Ticino and they have been domiciled in this country now for some forty years. It was not, however, till the year 1873 that they first became associated with the dramatic world, and their first venture then was the management of the Promenade Concerts at Covent Garden; after this, for three years, they produced pantomimes at the same theatre. It was not until 1878 that they became connected with the Adelphi, since when their name has been associated with every production there.

\* \* \*

It was at this theatre that Adelaide Neilson appeared in the "Hunchback;" it was here that the late Edwin Booth charmed the British public. Of the long series of melodramas, of which "In the Ranks" was the first, success after success has followed, and among many I may mention, "The Bells of Haslemere," "The Harbour Lights," "The English Rose," "The Woman's Revenge" and last but not least the present great success "The Fatal Card." The Messrs. Gatti throughout their whole *régime* have always been noted for their readiness to accept any work that was good and would please the public; and among other authors whose pieces have been produced I may mention the late Mr. Dion Boucicault, whose "Colleen Bawn" here first saw the light; the late Mr. Henry Pettitt and Messrs. George R. Sims, Robert Buchanan, Sutton Vane, Clement Scott, Stephenson and Haddon Chambers, the latter two gentlemen being responsible for the present drama.

\* \* \*



MR. FRED. LATHAM.

"The Fatal Card" is in five acts and seven scenes, and the Messrs. Gatti have spared no expense whatever in the production of it. The whole has been most carefully stage-managed under the careful tutorship of Mr. Fred. Latham, long the right-hand man of Sir Augustus Harris, and now the general manager at the Adelphi. Truly a most powerful cast has been gathered together, including such well-known names as Mr. William Terriss, Mr. Harry Nicholls, Mr. W. L. Abingdon, Mr. Murray Carson, Mr. Charles Fulton, Mr. Richard Purdon, Miss Millward, Miss Laura Linden, Miss Vane and



MR. HARRY NICHOLLS.

Miss Sophie Larkin. Given such an array of talent, and also such a good play, it is not to be wondered at that the Adelphi is doing unprecedented business. Briefly the plot is this:—Gerald Austen is knocking about in the Rocky Mountains, where he is run to earth by Harry Burgess—a great friend of his, who is anxious for him to return home. These two save the life of one George Forrester (afterwards Marrable), who is about to be lynched on the most convenient post handy, which, on this occasion, happens to be a telegraph-post. Forrester, in expressing his gratitude to his preservers, tears a jack of clubs in two, giving one half to Austen and retaining the other portion himself.

Act II. finds us in the Thames Valley at Mr. Marrable's (late George Forrester) riverside house, and here we find Gerald Austen in love with Marrable's daughter Margaret, Harry Burgess, with the same feeling towards Cecile, Austen's sister, Austen's father and aunt and Dixon and O'Flinn, two bright beauties, associates of Marrable, or, rather, George Forrester. These three worthies plan to rob old Mr. Austen of some valuable bonds.

Act III. transfers us to the city, where these three gentlemen, for reasons already explained, have thought fit to take an office directly opposite Mr. Austen's. Gerald Austen, who does not get on particularly well with his surly old



MR. MURRAY CARSON.

father, calls on him to tell him of his approaching marriage; and, having a few words with his respected parent, leaves in a temper, but forgets to take his stick with him. Two of the three worthies aforesaid, namely, Marrable and Dixon, commit the robbery, and on old Mr. Austen recognising the latter, he (Dixon) foully murders him, using Gerald Austen's stick for the purpose. Dixon, for the moment, escapes, but Marrable is discovered by Mercedes, an old lover of his in the Rockies, whose price for her silence is marriage with Marrable.

Nothing particular occurs in Act IV., save that Margaret and Burgess overhear an appointment made by her father with Dixon; she informs Austen, and he determines also to be there.

Act V. is a very powerful and interesting one. Marrable and Dixon are joined by two confederates, Sulky Smith and Curtis, and are dividing the plunder, when Austen, who is secreted in the next room, suddenly



MISS VANE.



MR. WILLIAM TERRISS.

appears. The four desperadoes, seeing it is their lives or Austen's, decide on the latter's death, and proceed to draw lots as to who should commit the deed ; the duty falls to Marrable, and the other three quietly make themselves scarce. Marrable sets an infernal machine going, and is preparing to leave Austen to his doom, when he is requested by Austen to remove a miniature of his mother from his breast pocket, and this leads to the discovery of the torn half card given to him years before in the Rocky Mountains ; recognition follows and Marrable releases Austen ; Austen seizes the infernal machine and hurls it through the window. Total collapse of that part of the building ; sudden appearance of the body of the murderer, Dixon. Curtain !

Messrs. Haddon Chambers and Stephenson have given us here the best melodrama since the production of "The Silver King," and the last act reminds one forcibly of that play.

Mr. William Terriss, as the hero, Gerald Austen, looks younger than ever, and carries the play through from start to finish. The Brothers Gatti have done

well to once more secure Mr. Terriss's services for the hero of their production, no better choice could possibly have been made. Mr. Murray Carson has got a most excellent part in that of Marrable, and plays it with fine dramatic force and vigour. To Mr. Harry Nicholls, Miss Laura Linden and Miss Sophy Larkin is left all the comic business, and right well do they make use of their opportunities. Mr. Richard Purdon, formerly desperado, but now reformed domestic, extracts a lot of quaint humour out of the character of Terence O'Flinn ; while Miss Vane, as Mercedes, and Mr. Charles Fulton, as old Mr. Austen, make the most of their parts and thereby contribute to the success of the piece. The surprise of the production was Mr. W. L. Abingdon's artistic and even performance of James Dixon. Mr. Abingdon evidently founded his conception of the part on his performance in "Thérèse Raquin," and in the fifth act he gave us one of the finest pieces of acting in the evening. "The Fatal Card" is likely to prove a trump card to the Adelphi for many months to come.



MR. CHARLES FULTON.

# MELLIN'S FOOD

FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS.



MELLIN'S

COD LIVER OIL AND  
HYPOPHOSPHITES.

EMULSION

"455, Victoria Parade, Melbourne, Australia,  
"July 23rd, 1894.

"MR. G. MELLIN,

"Sir,—I have much pleasure in sending you a Photo. of Gertie Leslie, taken when 12 months old. She was reared from 4 months on Mellin's Food, and the way she improved from the time she was put on it was remarkable.

"At 12 months I put her from the Food on to your Biscuits, which she seemed to like even better, and she is now, at 10 months, as fine a child as can be seen, and as happy as possible,

"Gratefully yours,

"MARGUERITE E. LESLIE."

FOR COUGHS, COLDS, AND BRONCHITIS.

The Safest and Best Tonic for Children.

AN ILLUSTRATED PAMPHLET ON THE FEEDING AND REARING OF INFANTS: A Practical and Simple Treatise for Mothers, containing a large number of Portraits of Healthy Children, together with Facsimiles of Original Testimonials, which are of the greatest interest to all Mothers, to be had with Samples, free by post, on application to

MELLIN'S FOOD WORKS, Stafford Street, PECKHAM, S.E.

"JUST THE SOAP FOR YOUR BATH!"



# Ivy soap

IT FLOATS!

3d. PER LARGE  
DOUBLE CAKE.

Is it not most annoying, when having a bath, to lose the soap or to find you have left it wasting in the water? Neither will happen with "IVY" Soap, which is always in sight, floating on the surface. Children are no longer any trouble on "Bath Night" when "IVY" Soap is used—they are so delighted to see it sailing on the water.

"IVY" Soap is a beautiful, white, "Milky" Soap, hard and very lasting. Guaranteed pure and free from Irritating Chemicals. Gives a creamy lather, and is SPLENDID FOR WASHING Laces, Prints, Fine Underclothing and all delicate goods, the colour and texture of which suffer damage from common soaps.

Ask your Grocer for "IVY" Soap. If any difficulty, we will send you 3 Cakes in a handy box, carriage paid, on receipt of your Address and 12 Stamps, or 1s. Postal Order.

G. W. GOODWIN & SON, ORSALL LANE, MANCHESTER.

# Puzzledom

## 155. A Puzzling Inscription.

P R S V R Y P R F C T M N  
V R K P T H S P R C P T S T N.

The two lines above were affixed to the Communion-table of a small Church in Wales, and continued to puzzle the learned congregation for several centuries, but at length the inscription was deciphered. What was it?

## 156. Enigma.

A certain natural production, neither vegetable nor mineral, male or female, but generally between both, and from two to six feet in height.

## 157. Word Square.

An apology.  
To jump.  
In a state of rest.  
The plural of an animal.

## Conundrums.

158. Use me well and I am everybody, scratch my back and I am nobody.

159. Why ought the stars to be the best astronomers?

160. Why would an owl be offended if you called him a pheasant.

161. Which travels fastest, heat or cold?

Five Prizes of Three-Volume Novels, cloth bound, will be awarded to the First Five Competitors sending in correct or most correct answers by 20th November. Competitions should be addressed "November Puzzles," THE LUDGATE ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE, Temple House, Temple Avenue, London, E.C. Post cards only, please.

## ANSWERS TO OCTOBER PUZZLES.

148. *Friendship.*

149. *Rat, Tar, Art.*

150. *Artichoke.*

151. *Because he has a title.*

152. *Noise.*

153. *Because it is breaking through the sealing.*

154. *A law-suit.*

The following are the names and addresses of the five winners in Puzzledom in our September Number, to whom the Three-Volume Novels have been sent:—E. Crosland, 57, Old Town, Clapham, London, S.W.; F. H. Lucas, "Fairlight," Salisbury Road, Barnet; Miss Ransom, "The Towers," Maldon, Essex; S. W. Dawkins, Haylett, Haverfordwest; Miss B. Legge, Hayle, Cornwall.

Printed by OGDEN, SMALE & CO., LIMITED, Great Saffron Hill, E.C.; and Published for the Proprietor by HORACE MARSHALL & SON, 125, Fleet Street, and Temple House, Temple Avenue, London, E.C.

# CURE FOR INDIGESTION

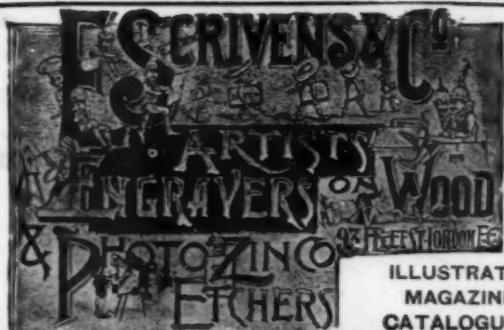
Supplied to  
the  
**QUEEN**  
and  
**ROYAL**  
**FAMILY.**

*Hovis*  
Regd.  
*Bread*  
*& Biscuits*

RECOMMENDED  
STRONGLY  
BY  
THE MEDICAL  
PROFESSION.

If any difficulty be experienced in obtaining "HOVIS," or if what is supplied as "HOVIS" is not satisfactory, please write, sending sample (the cost of which will be defrayed), to

**S. FITTON & SON, Millers,**  
**MACCLESFIELD.**



There is nothing  
that brings your liter-  
ary matter or your  
goods so well before  
the public as good  
and well-executed  
Illustrations.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ALL KINDS FOR  
MAGAZINES, BOOKS, NEWSPAPERS,  
CATALOGUES, &c. ESTIMATES FREE.

**THURSTON & CO.**  
THE PARENT HOUSE OF THE TRADE.  
(ESTABLISHED 1814.)  
**BILLIARD TABLES.**

Sole Appointment to Her Majesty, by Appointment to H.R.H. Prince of Wales.  
Contractors to H.M. Government and Makers of the Table selected by the Billiard Association of Great Britain, and adopted by them as the "Standard."  
Sole Makers of the Patent "Adamant" Block and "Perfect" Low Cushions, Bottomless Pockets, &c. All these latest improvements can be fitted to any table.  
Messrs. THURSTON & CO. use the very best and most thoroughly seasoned materials only, and in consequence, all goods supplied by them can be relied upon, even in most extreme climates.

Show Rooms:—16, CATHERINE STREET, STRAND, W.C.

# Fry's

Pure  
CONCENTRATED

# 95 PRIZE MEDALS. Cocoa

 Purchasers should ask specially for Fry's Pure Concentrated Cocoa, to distinguish it from other varieties manufactured by the Firm.

## NEEDHAM'S

For Cleaning and  
Polishing Brass,  
Copper, Tin, Bri-  
tannia Metal, &c.

## POLISHING

Gold Medal, Adelaide, 1881.  
Order of Merit, Melbourne, 1880.  
Diploma of Merit, Vienna, 1883.  
ESTABLISHED OVER HALF A CENTURY



Pickering's Furniture Polish, Plate Powder, Knife Powder,  
Brunswick Black, Razor Paste, Harness Blacking, Polishing  
Pomade (red) for Metals, Pioneer Polishing Pomade, Kid  
Reviver, Hair Pomade and Bianco.

## PASTE.

MANUFACTURED BY  
JOSEPH PICKERING & SONS, Sheffield.

## FRAZER'S SOAP

{ The only Combi-  
nation Soap.

## FRAZER'S SOAP

{ For the Toilet and  
Shaving.

## FRAZER'S SOAP

{ The Purest Soap  
in the World.

## JOHN BRINSMEAD & SONS

*The Perfection of Tone, Touch & Durability.*

18, 20, 22 WIGMORE ST.

LONDON W.

Illustrations & Price Lists sent free -  
PIANOFORTE MAKERS TO T.R.H. THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES.

All enquiries as to Advertising should be made to the MANAGER, "Ludgate Illustrated Magazine,"  
Temple House, Temple Avenue, London, E.C.